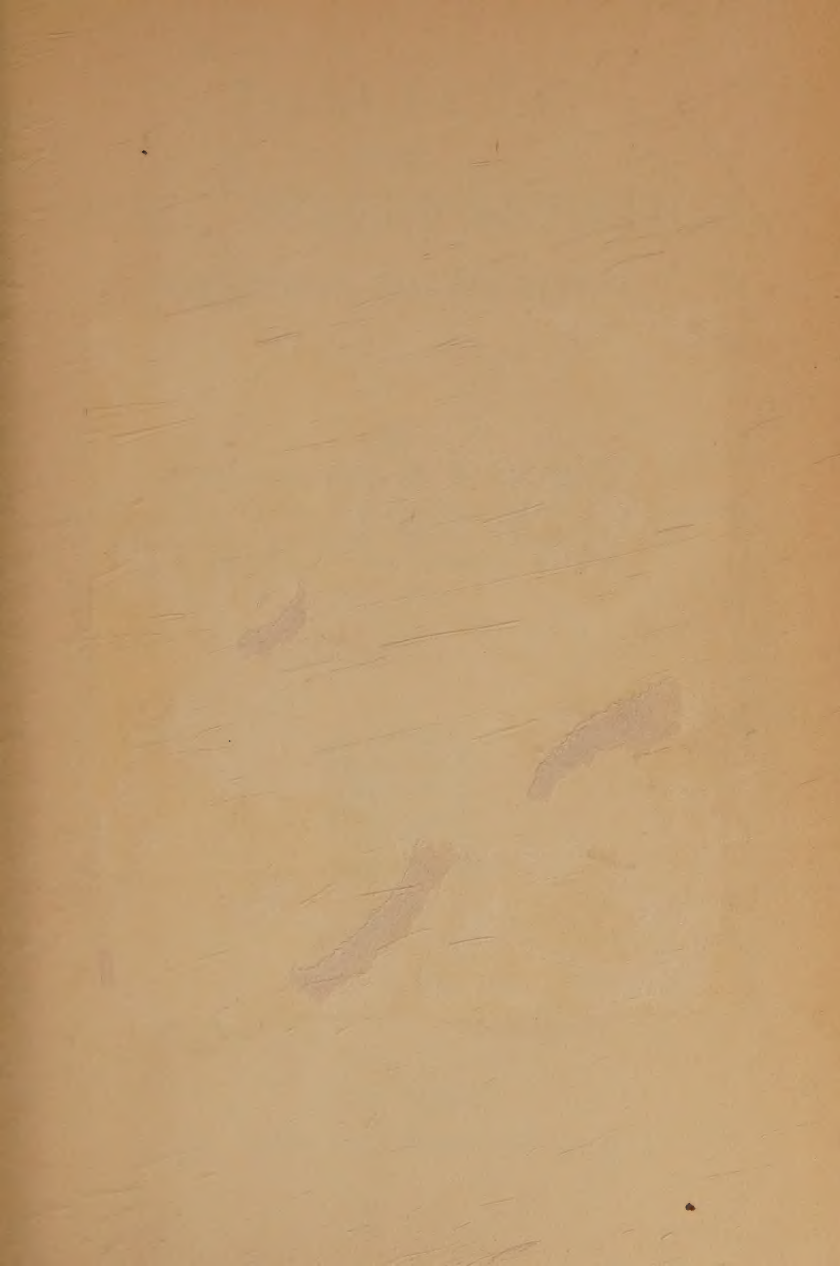


DIALECTS
FOR
ORAL INTERPRETATION

GERTRUDE E. JOHNSON



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DIALECTS FOR ORAL INTERPRETATION

SELECTIONS AND DISCUSSION

BY

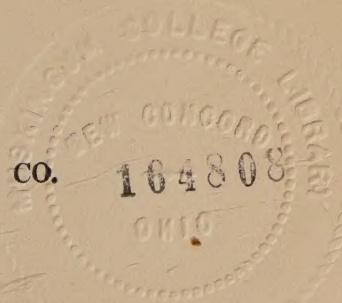
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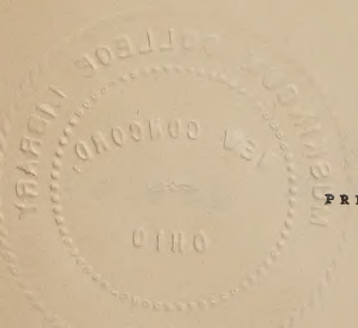


NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.

DEC 3 '71



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WHOSE LEADERSHIP HAS MADE
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I WISH to express my appreciation of the kind words as well as permissions which have been accorded me by several authors, and my thanks to the editors and publishers who have granted me the use of material.

To Bobbs-Merrill & Co. for selections by Wallace Bruce Amsbary taken from "Ballads of the Bourbonnais."

To Century Co. for selections by Joel Chandler Harris, Ruth McEnergy Stuart, Ellis Parker Butler, Irwin Russell, and Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

To Geo. H. Doran & Co. for "The Fair" by Theodosia Garrison, from "The Dreamers and Other Poems."

To Dodd, Mead & Co. for two poems by Paul Laurence Dunbar, taken from "Selected Readings" compiled by Anna F. Morgan. (All Dunbar's material is copyrighted by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

To Forbes & Co. for selections from "Ben King's Verse," and from "Old Ace and Other Poems," "Pickett's Charge and Other Poems," by Fred Emerson Brooks.

To Harcourt, Brace & Co. for selections by T. A. Daly taken from "Canzoni," "Carmina," and "McAroni Ballads."

To David McKay Co. for selections by W. M. Letts.

To G. P. Putnam's Sons for selections by W. H. Drummond.

To Small, Maynard & Co. for selections by F. P. Dunne.

To the following authors and owners of copyrights:

To Mrs. Alice Chapin for the use of her son's play, "The Philosopher of Butterbiggens."

To Mrs. W. H. Drummond for the use of poems by Dr. W. H. Drummond.

To Bertha N. Graham for the use of her play, "Spoiling the Broth."

To William F. Kirk, Arthur Stringer, and Ruth Comfort Mitchell for their generous permissions to use their work.

To Ridgeley Torrence for permission to use "The Rider of Dreams."

To Mrs. Charles Battell Loomis for permission to use Mr. Loomis' selections.

To the Editor of "Country Life" for the use of the poem "The Twa Weelums" by Mrs. Violet Jacobs.

PREFACE

AS in an earlier book, "Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation," the author has been handicapped in the selection of material for this book by refusals and prohibitive costs. Much, therefore, that should have been included does not appear. It is hoped, however, that the book as a whole may be of service in a field constantly in need of material of every sort. Certainly, there is need of a collection solely of dialect forms, since in the whole range of research but one such book was found.

It has been the intention in the discussion to offer as concrete suggestions as possible on matters which have had little direct explanation in any of our texts. The book is not meant to be a research treatise on dialect, but a usable text and source of material in dialect form; suitable both for study for the sake of the dialect, and also to use as good program numbers. Dialect study should receive more attention as a desirable medium in training students in expression as well as for use upon programs.

It will be found that all selections of what is sometimes termed "colloquial dialect" (Riley, Foss, Field, etc.) have been omitted; also all "child dialect" (Cooke, Riley, Field, etc.). These are not clearly "dialect," at least, not in the sense in which it is considered in this book. Such selections do not call for so complete change in vocal elements, such as pitch, quality, and rhythm, or have as great variety in corresponding bodily changes as the types of selections herein included. They are, however, often excellent material for interpretation, either as studies or as program

numbers, and they are comparatively numerous and easy to locate.

In choosing the selections, those which include a great many strange or obsolete words have been purposely omitted; since it is not the intention that the selections should prove of use for such study of words in dialect. The material is confined for the most part to the attempt of those who are native to another country to use the English language. They are in the form, not too difficult, of "The foreigner speaking English and including two factors, his own language and the language of his adoption."

Whereas the effort has been made to make the selections fairly inclusive of as many types of dialect as possible, many have perforce been omitted. For instance, no cockney dialect is included. Kipling has much that is excellent but not obtainable. It will be noted that the selections are written *entirely in dialect*. Complete dialect being the only form desirable for the aims of this book, it will be seen at once that the selection was much more difficult.

The inclusion of an extensive bibliography, found at the end of the book, should prove of great assistance to teachers and others in locating selections desired. For much of the work of this bibliography, I am indebted to Frances Ellen Tucker of Dodgeville, Wis., High School, Department of Speech.

Having felt the need of some such compilation as this present one through a long period of years, it is offered in the hope that it will prove helpful to a large number who have been handicapped in the use of Dialect mainly because it has been so hard to find.

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PART I
DISCUSSION
SECTION I
A GENERAL SURVEY

DIALECTS FOR ORAL INTERPRETATION

SECTION I

A GENERAL SURVEY

WHEN one interested in the field of interpretation is convinced of the benefits to be derived from the use of Dialect for the interpreter, both in vocal and bodily reaction and development, his first thought is to survey the field; to determine, if possible, why others interested in the subject have not investigated its resources. As a possible clue to this last, it is necessary, first of all, to discover the sources of the material.

Setting about in such a survey, the first step was to locate Dialect selections, and for this purpose volumes of selected readings compiled for use in interpretation were examined. Out of a total of one hundred books, only one was found that listed Dialect in its table of contents, nor was there any mention of Dialect material in the indexes or appendixes of the other ninety-nine.¹ In this survey it was necessary to go over these books page by page in order to determine whether or not Dialect selections were included, and if so what particular kind of dialect was represented (Irish, French, Chinese, etc.); also, the form in which they were written, whether prose or poetry, for this

¹ A bibliography of these selections, with a chart of detailed findings, appears on pages 281-303.

was indicated in the index in only one instance. In the one hundred books a total of 6200 selections were reviewed, 430 of which were Dialect. It should be noted here that more than half of the latter, or 215, were repeated two or three times. Of course there were some duplications in the other selections, but it would not lower the total more than 2000, so that the actual amount of material in dialect form is in the proportion of 215 to 4200. One volume that purported to be wholly Dialect contained 118 selections, 50 of which were usable. The other 68 selections were either three- and four-line jokes, or not real Dialects. It can readily be seen that there is an apparently appalling lack of Dialect material. Furthermore, it is little wonder that an instructor would not be enthusiastic in the use of material that has to be literally dragged from its hiding-place, examined, and diagnosed. The use of Dialect selections, therefore, is likely to be greatly retarded by this one element alone, the finding of material.

A glance over the Dialects included in this volume will perhaps reveal that the so-called Yankee, Hoosier, Child, and various other Dialects do not appear. These, it seems, are only variations within our own language, sometimes termed Dialect, it is true. They would seem to be, in a truer sense, colloquialisms, vernaculars, or provincialisms. Pitch, accent, emphasis, even pronunciation, as well as certain idiomatic expressions, may differ in different localities throughout our country, as they do in other countries as well; but this is only a matter of degree, and not one of radical change such as will be found when the foreigner attempts to adopt our language.

Mr. E. S. Sheldon has the following to say upon this point in his article "What Is a Dialect," found in the Dialect Notes of the American Dialect Society, Vol. 1. I

quote at some length, as it may serve to clarify our discussion to a great extent. Mr. Sheldon says: "Language we consider primarily as spoken by the various individuals who use it. No two individuals use exactly the same language. All language is constantly changing and the gradual changes in different localities produce in time, in the lack of conservative or unifying forces, forms markedly different, even though the source of all of these may have been the same, that is, with only slight and unnoticed individual variations. These different local forms of speech we may *provisionally* call dialects, but it is evident that a sharp line between dialects and language can only be drawn after adopting strict definitions of both words, also that no slight line can be drawn between the slight, and for the most part unnoticed, differences among individuals speaking the same dialect or language and the more noticeable ones which we call differences of dialect. Dialects, thus understood, can not be assigned in general to definite regions with sharply drawn geographical limits. . . ." and later he terms the changes that occur "Local Dialects." The entire article should be carefully read by all who have to teach in this field.

Matters of Child Dialect offer another problem, and should not properly be termed Dialect, it seems. This speech belongs to a different world, the world of Babyland. This speech can not be compared with the grown-up world, nor with the speech of the foreigner attempting to accommodate his native language to ours. The latter has some years of experience, while the child is just learning. The child's speech is surely but a variation within our own forms, and will have but little variation in melodic rhythm at least. The melodic rhythm in a given language, together with the quality conditions, are, it seems, the final

determining factors of differentiation for the interpreter.

In the search through many volumes for material, one is struck by the fact that by far the greatest number of selections is in verse form. Comparatively few writers have used Dialect *entirely* in prose form. A possible explanation for this preponderance of the poetic form might be that Dialect is a medium of expression for a distinct character situation, taken more frequently than otherwise from the lower walks of life. Poetry idealizes, and many of these selections if written in prose might call forth a mere crude enjoyment instead of the appreciation that the author desired. Considerable prose in Scotch may be found, and a great deal in Irish. This latter Dialect Mr. William H. Carpenter of Columbia College thinks should not come under the same sort of Dialect consideration as the Dialect of other foreigners in this country; indeed, he seems not to consider the Irishman as a "foreigner." In his article "The Philosophy of Dialect" in "Modern Language Notes," Vol. 1, he says:

"The Irishman, whom we have always with us, does not come properly into consideration here. His language is, from the very start, an English patois entitled to its vagaries of expression by lawful transmission from a long line of preceding generations."

I encountered by far the greatest difficulty in finding anything like good Dialect, either in prose or poetry, in the German, and am not at all satisfied with what is included. In this connection I wish to quote again from Mr. Carpenter, since what he has to say is very illuminating in this connection. In the same article referred to above he says:

"The German divides with the Irishman the honor of constituting a weighty part of our foreign element—a part

which, from its size and importance, is quite assertive, and we are accustomed to read and hear frequently that form of English which arises from the imitation of a German original. To understand this international hodge-podge is, in some parts of the country, a linguistic problem that must be solved by every one, for its every-day recurrence is assured. In spite, however, of this widespread familiarity with this alien pronunciation of English it is curious to observe the clumsiness with which American writers use it. This is apt to be the case wherever it is employed, not only in the hastily written 'news item,' but may also be discovered in the last new novel."

This, at least, is interesting in the light of my difficulty in finding Dialect in this form.

The attitude of the "special schools" of expression in this matter is worth consideration, since they occupy an important position in the field of interpretation, for they supply very largely the teachers in this field. What the teacher in training learns of methods, materials, etc., she carries into her own work. I have wondered sometimes whether these schools place sufficient emphasis upon the study of Dialect. As far as I have been able to discover through evidence obtained from graduates of these schools, and I know it was the case in my own training, Dialect is not generally employed as a means or method for benefiting the individual in vocal and bodily reactions, nor is much time devoted to a study of its philosophy and possible advantages. What is done depends too much upon students who are "apt" imitators, or upon instructors who have a special "gift" or knowledge of some particular Dialect. Often, then, it may happen that only one or two Dialects are touched upon in an entire course, and Dialect may come to be considered more or less of a trick performance,

rather than a fundamental study of importance to any teacher or interpreter. Surely, if authors of note and authority find the use of Dialect fundamental to the delineation of a character or situation, we should give it some general and serious consideration before we may hope to approximate the author's intention, or do justice to the people we are attempting to portray. There must be some basic truths concerning its value and use.

SECTION II

THE MEANING AND SIGNIFICANCE OF DIALECT

SECTION II

THE MEANING AND SIGNIFICANCE OF DIALECT

DIALECT is found where a branch of the parent tongue is radically affected by the locality, time, accident, or revolutions. When an Italian, Chinese, or Frenchman comes to America, he comes with the language of his native soil, but upon his arrival finds that it no longer serves his purposes adequately. The removal from the fatherland to a new world necessitates his changing the parent tongue to fit new needs. Often whole words, phrases, idioms, etc., are transferred to the new tongue. The French-Canadian will say, "I go to fine soirée." The first four words are distinctly American in form but not in order to tense, and this affects the melodic rhythm. "Soirée" is French and transferred to the new tongue. His native language has been radically affected by environment and needs, and the result is a Dialect, or mixture of two languages.

In this we find a possible answer to the question, "Why do authors use Dialect?" When one reads, "I go to fine soirée," one knows immediately that it is not just any man talking. As far as the dialectic form is employed, it is accidental—a means, not an end in itself. That simple sentence is an expression of character, a foreign character. It is a word picture. An artist would depict the man in his native costume, posture, coloring, etc., but your author

breathes very life into him through the medium of words. Immediately one senses an element of the dramatic. Why? Because, if one knows anything at all about the French Canadian, this knowledge forms a subconscious background. One is at once upon the alert, full of expectancy, looking for something to happen. It need not be intense or swiftly moving, but just a tinge of difference will give it dramatic flavor. Or, if the reader knows little or nothing concerning the French Canadian, the dialectic form acquaints him with the fact that here is something different. A Dialect situation must have this dramatic element, or it is worth nothing. It may at times add only a grotesque effect or color to a situation, but it must be present in some degree.

Dialect aids the reader or hearer to picture the character who is speaking. It establishes, to some degree, a sympathetic medium of understanding. It is much more satisfying to have such a character speak in his own way, setting forth his own experiences and his reactions in his own Dialect, than to have some one tell about him in ordinary language. The reader or hearer is able to appreciate more fully the spirit, thought, and feeling of the character and situation. Dialect points up a situation, holds the details in focus, and gives a different mood or color to the whole. Recently play producers have seen fit to have music appropriate in movement and mood before the curtain rises, in order to establish an atmosphere. That is what Dialect does for fiction. As Doctor Curry¹ says, "Dialect is a kind of literary or vocal stage make-up that enables the reader or auditor to recognize the character."

Robert Burns used this "make-up" for the speaker in

¹"Browning and the Dramatic Monolog," by S. S. Curry, Chap. 13.

the majority of his poems. They were in Scottish dialect, simple and spoken from his very heart. To quote Doctor Curry again, "It was native to his heart." He was intimately connected with the peculiar feelings, experiences, and reactions of his people. In his distinctly Scottish poems we get a sense of the dramatic spirit of the thought, while in those that are known as his English poems we feel the lack of this element. They are wanting in appeal; they seem weaker, and do not stir us as do his other poems.

Dialect is the language of the heart or emotions, and we react naturally to its appeal. One of the heroes of the hour, and a truly great man, Sir Harry Lauder, is a living example. He is an artist, but would his art have the same flavor, the same appeal, if he sang the "Wee Hoose 'Mang the Heather" or "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" without that famous Scotch burr. Through his consummate skill he can make an audience shout with laughter or melt with tears. To those who know Scotland he brings the fragrance of the heather, and the eerie call of the bag-pipe that tugs at every Scotchman's heart; to those who do not know his beloved country, he brings the vague feeling of a wonder country yet unseen but greatly loved. Sometimes we must know a man's character in order to appreciate why he did a certain thing, and in just this capacity is Dialect needed the better to suggest the experiences of a certain character situation. This is the real meaning and justification of Dialect.

Vernaculars such as the Hoosier and Yankee find justification in this way. Riley in his Hoosier poems establishes a bond of sympathy between character and reader through the vernacular. The stories of Alice Brown and Mary E. W. Freeman, as well as much of the work of Robert Frost and Percy Mackaye, would lose appeal and signifi-

cance were the vernacular, the idioms, and the colloquialisms of New England left out. They locate the stories. Though we have chosen not to call Yankee and Hoosier strictly Dialects, yet we feel that there is a place for the vernacular of different localities as well.

The spokesmen of another race have been found in Ruth McEnery Stuart, F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, and Joel Chandler Harris, all of whom have dealt humorously and sympathetically with the Dialect of the black race. Perhaps the best of these writers, and one not yet mentioned, Paul Laurence Dunbar, spoke from a still deeper understanding of the black man, for he was the prophet of his own race. Sympathetic understanding is an element absolutely essential to Dialect. The author must have this, and identification in the character situation to be set forth, if he would appeal to the auditor or reader. It must appear in all of his work, whether it be humorous, tragic, pathetic, or tender. This sympathetic understanding and appeal is beautifully portrayed in a very short poem of Dunbar's, "A Death Song":

Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
 Whah de branch 'll go a-singin' as it pass;
 An' w'en I 's a-layin' low,
 I kin hyeah it as it go
 Singin, "Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'."
 Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a little pool,
 An' de watah stan's so quiet lak an' cool,
 Whah de little birds in spring
 Ust to come an' drink an' sing,
 An' de chillen waded on dey way to school.
 Let me settle w'en my shouldahs drops dey load
 Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in de road;
 Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'
 Gwine to soothe my spurit bes'
 Ef I 's layin' 'mong de t'ings I 's allus knowed.

There is one sad fact concerning Negro Dialect, though it may be found among the others, but in this more espe-

cially, and that is, that many pseudo-authors who have no real appreciation of the wealth of beauty and rich humor back of the Dialect use the Dialect as an end for some poor mock-situation, putting uncouth and untrue expressions into the character's mouth. For the instructor or pupil of interpretation a word to the wise is sufficient: "Know your authors."

Though Doctor Drummond is not a French-Canadian, his constant association with these people through a long period of years has given insight into their lives. He has written several volumes of monologues in the French-Canadian Dialect, portraying with deep and sincere appreciation and sympathy their quaint humor. The peculiar melodic form and rhythmic movement of their language is delightful and exceptionally well preserved.

No doubt the chief charm of the expression of plain peoples lies in the fact that they can express themselves with few words and great truth. They "do not costume their feelings for social effect."

SECTION III
HOW TO STUDY A DIALECT

SECTION III

HOW TO STUDY A DIALECT

IN taking up the study of Dialect for interpretation, one must necessarily examine the symbols. They must then be analyzed and assimilated for future reference and use. Perhaps the most noticeable differences—those that are most apparent to the hearer—are the variations of the melodic rhythms in the various mother tongues. It must be understood that these rhythms cover a series of words in a phrase, clause, sentence, and entire paragraphs, as well as the attack on single vowels, which may be drawled, curved, or struck very quickly. Each melodic rhythm, whether it is peculiar to the French, Irish, or Italian, strikes us first as a totality. Examination of this effect shows one that the causes are many, such as variations in pitch, range, vocal quality, elisions, and substitutions of vowels and consonants, and accent or emphasis.

Let us examine the first of these symbols, variations in pitch range. In the Scandinavian Dialect, for example, the pitch tends to be comparatively high, and the inflectional modulations and changes more frequently occurring from the established pitch upward. The voice tends seldom to fall below the established key or pitch, and the jumps are comparatively slow. In comparison, the Negro Dialect runs a wide gamut in pitch range, now high, now low, with frequent and abrupt changes. The Chinese, on the other hand, have a very high standard pitch with a range of only

two or three notes above the original pitch, and the rate of change is extremely staccato and rapid.

Another symbol that we may consider here is vocal quality, and this deals first of all with voice placement and resonance. To continue with the Scandinavian example, the tonal condition is the result of head-tones. These need not be in any way nasal, but have their resonance very largely in the head. They are not especially musical, for they lack warmth and richness of quality. The German dialect, in opposition, has guttural tones produced far back in the throat passage. There is a certain richness and heaviness about them. The Chinese have a distinctly nasal twang which, when combined with the usual high pitch, produces a sometimes distressingly grating sound. The tones of the Canadian-French are well forward in the mouth, while the placement of the Irish voice fluctuates, now forward in the mouth cavity, now back in the throat with many sibilants.

The nasal tone has a peculiarly flat twang or quality, and the only Dialects that have this to a marked degree are the Chinese and the Yiddish. The difference in the two as a vocal proposition is found in the pitch; the Chinese having the higher, the Yiddish the lower pitch. As a general rule, the Negro has a voice of unusually pure quality. This is because he produces his tones easily and fully, the tones being unobstructed in the throat passage. Scandinavian and Cockney Dialects are inclined to a certain flatness or lack of quality, for they lack deep resonance, which makes for richness. Italian and French-Canadian Dialects have a light, musical quality—more delicate than deeply rich. It is the quality that aids so much in portraying feeling. Certain pitch and tone variations are peculiar to every tongue; they are very delicate and complicated.

Science is now experimenting in this field, but has done little, so far, to help us. The interpreter must train his ear to catch these variations and changes. He must train his mind to understand them. And the third step is to train his vocal mechanism to reproduce them. Let it here be said that the ideal way to study any language, in Dialect or otherwise, is to *hear* it spoken, since there are innumerable shadings impossible to catch by any other means. But that we can do nothing with Dialects without hearing them I do not agree, for this will cause their continued neglect. I do not believe that enough effort has been made to study Dialect in ways here suggested. I know from experience that much can be accomplished thus, even when ear observation is not possible. When started upon the right track, students' interest is greatly stimulated, and in many instances they make remarkable progress. I find, too, that they often find opportunity to hear the Dialects "first hand."

The next symbols to be considered are vowel changes and elisions and substitutions in vowels and consonants. There are certain vowel sounds in every language identified very largely with that language only.¹ The spelling in two languages may be identical, but the quality, duration, etc., may differ in degree. Because we can not make an in-

¹ An interesting example in this connection is the Scotch Dialect. It is very easy to learn. There are only about two hundred words to remember, and another two hundred that are the same as English words with "ie" tacked on, for example: lad, laddie; plaid, plaidie; lass, lassie.

But the vocabulary gets the harder as we get farther north into the highlands, and the change in vowels becomes very noticeable. This conversation took place between a buyer and seller at a fair in the north. "Oo?" "Ay, oo." "Aw oo?" "Ay, aw oo." "Aw a oo?" "Ay, aw a oo."

The translation is: "Wool?" "Yes, wool." "All wool?" "Yes, all wool." "All one wool?" "Yes, all one wool."

tensive study of the original sounds of foreign tongues, authors, in writing the Dialect, endeavor to spell the words according to the sound; but it is almost impossible of reproduction in writing, as authors are well aware. To approximate it to some degree requires great understanding, taste, and skill.

In his book of "Irish Poems"¹ Arthur Stringer writes: "I have again and again, in the matter of the written word, been coerced into something not unlike a sacrifice of actuality on the altar of literary convention. . . . There are tricks of speech so characteristic and so persistent that they can not be ignored. One, for instance, is the flattening of the dental digraph "th" into something approaching a "d." To write it down always as a "d" is a somewhat clumsy artifice. . . . Still another practice is the lowering and "de-dentalating" of the sibilant, readily recognized in the "smile" which becomes "shmile" and the "street" which must be recorded as "shtreet," though here again the inserted "h" is a somewhat awkward instrument to denote that tenuous rustle of breath with which Erin wafts out its hissing consonants. . . . And beyond this there are many more difficulties, difficulties of idiom, and of mental attitude. And as an excuse for a newcomer's invasion of that land of brogues and accents and intonations, which are as elusive as quicksilver even while they are as penetrating as turf-smoke and as soft as a bog-land breeze, I can only add that it is a field in which there are many anomalies and no finalities."

It must be remembered here that Dialect is accidental—a means, not an end.

Dialect must suggest the dramatic spirit, and be necessary to the situation in amplifying a character or in giving

¹ Arthur Stringer, "Irish Poems," Foreword.

a unique point of view or experience. The chief element of Dialect is not in the spelling of the words, but in the melody of the sentences. It is not a matter of individual words, but of the entire feeling, spirit, and thought. At best, Dialect can be suggested only vaguely.

In the matter of elisions, let us look for a moment at a bit of Negro Dialect:

“I’nin’ up de whi’ folks’ close.”

The “ro” and the final “g” have been dropped from the word “ironing” and the “te” from “white”; “d” is substituted for “th” and “th” is ignored in “clothes”; so that, when read in the dialect form, the words of the sentence run together. In this case Dialect is a blending of sounds. No one word would stand out clear-cut from the others. The Negro Dialect has, perhaps, more elisions than any other, though some are found in the Italian, German, French-Canadian, etc. Dropping of the “u” from “you” and the “d” from “and” occurs regularly in the Negro Dialect.

Substitution of vowels and consonants is very common in all Dialect forms. In German Dialect selections we continually find “I vas,” the substitution of “v” for “w” in “was.”¹ In other Dialects, as well, there are the substitutions of “e” for “d,” as “ole” for “old”; “y” for “j” in “just”; “u” for “a” in “and.” The Chinese

¹ Of interest in this connection are some of the results in a recent research upon errors in given English sounds, made as a thesis study in the Department of Education in the University of Wisconsin. Seventeen races represented in the United States were tested, the smallest number in any one being twenty-five, the largest ninety. The voiceless “th” was found to be the most difficult sound for all and the sonant “th” rated next in difficulty, while the next two in order were “v” and “wh.” (See bibliography for reference.)

constantly substitute "l" for "r" and "r" for "l." "Every" reads "evly." So, there are numerous elisions and substitutions, only a few of which are mentioned here. This can not be an exhaustive discussion of the subject; the purpose is to indicate what the interpreter is to look for. Should such a discussion go into meticulous detail, the interpreter would become discouraged because of the great mass of material. Then, too, if the Dialect is to be truly assimilated, the interpreter, or teacher of interpretation, must necessarily discover some of the facts for himself. The substitutions and elisions discussed are merely suggestive guides in the right direction.

The next aid is in the matter of accent and emphasis. This has to do first of all with the words themselves, that is, syllabic accent—whether or not the accent falls on the first, second, or third accent of a three-syllable word. Secondly, it deals with the stress or accentuation of special words in the phrases and clauses. Many times the accentuation of another syllable than the usual one in a single word causes the accenting of a phrase or group of words to be changed. The American asks, "Chris'to-pher Co-lum'bus?" and his Italian brother answers, "Chris-toph' Co-lumb'!" (The words have been divided here into syllables in order to show where the accent falls.) The elisions in the latter, combined with the differences in accentuation, produces a startlingly different result. So much, for the moment, for that Dialect. Let us consider briefly the attack the Frenchman makes upon accent.

The Frenchman tends to articulate each syllable of a word very precisely and delicately, with no special accent upon a given syllable. The result is that he seems to talk faster, because he does not pause upon some syllable. This vitally affects the rhythm. The regularity or ir-

regularity of accent occurrences, pause between syllables or words, and the prominence given certain words or word groups, makes for variations in rhythm. The rhythm is a totality of effect—and timing has much to do with it. Could the Dialect speech of the Italian be considered as a musical score, the tempo or time would be *allegro*, or “quickly.” The Scandinavian would be talking in *andante*, or slowly moving, even time. Cockney Dialect is *allegretto*—faster than *andante* but slower than *allegro*. The Irish Dialect is now in *andante*, now *allegro*, the latter predominating. We all are acquainted with the famous nursery rhyme “Mary’s Lamb.” Let us look at it a moment rendered in four different Dialects—Chinese, German, French, and Irish:

I

Was gal name Moll had lamb,
Flea’ all samee white snow;
Evly place Moll gal walkee
Ba-ba hoppee ’long too.

II

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf
Mit hair yust like some vool;
Und all der place dot gal did vent
Das schaf go like some fool.

III

La petite Marie had le jeune muttong,
Ze wool was blanche as ze snow;
And everywhere la Belle Marie went
Le jeune muttong was zure to go.

IV

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white entoirely.
An’ wherever Mary wad sthir her sthumps
The young shape would follow her completely.

Read these aloud, and listen for the rhythmic differences.

No doubt you have often heard the comedienne on the vaudeville stage render "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" as the Italian, the German, and the Chinese would play it upon the piano. The Italian rendition was brilliant and marked by a certain uneven tempo. The German was slow and ponderous, with many crashing chords emphasizing the guttural, low-pitched voice, with its slow rhythm. In contrast, the Chinese piece was played on the upper three octaves of the keyboard, and was very *staccato* and fast, with peculiarly jarring notes. With the pianist it was, again, a matter of pitch, accent, and rhythms.

These, then, are some of the principal elements that go to make up a Dialect: variation in pitch range and the rapidity with which may occur changes in vowels, elisions and substitutions of vowels and consonants, and accent and emphasis. Together they produce melodic rhythms peculiar to each tongue, as a harmonious and unified whole. It is necessary to examine each phase or symbol separately if we would understand the Dialect; and these are means of understanding fundamental to any Dialect, but not ends in themselves.

One of the greatest faults of rendering is due to imitation and mastery of externals, rather than primarily a deep understanding. Dialect must always be the result of assimilation. It is true that this may come through imitation to a degree, but it is an imitation that has as its basis a sympathetic and sincere understanding and appreciation. It is not parrot-like repetition. In the poetic or prose selections the author gives only certain words Dialect spelling, and these are the words that the pseudo-interpreter delights in stressing. The fact of the matter is that *all* of the words have a subtle difference in pro-

nunciation, whether they are spelled differently or not. When we hear an educated Frenchman speak, we notice that he has a comparatively fine mastery of the English language; but at the same time there is an almost intangible and delightful difference about his speech, unlike our own. We call it accent—we might say there is a delicate aroma about the words.

In *Dialect* this *accent* is stronger—more apparent. There is a difference about all of the words, more marked in some instances; and the greatest difference of all lies in the peculiar melodic rhythms, individual to each tongue. This comes, as we have seen, through modulations of the voice in pitch, inflections, pause, stress, quality, resonance, etc. These are, of course, bound up with technique when it comes to reproduction; but underlying all is a dramatic feeling for the material, which can not be a veneer, but must come from a deep and sympathetic appreciation and understanding on the part of the interpreter. The interpreter, like the author, must speak in the words of the heart. Doctor Henry Van Dyke says: "A character is but a puppet strung on wires, unless you know him for a man." These foreigners who speak to us in *Dialect* must be understood by the interpreter if he would make the right appeal to his audience and gain the best results from the material. To quote further from Doctor Van Dyke in his tales of the French-Canadian, he says,

Take the least of all mankind, as I;
Look at his head and heart, find how and why
He differs from his fellows utterly.

SECTION IV

ADVANTAGES IN THE INTERPRETATIVE
USE OF DIALECT

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ADVANTAGES IN THE INTERPRETATIVE USE OF DIALECT

THE student of Dialect who comes to it with an appreciation of its use and what it stands for may expect to benefit materially from its study. In the first place, it is an excellent vocal practice. No matter how lovely a voice may be, it can and should be improved; for if it has reached perfection there is no growth, and that means loss of power. The mere attempts at approximating different pitches, melodies, and accents found in the various Dialects will prove very helpful merely as vocal exercises. In the different Dialects, the acquiring of skill in technique, which is based on fundamental understanding, implies that much may be accomplished. What the interpreter must work for is increase in *capacity to do*.

Take some one whose voice is high-pitched and rather inflexible. That person can never hope to remedy the defect until he trains his ear to catch the difference in voice pitches and variations in pitch. A too abrupt attack upon the fault ruins any good result that may be hoped for; but a gradual approach through the study of Dialect material will aid greatly in accomplishing the desired end. The interpreter unconsciously studies his own voice in comparison, discovers his limitation, and the readjustment comes about easily and naturally.

Increase in pitch range, and the agility acquired in vocal adjustment when trying Irish, Scandinavian, French, Scotch, and Italian Dialects in succession, help vocal modulation and inflectional control. Vocal quality may be improved through the understanding and use of the qualities peculiar to each Dialect. Thus the melody of the voice becomes enriched. More feeling, and consequently more appeal, is added. But perhaps the greatest benefit of all comes in the improvement of *native melodic rhythm*.

Every one has a rhythm, again, peculiar to the individual, but colored by the race or nationality. For the person who habitually rushes through his sentences in mad haste, with abrupt pauses, let him try the bland Scandinavian Dialect or a crooning Negro lullaby. Both are slow in tempo, even in rhythm. The fundamental understanding and control required to obtain desired results in rendering such selections should aid him greatly. This method, of course, may not cure his fault, but it will tend to have a slowing effect upon his habitual rhythm. It will increase his capacity to the extent that he will be capable of doing that which is diametrically opposite to what he has always done. Take the reverse case, that of the person who has a slow, even-moving rhythm. Try him out on French-Canadian, Italian, and Chinese dialects. It will tend to put life and verve into his work.

These are the problems that the interpreter and teacher of interpretation must always meet, and there is not always such a workable remedy at hand. This study is not remedial primarily; it is helpful and cultural. We can not hope literally to *change* a thing so deeply rooted as *melodic rhythm*, but we can hope to better and improve it through enlarging our capacity to appreciate and use

rhythms other than our own. Strangely, through use of Dialect material, the tendency toward change goes farther: it affects more than the vocal rhythms—it affects the entire bodily response.

The interpreter can not help but feel a sympathy toward Dialect material. It is that sympathy which sets off, as it were, the whole nervous reaction. There is certainly a human appeal there to which he will respond in feeling. If he is slow in physical response ordinarily, have him *do* French and Italian. The *doing*—to hear his own voice—will tend to quicken his bodily rhythms. If he is ordinarily staccato in response, contact with sad Irish or bland Scandinavian will tend to smooth out his reactions, making them a more sustained totality. This holds true again in acting, perhaps in a greater degree, though this is questionable; and we must first interpret before we can act.

At this moment there comes to mind a very recent case of a young woman who had staccato response and rather tense, jerky rhythms. She was known in amateur circles for acting in comedy rôles. There was always the same quick, sure, but somewhat jerky attack. The result was the same—the rhythmic result as a whole—vocally and bodily. Her instructor knew that the pupil's power could never be increased until she had increased her *capacity* to use other rhythms truly. So the young woman was cast in an Irish Dialect play, in the character of a woman of some seventy years, a tragic, strongly emotional figure, in a situation deeply sad. The result was astonishing. Those who knew her best scarcely recognized the student in the deeply pulsing rhythms of her voice, the sustained totality of bodily response. And all this with ease. She had accomplished what she had set out to do—completely to approximate an entirely different result in vocal and bodily

rhythms. Will such achievement have no effect upon her future work?

This is by no means an isolated example. It has been my not infrequent experience that students whose lack of rhythmic response or setness of rhythm has been almost impossible truly to stir or affect have responded in the use of Dialect material in a remarkable way, and this when the presumable difficulties of Dialect have at first sight staggered them.

Some in authority decry the use of Dialect. They declare that Dialects ruin the American language; the idea is to get rid of them. What they are really decrying are colloquialisms, vernaculars, and native carelessness. I should dislike to see the use of Dialect discouraged for any such reason. My testimony would, indeed, all be upon the opposite side. I have been interested to note that students beginning the study of Dialects invariably take much more pains to *pronounce* and *enunciate* in this new form than they sometimes did in their own language. They are quick to see this somewhat humorously, when their attention is called to it. I find that their ears more quickly catch slovenliness in our speech after some little use of Dialects, and in not a few cases their native speech has been definitely improved. I am, of course, considering the study of groups working for expressive speech purposes, not groups of foreigners or younger pupils. There is little danger in the interpretative study and use of Dialects, for we learn to appreciate their value and significance, and there is little danger of falling into the grievous fault of their usage. Know your Dialects and they will increase your power.

When the interpreter makes a careful study and use of Dialect material, he has at his command the most complete

means for the development of interpreting and impersonating powers within the scope of individual expression and presentation. Apparently it is a form that has been ignored and greatly discounted, when its worth as a medium of training should be recognized and enhanced.

SECTION V
THE MONOLOGUE AND ITS
INTERPRETATION

SECTION V

THE MONOLOGUE AND ITS INTERPRETATION

SINCE virtually all the selections in this book are in monologue form, a form especially helpful to dramatic students in the overcoming of mechanical tendencies in presentation, and offering a wide choice of material, some discussion of this type of material will not be amiss in conclusion.

A variety of meanings are given the word "monologue": "A speech or soliloquy spoken by a character in a story or play." Several of Browning's best monologues are titled soliloquies, as "Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister." "A performance by one person of any one scene or selection from a play in which the performer assumes one or more characters." "A 'variety sketch' or a confused collection of amusing sayings." (Vaudeville.)

The monologue is one end of a conversation, and presupposes a listener or listeners in a definitely conceived dramatic situation. It reports a complete story or revelation of events, showing at its best the subjective workings of the character speaking, together with such reactions as are caused by the presence of other characters. It is always vivid, intense, and personal.

There is probably no form of writing, the play not excepted, that furnishes the interpreter so complete a medium of expression as the monologue. In the presentation of a

play by one person, if presented impersonatively, no matter how skilful or inspired the performer, the very necessity of dropping and assuming the physical attitudes and actions of the various characters tends to lessen the vividness of the various impersonations, and destroys, to an extent, the unity of the presentation. In the monologue all the possibilities of the play are present, and on the side of conception and imagination many more. The interpreter has at his command a means of revelation at once intense, imaginative, subtle, and interesting. Through him the audience sees the effect of circumstances and events focused upon a single character whose complete reactions may be revealed. They are able to catch, in half-lights as it were, the look and sound of other characters, and to gather in many instances a very definite idea of characters that never speak: for instance, the Duchess in "My Last Duchess."

This form of expression demands that all the skill and all the powers of the interpreter be brought into full play. It is more subjective, more intense, and more suggestive than the play. Its rendition is far more difficult than any reading or recitation, for it has to be lived and acted precisely as does the play. The conversation does not consist of abstractions, but takes place in a definite situation, and reveals the experience, past or present, of a human soul. It becomes, as we have said, in every case intensely personal.

The elder Coquelin, who was a great monologist as well as great actor, once said: "The more utterly the reciter is forgotten while he speaks, the better he is remembered, and the longer, after he is silent." The monologue offers this possibility of absorption, for it is the business of the interpreter of the monologue to focus attention entirely

upon the character speaking and the story revealed. Ruth Draper, so skilled an interpreter in this particular type of presentation, furnishes a striking example of how completely and artistically this end may be achieved.

Speaking of the rendering of monologues, we have as great a variety in the manner of presentation in this form of writing alone, I think, as in all the other forms put together. We have presenting in costume and out, with some "properties" and with none, with "settings" and without. We have monologues varying all the way from the noble and inspired utterances of some of Browning's finest poems, together with his intensely emotional and dramatic selections, on through all shades and kinds of emotion to the wildest burlesque, and revelations of idiosyncrasy, weakness, or inane situation. Apparently writers find it a convenient form of expression, and certainly there should be a wide choice for public presentation.

In general, the reader is apt to err upon the side of too much "show." The presentation becomes stagy, declamatory, theatrical, and spectacular. The inclusion of "properties," often unwisely considered, mars the unity of the performance. Dr. Curry says of this: "The use of properties should be governed by the laws of significance, centrality, and consistency." Since properties are sure to appeal to the eye, it is evident that extreme care should be taken in their introduction. Dr. Curry says further: "Whenever any article of dress is a necessary part of the character and has an inherent relation to the story or the thought, when it becomes an essential part of the expression, then it may properly be employed."

In all monologues points concerning the "speaker," the "hearer," the "place," and the "situation" should be carefully considered. Should the scene be "on stage" in

part or completely? Does the audience become the "hearer" in some instances? Should the "speaker" in a monologue ever address the audience directly, and if so when? Are some monologues much more capable of full impersonation than others, and are there not many selections that might not be usually thought of as monologues which would benefit in interpretation by being so considered? Certainly many of Browning's "lyrics" gain in significance and are much more easily understood if so considered. These and other questions should be answered by a careful analysis of the material of each selection. Such clarification would tend in every instance to add to the student's knowledge and develop his powers for interpretation in the monologue form.

The selections in this book, then, being so largely monologues, should be studied in the light of the suggestions here given. Being Dialect as well as monologue, they have, I believe, an even greater value for the developmental practice of every student in expression.

PART II

MATERIAL FOR INTERPRETATION

SECTION VI

SCOTCH

SECTION VI

SCOTCH

(See also "Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation,"
Johnson, page 264, prose.)

SHE LIKED HIM RALE WELL

THE Spring had brought out the green leaf on the trees,
An' the flowers were unfolding their sweets tae the bees,
When Jock says tae Jenny, "Come, Jenny, agree,
An' say the bit word that ye'll marry me."
She held doon her heid like a lily sae meek,
An' the blush o' the rose flew awa' frae her cheek.

But she said, "Gang awa', man!

Your heid's in a creel."

She didna let on that she liked him rale weel—

Oh! she liked him rale weel—

Aye, she liked him rale weel!

But she didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

Then Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twalmonth an' mair,
Ye ha'e kept me just hangin' 'twixt hope an' despair.

But, oh! Jenny, last night something whispered tae me
That I'd better lie doon at the dyke-side an' dee."

Tae keep Jock in life, she gave in tae be tied;

An' soon they were booked, an' three times they were cried.

Love danced in Jock's heart, an' hope joined the reel—
He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel—

Oh! she liked him rale weel!

Aye, she liked him rale weel!

But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.

When the wedding day cam', tae the manse they did stap,
An' there they got welcome frae Mr. Dunlap,
Wha chained them to love's matrimonial stake,
Syne they took a dram an' a mouthfu' o' cake.
Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind tae your Jenny,
Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her minnie;
Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie an' leal?"
"Yes, sir; oh, yes, for I like him rale weel!"

Aye, she liked him rale weel!

Oh! she liked him rale weel!

At last she owned up that she liked him rale weel!

Andrew Waulless

THE TWA WEELUMS

I'm Sairgint Weelum Henderson frae Pairth,
That's wha I am!
There's just ae regimint in a' the airth
That's worth a damn;
An' gin the bonniest fechter o' the lot
Ye seek to see,
Him that's the best—*whaur ilka man's a Scot*—
Speir you at me!

Gin there's a hash o' Gairmans pitten oot
By aichts an' tens,
That Wully Henderson's been thereaboot
A'budy kens;

Fegs-aye! Yon Weelum that's in Gairmanie,
He hadna' reckoned
Wi' Saigint Weelum Henderson an' wi'
The Forty-Second!

Yon day we lichtit on the shores o' France,
The lassies standin'
Trod ilk on ither's taes to get the chance
To see us landin'.
The besoms! O they smiled to me—an' yet
They couldna' help it.
(Mysel', I just was thinkin' hoo we'd get
They Gairmans skelpit.)

I'm wearied wi' them for it's aye the same
Whaure'er we gang,
Our Captain thinks we've got his een to blame,
But man! he's wrang!
I winna say he's no as smairt a lad
As ye nicht see
Atween twa Sawbiths—aye, he's no sae bad,
But he's no me!

Weel, let the limmers bide; their bonnie lips
Are fine an' reid,
But me an' Weelum's got to get to grips
Afore we're deid,
An' gin he thinks he hasna' met his match
He'll sune be wiser—
Here's to myself! Here's to the auld Black Watch!
An' damn the Kaiser!

Violet Jacob.

THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate,
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luvèr stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd on noon.

Robert Burns.

“THE WIFE HE WANTS”

I hae a wee thocht in my heid,
A wee thocht, naethin' mair,
That 'gin I saw a lass I lik'd,
I micht think weel to pair.
I want nae wife to spoil my life,
Hoo rich soe'er she be,
Sae what I like, and what dislike,
It's juist as well to see.

I want nae lang-legg'd hizzy here
My wee bit hoose to share.
Wha wants twa yairds or mair o' wife?
It isn't me, I'll swear.
She micht forget to duck her heid,
The ceilin's rather low;
I winna hae the plaster crack'd
A' candidates should know.

I winna mairry by the ton,
And, therefore, want to say,
I'll hae nae big fat sowdy lass
Trapesin' roon' this way.
The furniture's a wee bit auld,
I'm no sure o' the stairs.
A wechty woman's gey severe,
Especially on chairs.

But tho' I dinna want her fat
She maunna be too lean;
There's little comfort wi' a wife
That, sideways, can't be seen.

I want nae hippopotamus
But still she must be roon',
Banes rattlin' when she mov'd aboot
Wad hae an eerie soon'.

She maunna hae big feet the lass
That wants wi' me to wed,
I'll hae nae bettlin'-engines here
To fill my life wi' dread.
Besides, I hae improv'd the roads
About this bit o' fairm,
And muckled poondin' o' them noo
Wad do a dale o' hairm.

For reasons I will here expleen
I canna hae rid hair—
My hairt is no' the strangest pairt
The doctors a' declare.
If I cam' hame too sudden like
And saw my wife's rid heid,
I might suspek the hoose afire
And faint awa' elane deid.

That I command, that she obeys,
The lassie maun concede.
I haud wi' Paul in this remark,
"The husband is the heid."
It's ae thing that I winna stan',
A want o' due respek;
To ony lass that wants to rule
I sartinly object.

And yet I'm no the man to fuss
For pure objectin's sake,

I ken that in this mortal life
We hae to give and take.
And gin the lassie's wise and guid
And dacent as to rank,
I'll no object that she should hae
A pickle in the bank.

John Stevenson.

THE TWA COURTIN'S

BEHOLD twa auld wives seated at the fireside drinking the blackest of tea, the old brown teapot at the fire, blackened with use and broken at the stroup.

“Eh, woman, but that's grand tea—it sticks to the roof o' yer moo! Nane o' yer new-fangled German silver teapots for me; ye dinna get the guid o' the tea unless it stands half an hour at the fire.”

There they sit, crackling ower their young days, the one nervous, thin, black-eyed—poetic; the other squat and stout, practised, matter-of-fact—prosaic. But they both enjoy a gossip, and kickle ower the stories o' their courtin', the recollection of which seems even sweeter than the reality.

“Eh, but thae were grand days, thae young days! Well dae I mind—dear me, this is the very nicht forty years sin that oor John socht me for his wife. I'll tell ye the whole story—if ye'll promise to tell me what your man said to you when he socht you; but ye mauna repeat it, mind ye, to ony other body.

“John and me had gane thegither for five year. It's a lang time, and I began to weary on John—a woman doesna like to hing on ower lang, ye ken—I was beginnin'

to be feared that if he didna speak soon he widna speak ava.

“Tuesday nichts and Friday nichts were John’s nichts, so John and me were rale sib. Weel, ye ken my faither’s hoose stood in the middle o’ a garden, and when John cam to see me he gae three raps on the window. Some chieles gae twa raps and some four raps and a whistle, but oor John, ye ken, just gae three raps. Weel, this nicht we were a-sittin’ at the fireside, three raps cam to the window, and my heart gae a dunt, for I kenned it was *him*. But I never let on, ye ken. By and by I laid doon the stockin’ I was darnin’ and slipit oot quietly, and says I, ‘Is that you, John?’ and oot o’ the dark a deep voice says, ‘Ay, it’s me, Janet.’ Then I heard a motion among the bushes, and it cam’ nearer and nearer till John was at my side, and eh! sic a wark he made wi’ me!”

“Eh, woman, look at that de’il o’ a laddie glowerin’ at ye and takin’ a’ ye say.”

“Hoots, awa’, woman! the laddie’s ower young to understand oor clavers. Here’s a piece an’ treacle tae ye, Davie. That’ll shut his mouth and his lugs baith.

“Weel, awa doon the brae we gaed thegither. ‘It’s a fine nicht,’ says I. ‘Grand weather for the craps,’ says John; but no anither word did he speak. John was never a great hand at sayin’ muckle, and this nicht he was waur than ever. So doon the brae we gaed, and I fand John’s arm slippin’ round my waist. By and by I made believe to miss my foot, ye ken, and that gar’d John haud me tighter. I’m tellin’ ye the whole truth, altho’ I think black burnin’ shame. Folks thinks that it’s the lads that coorts the lasses. It’s naethin’ o’ the kind. It’s the lasses that coorts the lads, for I’m sure if I hadna gi’en John a hand, he never hae gotten on ava.

“Eat awa’ at yer piece and treacle, laddie, and dinna ye glower at me like that.

“Weel, at the foot o’ the brae we sat aneath a bus’, whaur there waur just room for John and me, and its bonnie branches hid us frae every mortal e’e. Even the impertinent man in the moon, that sees sae mony things he shouldna see, couldna see in on us that nicht. There we sat a lang time, and John as usual said naething, but a’ this time his arm was roond my waist, and at last it began to shake, and he said, ‘Janet,’ and thinks I to mysel’, ‘I’ve catched John at last’; but something stuck in his throat, for he said nae mair. And there we sat and sat an’ better sat an’ eh! we were sae happy! ‘Surely,’ thinks I, ‘this is heaven upon earth.’ But all of a sudden John astonished me, for a better behaved young man never lived, he took a haud o’ my head and he pressed it till his bosom and I fand his heart knock, k-noek, k-noekin’ against my lug, and says he to me, says he: ‘Janet, Janet, w-w-will ye, will ye marry me?’ Eh, woman, wasna I richt glad to hear that! But a lassie canna expect to hear that very often in her life, so she maunna be in a hurry to answer. The tears were rinnin’ doon my cheeks, John’s arm was roond my waist, and my head was on John’s bosom, and his heart was knockin’ waur than ever. But I didna wait ower lang, for fear I should lose him a’th’gither; so says I to him, says I: ‘Jo-o-hn yes,’ and wi’ that oor John gaed clean daft a’th’gither, and he fairly worried me up wi’ kisses.”

“Hoot awa’, woman,” said the prosaic wife, “sic on-gaeins! My man and me were na’ sic fools. When my man cam’ to see me, he cam’ into the hoose like ony decent man—to be sure there was nane but him and me in the hoose at the time—and he sits doon in my faither’s

chair, puts one leg ower the tither, and toasts his taes at the fire. 'Ony news?' says I. 'Ou! ay,' says he; 'I've ta'en a hoose.' 'Ta'en a hoose,' says I. 'Ay! ta'en a hoose, and furnishin' a hoose.' 'Losh be here,' quo I, 'ta'en a hoose and furnishin' a hoose! wha are ye furnishin' the hoose for?' 'I'm furnishin' the hoose for you.' 'Oh, if that be the way o't, it wad be a great pity to lose the guid furnitur'."

David Kennedy.

MY AIN FIRESIDE

O, I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's,
 'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' cover'd wi' brows;
 But a sight sae delightful I trow I ne'er spied
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside,
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O, sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome
 ingle,
 Wi' the frien's o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry and sigh when I'm sad.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O, sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer
 O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried.
 There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside,
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O, sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

William H. Hamilton.

WHY NO SCOTCHMEN GO TO HEAVEN

LONG years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the king of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed; and the king of Scotland, elated by success, sent for his prime minister.

"Weel, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquer noo?"

"An' it please your majesty, I ken a king that your majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?"

The prime minister, reverently looking up, said, "The King o' heaven."

"The king of whaur, Sandy?"

"The King o' heaven."

The Scottish king did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang your ways, Sandy, and tell King o' heaven to gi'e up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' and ding him oot o' them; and mind you, Sandy, you dinna come back to us until ye ha'e dune oor biddin'."

The prime minister retired much perplexed, and met a priest, and reassured, returned and presented himself.

"Weel, Sandy," said the king, "ha'e ye seen the King o' heaven? and what says he to our biddin'?"

"An it please your majesty, I ha'e seen one of his accredited ministers."

"Weel, and what says he?"

"He says your majesty may e'en ha'e his kingdom for the axin' o' it."

"Was he sae civil?" asked the king warming to magna-

nimity. "Just gang your ways back, Sandy, an' tell the King o' heaven that for his civility the de'il a Scotchman shall set foot in his kingdom."

"DID YOU EVER?"

Did you ever see the sun
When his day's wark's nearly done,
Wi' his hand stuck in his pocket
And his heid to one side cockit,
Smilin' beams of golden light?
While he's waitin' for the night?

Did you ever see the sea
Take it easy-like, a wee,
Wi' the gulls aboon her cryin',
And she at fu' length lyin'
On her bed o' broon seaweed
Wi' her hands beneath her heid?

Did you ever see the moon
On a winter afternoon
Mak' a lookin'-glass o' water;
See the mirror quickly shatter
As it lay before your sight
Into bits o' silver light?

Did you ever hear the trees
Talk in whispers to the breeze
O' the Spring and Summer glories;
Laughin' at the funny stories,
That sae cunnin'ly he weaves,
Till their laughter shakes the leaves?

Did you ever see the stars
Ridin' roon' the sky on cars
Made o' clouds and mists and vapours,
Winkin', shootin', cuttin' capers,
Playin' hide-and-seek, bo-peep,
When the moon is fast asleep?

Never saw sic things, ye said,
Why, wherever were ye bred,
Dootless in some toonship smoky
Whaur the air is thick and choky,
Whaur they hae nae sun nor moon,
Nor a breeze to play a tune,
Or to tell a funny story;
Whaur the water's mirror'd glory,
Sleepin' sea and starry blue,
Are for ever hid frae view.
Och, I petty ye—I do.

John Stevenson.

MY AIN WIFE

O KEN ye no' my ain wife,
Sae cheery, young, an' free;
O saw ye ne'er my ain wife,
She's mair than gowd to me;
Sae bonny, thrifty, neat and kind,
Sae fu' o' sense and glee;
O wha kens no my ain wife,
Kens no' what wives should be!
Sae patient, loving, blithe, an' true,
At least she's sae to me!
O, I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

Our hame, it is a cosy hame,
Our garden is na' sma';
My wife amang her blossoms blooms
The sweetest of them a';
The rose an' lily on her cheeks
Are mingled baith sae fair,
I often think the blushing things
Hae found their beauty there:
She's mair sweet than the sweetest flower,
At least she's sae to me!
O, I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

The mavis on the sycamore,
The lintie on the spray,
The laverock quivering up the sky,
Sing sweet at break o' day.
O ilka bird that ever sang,
On tree or joyous wing,
Wad cease its sweetest happy strain
To hear my wife sing!
Sae fu' o' feeling is her voice,
At least it's sae to me;
O, I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

Francis Bennoch.

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns.

CUDDLE DOON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din,
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues;
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a froom;
But aye I hap them up an' cry
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
Then stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance;
He's kittlin' wi his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks:
He'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up and cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.

“Hae a’ the weans been gude?” he asks,
As he pits off his shoon.
“The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An’ lang since cuddled doon.”

An’ just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun’ wee Rab’s neck,
And Rab his airm roun’ Tam’s.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An’ as I straik each croon,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
“Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi’ mirth that’s dear to me;
But soon the big warl’s cark an’ care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
“Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

Alexander Anderson.

A SCOTCH WOOING

(A story is told of a Scotchman who, loving a lassie, desired her for his wife. But he possessed the prudence of his race. He had noticed in his own circle many an otherwise promising union result in disappointment and dismay, purely in consequence of the false estimate formed by bride or bridegroom concerning the imagined perfections of the other. He determined that in his own case no collapsed ideal should be possible. Therefore it was that the following proposal took place.)

"I'm but a puir lad, Jennie; I hae nae siller to offer ye, and nae land."

"Ah, but ye hae yoursel', Davie!"

"An' I'm wishfu' it wa' onything else, lassie. I'm nae but a puir ill-seasoned loon, Jennie."

"Na, na; there's money a lad mair ill-looking than yersel', Davie."

"I hae na seen him, lass, and I'm just a-thinkin' I shouldna' care to."

"Better a plain man, Davie, that ye can depend on than ane that would be a-speirin' at the lassies, a-bringin' trouble into the hame wi' his flouting ways."

"Dinna ye reckon on that, Jennie; it's nae the bonniest Bubbly-Jock that maks the most feathers to fly in the kailyard. I was ever a lad to run after the petticoats, as is weel kent; an' it's a weary handfu' I'll be to ye, I'm thinkin'."

"Ah, but ye hae a kind heart, Davie! an' ye love me weel. I'm sure on't."

"I like ye weel enoo', Jennie, though I canna say how long the feeling may abide wi' me; an' I'm kind enoo' when I hae my ain way, an naethin' happens to put me oot. But I hae the deevil's ain temper, as my mither can tell ye, an', like my puir fayther, I'm a-thinkin' I'll grow nae better as I grow mair auld."

"Ay, but ye're sair hard upon yersel', Davie. Ye're an honest lad. I ken ye better than ye ken yersel', an' ye'll mak a guid hame for me."

"Maybe, Jennie! But I hae my doots. It's a sair thing for wife and bairns when the guid man canna keep awa' frae the glass; an' when the scent of the whusky comes to me it's just as though I hae'd the throat o' a Loch Tay salmon; it just gaes doon an' doon, an' ther's nae filling o' me."

“Ay, but ye’re a guid man when ye’re sober, Davie.”

“Maybe I’ll be that, Jennie, if I’m nae disturbed.”

“An ye’ll bide wi’ me, Davie, an’ work for me?”

“I see nae reason why I shouldna bide wi’ ye, Jennie; but dinna ye clack aboot work to me, for I just canna bear the thoet o’t.”

“Anyhow, ye’ll do your best, Davie? As the minister says, nae man can do mair than that.”

“An’ it’s a puir best that mine’ll be, Jennie, and I’m nae sae sure ye’ll hae ower muckle even o’ that. We’re a’ weak, sinfu’ creatures, Jennie, an’ ye’d hae some deefficulty to fin’ a man weaker or mair sinfu’ than mysel’.”

“Weel, weel, ye hae a truthfu’ tongue, Davie. Mony a lad will mak fine promises to a puir lassie, only to break ’em an’ heart wi’ ’em. Ye speak me fair, Davie, and I’m thinkin’ I’ll just tak ye, an’ see what comes o’t.”

Jerome K. Jerome.

(From “Three Men on the Bummel.”)

AULD DADDY DARKNESS

AULD Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin’ as a mole;
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin’ frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin’ at the night;
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a’,
An’ Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa’.

Awa’ to hide the birdie within its cosy nest,
Awa’ to lap the wee flooers on their mither’s breast,
Awa’ to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca’,
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a’.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae oor waes,
 He comes when the bairnies are getting aff their claes;
 To cover them sae cosy, an' bring bonnie dreams,
 So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then;
 He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;
 Noo nestle in his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,
 Till Wee Davie Daylight comes keekin, owre the hill.

James Ferguson.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was deein';
 I said he might dee when he liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgive me for leein', for leein',
 The Lord forgive me for leein'!

A weel-stockèd mailen,—himsel' for the laird,—
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffer:
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offors,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,—
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her!

He up the làng loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shoulther I ga'e him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl'd feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!

He beggèd, for gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrows:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

Robert Burns.

THE ARTIST

HIS claes were thin and shabby when first he reached this
pairt,
Wi' box o' pents and brushes and a big sowl fu' o' Airt.

His purse was thin and hungry wi' a leanness sair to see;
Its twa sides clapp'd thegither just as lean as lean could be.

He pented land and seascapes, and he didna pent them ill,
And tuk leeberties wi' Nature for to mak' them finer still.

He pented a' his simmer skies a double extra blue,
Nae Antrim sky since Adam leev'd had ever sic a hue.

He acted very leeberal to mountains as to height,
And gied them a' a thousan' feet aboon their size by right.

And whaur the coast had naethin' hard to meet the billows'
shocks,

He thocht it only fair to paint a wheen o' craggy rocks.

A lak or twa he would insart to change the country's
face,

And trees in twas and threes and groves he dabb'd a'
ow'r the place.

He even in his picters wad the times and saisons change,
Had new-born lambs at harvest time—a thing we thocht
was strange.

“Imagination, aye,” he said, “should guide the penter's
hand,”

And that, of course, explain'd the things we didna under-
stand.

He wark'd wi' mortal industry and few divarteesements,
The wal was hard put to to find the water for his pents.

And, week by week, he bundled aff to London picter men
His landscapes and his seascapes and his studies o' the glen.

But still the puir wee purse was lean, its twa sides did
adhere,

Its stomach hadna shelter'd goold for nigh upon a year.

In sheer despair anither sketch, his biggest yet, he tried,—
A sheet o' three feet lang or mair and maybe twa feet
wide —

A masterpiece it was to be o' airtist's brain and hand,
He show'd the distant Scottish shore and miles o' sea and
land.

He put in a' that for these pairts Dame Nature had decreed,
And things she hadna thocht o' he invented frae his heid.

He made a reef o' wicked rocks rin right acress the bay,
He used his verra deepest blue to reprisent the say.

Behind big Billy Shepherd's hoose he made a mountain be
And planted his bog-medda wi' a cur'ous kind of tree.

He shifted objects till he found their maist effective spot.
And in the foremost foregrun plac'd auld Peggy Martin's
cot.

Auld Peggy was a widdy wife wi temper and a tongue
That talk'd three husbands to their graves while yet a
woman young.

Her hoose was puir and Airt is Airt, but still I must admit
He took ow'r mony leeberties the day he pented it.

He made the wa's a' tumble-doon and slimy green and foul,
And took the chimney aff the hoose to plase his artist sowl.

It wadna weel agree wi' that to hae it waterproof,
Sae holes in great variety he dotted ow'r the roof.

The windys a' were stuffed wi' rags to make them
 harmoneeze,
And just inside the kitchen daur a braw pig stood at ease.

The midden that behind the byre was found in Peggy's
 case,
He pented right forninst the door in a convanient place.

The pieter finished to his taste the puir consaited wretch
Invited Peg, then passin' near, come and see the sketch.

She cam' wi' smiles, her can o' suds she sat doon by the way
And apron-wip'd her airms a bit, for it was washin' day.

She look'd, she grunted, grunted mair—the smilin' face
 was gone;
It didna need a seer to see a storm was comin' on.

“And wha's pig-stye is that?” quo' she, “wha's pig-stye
 may it be,
Is that my hoose? noo answer that, just answer straight
 to me.”

He tried to soothe the angry wife, and show'd that trate-
 ment free
O' subjeck was the artist's right, as plain as plain could be.

“Deil tak' ye and yer subjeck and the treatment ye ca'
 free,
It's the tratement o' the widdy that I'm thinkin' o',”
 quo' she.

“I’ve slaved till I can hardly stand on my twa blissid feet
To hae the place look dacent-like in that there pented sheet.

“I whitewas’d a’ the wa’s mysel’, I did them yesterday
I wesh’d tha windys weel wi’ soap and swep’ the yerd o’
strae.

“And *that’s* my thanks, my gintleman, and that’s the way
ye trate
A puir lone widdy that has got to arn her bit o’ mate.

“Ye winna hae the pleasure, tho’, to send abroad yer
cheat,”
Wi’ that she dash’d her dirty suds right ow’er the pented
sheet.

“Ye ca’ it wather-colour wark, I ca’ it thrash instead,
But wather-colour it will be in arnest noo,” she said.

Then aff she stepp’d, her angry voice still growlin’ oot
her ills,
Like thunder sweerin’ to itsel’ awa’ amang the hills.

The puir wee penter man sat doon and cudna help but weep
While frae the sheet the dirty suds went dhreepin’ dhreep-
a-dhreep.

And yin side o’ the hungry purse said to the ither then,
“It’s plain to me there’ll naethin’ come ’twixt you and
me again.”

The penter’s een still weepin’ sair fell on his pictur wet,
He thoct it didna look sae bad and might be savit yet.

The suds that wesh'd some pent awa' had blended what
remained

To gie result the penter's skill could never hae attained.

The pictur, then, wi' doots and fears its journey did
perform

To London toon, and lo, behold, it took the place by storm.

It fairly took the breath awa' frae the superior pow'rs,
And big folk cam' in carriages to look at it for hours.

"Hoo beautiful! hoo eggswhiskit!" the leddies a' ex-
claimed,

And thro' their spy-glasses obsarv'd what penter hadn't
dhramed.

"Sic pearly greys!" the critics said, "sic atmosphere! sic
tone!

It's shair the finest piece o' wark the century has shown."

The pictur papers a' prodooed the penter's photograph,
And a' the larn'd societies elected him straight aff.

The king that rules these kingdoms three and nane may
disobey

Commanded him, on penalty, to dine wi' him next day.

The puir wee purse sae hungry yince, wi' clingin' sides sae
lean,

Is noo about the fattest purse that ever met yer een.

And noo the penter drives his coach and gangs in stylish
duds

(He doesn't tell the people, tho, o' Peggy and the suds).

John Stevenson.

WHEN MITHER'S GANE

It mak's a change in a'thing roon'
When mither's gane.
The cat has less contented croon,
The kettle has a dowie tune,
There's naething has sae blythe a soon,
Sin' mither's gane.

The bairnies gang wi' ragged claes,
Sin' mither's gane.
There's nane to mend their broken taes,
Or laugh at a' their pawky ways,
The nights are langer than the days,
When mither's gane.

Wha' cheers them when there's ocht amiss,
Sin' mither's gane?
Wha' tak's their pairt in that or this,
An' oot o' trouble mak's a bliss,
Wi' kindly word an' guid-nicht kiss?
Dear mither's gane.

The father's there; but losh! puir man,
Sin' mither's gane,
Although he does the best he can,
He hasna sic a tender han'—
The bottom's oot o' nature's plan,
When mither's gane.

O lonely hoose, O empty chair—
The mither's gane.

Yet fancy aften sees her there,
Wi' a' the smiles she used to wear,
Whilk brings oor hearts maist to despair
To think she's gane.

Anonymous.

COOM, LASSIE, BE GOOD TO ME

Coom, Lassie, be good to me. Winna ye, dear?
Ye've taken a' my hairt, ye shall hae a' my gear;
I wadna be gangin' about all alane
If the warld were a' siller, an' you not my ain.

The birds are a' matin', the flowers wed the grass,
An' you are my springtime, my ain bonnie lass;
Like kiss o' the sun to the life-springin' sod,
Put your lips to my ain; were I you I wad.

My hairt is a-thumpin' like sticks on a drum,
Just rantin' wi' hunger; coom, gie it a crumb;
My eyes are a' thirstin' like night for the dew,
Let them drink, my ain darlin', in one look frae you.

Coom, fill up the crook o' my long waitin' airm,
I'll huddle ye close an' I'll shiel' ye frae hairm,
Put your han' in my ain; let me spier in your ear;—
Coom, Lassie, be good to me. Winna ye, dear?

Charles McIlvane.

SECTION VII

ITALIAN

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ITALIAN

(See also "Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation,"
Johnson, pages 41 and 43, poetry.)

BETWEEN TWO LOVES

I GOTTA lov' for Angela,
I lov' Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gonna do?
O! Angela ees pretta girl,
She gotta hair so black, so curl,
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' O! she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jump up an' dance or eet weell bust.
An' alla time she seeng; her eyes
Dey smila like Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you—
But dat ees all w'at she can do.
Carlotta ees no gotta song,
But she ees twice so big an' strong
As Angela, an' she no look
So beautiful—but she can cook.
You oughta see her carry wood!
I tal you w'at, eet do you good.
When she ees be som'budy wife
She worka hard, you bat my life!

She never gattin' tired, too—
 But dat ees all w'at she can do.
 O! my! I weesh dat Angela
 Was strong for carry wood,
 Or else Carlotta gotta song
 An' looka pretta good.
 I gotta lov' for Angela,
 I lov' Carlotta, too.
 So w'at I gonna do?
 I no can marry both o' dem.

T. A. Daly.

SO GLAD FOR SPREENG

EEF som'boday com' today
 To dees fruita-stan' an' say:
 "W'at? Banana two for fi"?
 Seems to me dat's verra high!"
 I would look up een da sky
 Where da sun ees shine so bright,
 An' da clouds so sof' an' white
 Sail like boats I use' to see
 Een da bay at Napoli;
 An' so softa theeng I am,
 I would notta care a dam
 Eef de customer should be
 Sly enough for taka three!
 Eef like dat you com' today
 Mebbe so I justa say:
 "See da Tony McAroni!
 He ees verray lazy thing,
 W'at da deuce he care for money?
 Here ees com' da spreeng!"

Eef today I had a wife
An' she say: "My love! my life!
I mus' have fi'-dollar note
For da new spreeng hat an' coat,"
Theenk I gona grab her throat,
Bang her head agains' da wall?
Eh, Today? Oh, not at all!
She would look so pretta dere
Weeth da sunshine on her hair,
I would look at her, an' den
I would tal her: "Taka ten!"
Eef I had a wife today
I am sure dat I would say:
"All right, Mrs. McAroni,
I am verry softa theeng.
W'at de deuce I care for money?
Here ees com' da spreeng!"

T. A. Daly.

DA 'MERICANA GIRL

I GATTA mash weeth Mag McCue,
An' she ees 'Mericana too!
Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so,
You weell no calla me so slow
Eef som'time you can looka see
How she ees com' an' flirt weeth me.
Most evra two, t'ree day, my frand,
She stop by dees peanutta-stand
An' smile an' mak' da googla-eye
An' justa look at me an' sigh.
An' alla time she so excite'
She peeck som fruit an' taka bite.

O! my, she eesa look so sweet
 I no care how much fruit she eat.
 Me? I am cool an' mak' pretand
 I want no more dan be her frand;
 But een my heart, you bat my life,
 I theenk of her for be my wife.
 Today I theenk: "Now I weell see
 How moocha she is mash weeth me,"
 An' so I speak of dees an' dat,
 How moocha playnta mon' I gat,
 How mooch I makin' evra day
 An' w'at I spand an' put away.
 An' den I ask, so queeck, so sly:
 "You theenk som' pretta girl weell try
 For lovin' me a lettla beet?"—
 O! My! she eesa blush so sweet!—
 "An' eef I ask her lika dees
 For geevin' me a leetla keess,
 You s'pose she geeve me van or two?"
 She tal me: "Twenty-t'ree for you!"
 An' den she laugh so sweet, an' say:
 "Skeeddoo! Skeeddoo!" an' run away.

She like so mooch for keessa me
 She gona geeve me twanty-t'ree!
 I s'pose dat w'at she say—"skeeddoo"—
 Ees alla same "I lova you."
 Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so
 You weell no calla me so slow!

T. A. Daly.

MIA CARLOTTA

GIUSEPPE, da barber, ees greata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mustache,
Good clo'es an' good styła an' playnta good cash.

W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,
Da peopla dey talka, "How nobby! how neat!
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He raisa hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
O! many da heart of da seelly young girls

He gotta.

Yes, playnta he gotta—

But notta

Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.
Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far-away stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga mustache,
He gotta da seelly young girls for da "mash,"

But notta—

You bat my life, notta—

Carlotta.

I gotta!

T. A. Daly.

DA VERRA LEETLA BABY

IRISH Padre Tommeeckbride
 Laughed an' laughed onteel he cried.
 Always he ees do dat way
 At mos' evra theeng I say.
 Ees no matter w'at I spoke,
 He would tak' eet for a joke;
 Eet's a shame to tease a man
 W'en he do da best he can!

Now, for eenstance, yestaday
 Dere's a chrees'nin' down our way;
 Eet's baby call' "Carlott' "
 Dat my cousin Rosa's got.
 O! so small, jus' two weeks old—
 Een wan handa you could hold!
 Wal, I am da wan dat stand
 For dees leetla child, my frand—
 How you call een deesa land?
 "Godda-father?" Yes, dat's me!

Wal, w'en all ees done, you see,
 An' da child ees bapatize',
 Padre Tommeeckbride, he cries:
 "Evrabody com' dees way.
 We must write eet down," he say.

While he's writin' een da book,
 From my pocket here I took
 Twenta-fi'-cent piece, my frand,
 An' I put eet een heese hand.
 "Thanks!" he say, an smiles at me.
 Den Bianca Baldi, she—

While da padre looks at eet—
Wheespers: “Dat’s a leetle beet!”
“Sure,” I tal her, “dat’sa true,
But da baby’s leetla, too.”

Irish Padre Tommeeckbride
Laughed an’ laughed onteell he cried.
Always he ees do dat way
At mos’ evratheeng I say;
Eet’s a shame to tease a man
W’en he do da best he can!

T. A. Daly.

DA POSTA-CARD FROM NAPOLI

So, you gon’ sail for Italy?
Ah, fine!—W’at can you do for me?
Oh, notheeng, please; I don’ta care—
I weesh you joy while you are dere,
An’ I’ll be glad for see you w’en
Da sheep ees breeng you home agen—
Eh? No! Oh, please don’t sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli!

Oh, yes, wan time da letter-man
Breeng soocha card to deesa stan’;
Eet was from gentleman like you
Dat wanted to be kinda, too.
Eet showed da town, da bay—but, oh,
I deed not need; so wal I know!
Ah, no, please don’ta sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli.

Oh, wal, Signor, you are so kind,
 So good to me, I would no mind
 Eef you would send me wan from Rome.
 Eh? Rome? No, dat ees not my home.
 Deed I not joose esplain to you
 I weell no care w'at else you do
 So long you don'ta sand to me
 No peecture-card from Napoli?

T. A. Daly.

AN ITALIAN'S VIEWS ON THE LABOR QUESTION

ONE man looka at da labor quest' one way, 'noder man looka 'noder way. I looka deesa way:

Longa time ago I gitta born in Italia. Pret' queck I gitta big 'nough to know mya dad. I find him one worka man. Him worka hard in da hotta sun—sweat like da wetta rag to maka da 'nough mon' to gitta da grub. Mya moth' worka too—work lika da dog. Dey make alla da kids work—mea too. Dat maka me tired. I see da king, da queen, and da richa peop' driva by in da swella style. It maka me sick. I say, "Da world alla wrong. Da rich have too mucha mon', too mucha softa snap. Da poor have too mucha work, too mucha dirt, too mucha tougha luck."

Dat maka me one dago anarchista. I hear 'bout America, da freea countra, where da worka man eata da minca pie an' da roasa beef.

I taka da skip—take da ship—sail ova da wat'—reacha Newa York.

Va! It reminds me of Naples—beautifula bay, blue sky, da plenty lazaroni and mucha dirta streets.

I looka 'r-round for da easy job. It noa go. Da easy jobs alla gone.

It mora work to gitta da work dan da work itself. I gitta down on da richa peop' more anda more alla da time. Geea Whiz! Dat freea countra maka me sick!

Well, aft' while I strika da job—pounda da stone on da railroad. It neer keela, but I eata da ver' lit' grub, weara da olda clothes, and socka da mon' in mya sock eacha day. I learna da one thing—da mon' maka da mare go.

I catcha da spirit ofa da town: I maka what you calla da progress. I find da man what maka da mon' nev' do da harda work. I quit. I buya da buncha bana', putta da banan' ina da bask ona my arm, sella him ona da street. Hulla Gee! I maka da twenty-fi' cent a day clear.

Ver' soon I have da gr-rata lotta mon'. I buya one handa org'; maka da mus', playa Ta-ra-ra Boom all over da country; maka mor' mon'; den I buy Jocka da monk'. Da monk' is lika da business man—ver' smart. I maka him my cashier. Him passa da contribution box like da deacon in da church. Him maka da face, him dance.

Da biz grow. We sella da hand org'—buy one streeta piano. I hira one 'sistant. Da 'sistant pusha da piano, I grinda da crank, da monk' taka da mon'.

We gitta da ver' wella off. I gitta mar-r-red. Buya me one home, sweeta home.

I investa ma mon'—buya da fruita stands on da sidewalk—hire da cheapa dago chumps to runna da stands.

Da labor quest' ver' simp'—ver' plain. When I poor I say:—"Shoota da monopola! Keela da richa man!" Alla da same when you in Roma do lika da Roma peop'.

Now I one r-richa man. I weara da fine clothes—picks my teeth with da golda pick—weara da diamond stud—driva ma team—and snappa ma fingers.

It maka alla da dif' in da world which side da fence you stana on.

Joe Kerr.

“DESCENDED FROM CHRISTOPH’ COLOMB’ ”

I AM-A one Ital-i-an
People call-a me Da-go-man;
I lik-a live U-ni-ted State,
Mak-a heap o’ mon-a any rate;
Smok-a vera cheap-a ciga-ret,
Eat-t macaroni an’ spaget’
I am-a descended from
Christoph’ Colomb’!

I bring-a dis-a leetal monk
Ovair in dis-a leetal trunk;
Though-a vera homely one,
He help-a me mak-a da mon’
Irish man he call-a me,
Da leetal monkey pedigree;
Call-a da monk ancestor from
Christoph’ Colomb’!

I drag piano through de town;
People throw me da nickel down;
I mak-a vera sweet-a bow
To servant gal, she mak-a row;
Call-a me da piano horse!
Say pian’ so old, o’ course
It was-a descended from
Christoph’ Colomb’!

Beeg-a fool come evair day,
Ask-a where I learn to play;
Tell-a me I must-a be
Great-a lik-a Pad-a-ru-si-kee!

Small boy mak-a bad-a face;
Call-a me dat-a stumpy race—
Mis-fit-a descended from
Christoph' Colomb'!

Cable car he bump-a me,
Police-a-man he thump-a me,
Truck-a-man upset-a me,
Sprinkle-a-man he wet-a me,
Fire-a-engine come-a dash,
Break da organ all-a smash!
Kill da monk descended from
Christoph' Colomb'!

Fred Emerson Brooks.

SECTION VIII
NEGRO

SECTION VIII

NEGRO

(See also "Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation,"
Johnson, page 152, prose.)

IN THE MORNING

'LIAS! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!
Don' you know de day's erbroad?
Ef you don' git up, you scamp,
Dey'll be trouble in dis camp.
T'ink I gwine to let you sleep
W'ile I meks yo' boa'd an' keep?
Dat's a putty howdy-do—
Don' you hyeah me, 'Lias—you?

Bet ef I come crost dis flo'
You won' fin' no time to sno'.
Daylight all a-shinin' in
W'ile you sleep—w'y hit's a sin!
Ain't de can'le-light enough
To bu'n out widout a snuff,
But you go de mo'nin' thoo
Bu'nin' up de daylight too?

'Lias, don' you hyeah me call?
No use tu'nin' to'ds de wall;
I kin hyeah dat mattus squeak;
Don' you hyeah me w'en I speak?

Dis hyeah clock done struck off six—
Ca'line, bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh, you down, suh; huh! you down—
Look hyeah, don' you daih to frown.

Ma'ch yo'se'f an' wash yo face,
Don' you splattah all de place;
I got somep'n else to do,
'Sides jes' cleanin' aftah you.
Tek dat comb an' fix yo' haid—
Looks jes lak a feddah baid.
Look hyeah, boy, I let you see
You sha'n't roll yo' eyes at me.

Come hyeah; bring me dat ah strap!
Boy, I'll whup you 'twell you drap;
You done felt yo'se'f too strong,
An' you sholy got me wrong
Set down at dat table thaih;
Jes' you whimpay ef you daih!
Evah mo'nin' on dis place,
Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haid—
Wait ontweel de blessin' 's said;
“Lawd, have mussy on ouah souls—”
(Don' you daih to tech dem rolls—)
“Bless de food we gwine to eat—”
(You set still—I see yo' feet;
You jus' try dat trick agin!)
“Gin us peace an' joy. Amen!”

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

DE CIRCUS TURKEY

HE's de worst I evah see,
Dat ole turkey up'n de tree;
I bin pesta'n him 'n' punchin' him saince mohnin'.
I nev', saince I was bo'n,
See de way he do stick on,
En he 'pears to look down at me 's if he scornin'.

He doesn't seem to 'pear
Ter hab a bit ob fear,
Kase I'se wasted all mah strength 'n' bref upon 'im.
It may be he's in fun,
But I'll seah 'im wid dis gun,
I'se boun' ter git 'im down some way, dog on 'im.

I'se fro'd mos' all de sticks
In de yard, 'n' all de bricks;
Ef yo' was me, whut under d' sun 'ud yo' do?
He doesn't seem ter change,
'N' 'pears ter act so strange,
I d'clar he mus' be pestah'd wid a hoodoo.

I tale yo' hit's er fac',
I nearly broke mah back
Er histin' shoes 'n' brickbats up dar to 'im.
'Pon dis Tanksgibbin' day,
I hate ter shoot, but say—
I b'leeve a gun's de only thing'll do 'im!

I 'low I'll make 'im think
He kain't gib me de wink
An' sait upon dat limb en be secuah.

Biff! Bang! I'll make 'im sing;
 Mah goodness, watch 'im swing!
 W'y, he's a reg'lah circus turkey, suah.

Hi see de hull thing now—
 Das Rasmus boy, I 'low,
 Has done gone tied 'is feet up dar wid strings.
 No wonday dat he tried
 Ter come off; he was tied,
 'N' all what he could do was flap 'is wings.

Come hyar, yo' Rasmus, quick, sah!
 I'se min' ter use dis stick, sah!
 Come hyar, from ovar dar, from whar yo' stood.
 I 'low I ought to lay yo'
 Down on dat groun' en flay yo';
 I'se tempted mos' ter use a stick o' wood.

Yo' kain't go to de meetin'
 An' w'en it comes ter eatin',
 Yo' mudder sais yo' kain't come to de table.
 I bet you'll sing er tune,
 Kase all dis aftahnoon
 We's 'cided dat we'll lock yo' in de stable.

Yo' kain't hab none de white meat,
 An' yo' kain't hab none de brown meat,
 An' yo' jes' hearn whut yer po' ole mudder sade;
 Yo' kain't hab none de stuffin',
 Er de cranber' sauce er nuffin',
 An' 'cisely at six o'clock yo' go ter baid.

Ben King.

WARM BABIES *

SHADRACH, Meshach, Abednego,
Walked in the furnace to an' fro,
Hay foot, straw foot, fro an' to,
An' the flame an' the smoke flared up the flue.
Nebuchadnezzar he listen some,
An' he hear 'em talk, an' he say "How come?"
An' he hear 'em walk, an' he say "How so?
Dem babes was hawg tied an hour ago!"

Then Shadrach call, in an uppity way,
"A little more heat or we ain't gwine stay!"
An' Meshach bawl, so dat furnace shake:
"Lan'lawd, heat! fo' de good Lawd's sake!"
Abednego yell, wid a loud "Kerchoo!"
"Is you out to freeze us, y' great big Jew!"
Nebuchadnezzar, he rare an' ramp,
An' call to his janitor, "You big black scamp!
Shake them clinkers an' spend dat coal!
I'll bake dem birds, ef I goes in de hole!"

He puts on de draf an' he shuts de door
So de furnace glow an' de chimbly roar.
Ol' Nebuchadnezzar, he smole a smile.
"Guess dat'll hold 'em," says he, "one while."
Then Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego
Walk on de hot coals to an' fro,
Gulp dem hot cinders like chicken meat
An' holler out fo' a mite mo' heat.

* From "Splinters," published by George H. Doran Company, and re-printed by permission of the author.

Ol' Nebuchadnezzar gives up de fight;
He open dat door an' he bow perlite.
He shade his eyes from the glare infernal
An' say to Abednego, "Step out, Colonel."
An' he say, "Massa Shadrach, I hopes you all
Won' be huffy at me at all."

Then Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego,
Hay foot, straw foot, three in a row,
Stepped right smart from dat oven door,
Jes' as good as they wuz before,
An' far as Nebuchadnezzar cud find,
Jes' as good as they wuz behind.

—*Keith Preston.*

OL' JOSHWAY AN' DE SUN

OL' Joshway stood in front er his tent,
An' sicc'd his soldiers on,
But when he turned fer ter look aroun',
De day wuz nearly gone.
He rubbed his beard, he scratched his head,
An' kicked his heel in de groun';
Kaze he wanter finish de battle-job
Befo' de Sun went down.

He look ter de East an' he look ter de West,
An' he wave his han' on high,
"King Sun," sezee, "I want you ter see
Me smite um hip an' thigh!
Come down ter camp an' rest you'se'f
A little while wid me,
I'll git you a fan an' big wide cheer
An' set it whar you kin see."

Dey wuz lots mo' talk, but de Sun come down
An' tuck a little ease,
An' when he got too awful hot,
He called up ol' Brer Breeze!
"My time is short," sez de Sun, sezee,
"An' you better do yo' do,
Kaze I'm feelin' like I wantter see
Dis mortual scuffle throo!"

Well, dey fit an' fit an' fowt an' fowt
Right dar in de light er de Sun,
But Joshway frailed um out an' soon
He had um on de run.
King Sun, he say, "I'm over due
'Cross dar whar de night's still black;
De folks will wake 'fo' de chickens crow
An' put der big clocks back."

Ol' Joshway thanked him mighty polite,
An' ax him fer ter come ag'in;
King Sun, he say, "I speek dat I
Will be whar I've allers been."
Den he mosied off, kaze he ain't got time
Fer ter set an' talk an' stay;
He hatter go off whar de night still dark
An' start ter breakin' day.

Well, time run on an' people 'spute
 'Bout Joshway an' de Sun,
 Some say dis an' some say dat
 An' splain why Joshway won;
 Sometimes when he wuz settin' 'roun'
 Whar he couldn't he'p but hear
 He'd say, "Go in de settin'-room an' see
 How he scorched my big armcheer!"

—*Joel Chandler Harris.*

AUNT AMITY'S SILVER WEDDING

IT was the great silver wedding at Judge Stanley's that put the idea into Aunt Amity's head. She was one of the Stanleys' former slaves. She lived with her husband, Frank the fiddler, on a place some miles up the river. She had always been a woman of initiative and of strong social following and when she proclaimed that she and Frank were to have a silver wedding they immediately came into a new prestige. Amity was young for her age, looked thirty-three, and could not have been much over forty. She moved with the alacrity of youth, and her laugh was as care-free as a child's. She was rather stout and was wont to say of herself, "Nobody, to see dat wide shadder, would take me for de light dancer I is." When she sought her friend, the mistress of Sugarsweet Plantation, to enlist her interest and a little assistance, that lady allowed Amity to tell her all about it, and succeeded in controlling her features for the greater part of the recital.)

"C'ose I knows silver things is expensive, an' so is fine suppers expensive an' I ain' gwine give no scrub ban-quet. Dey ain't nobody but can affo'd to fetch some little silver piece, such, as, well, mostly dimes an' two-bitses an' maybe fifty-centses; an' it mought be dat a few would drap us a dollar. I done give out dat I ain't gwine stint de supper. I'll have every kind o' cake dey is—an' fried chicken—an' chicken-pie—an' chicken fricassee—an' chicken-salad—an' chick—I mean to say, an' swimp gumbo an' beat biscuit, an'—swimps is comin' in thick in the river now.

“In c’ose ef you was studyin’ about white weddin’s, Missy, dat’s a white horse of another color. Eh, Lord! How many th’ough an’ th’ough silver soup-ladles an’ tea-sets you reckon I’d git, ef I expected ’em? No, honey; dis here’s gwine be jes a done-over ole breakdown weddin’, wid a’ overdone brokedown bride an’ groom. But we can’t be no younger ’n we is, an’ hit’s now or never.

“An’ so—is you got air ole bride’s veil lift over f’om past times—or wreath—or anything flimsy an’ white, please, ma’am—to set off dis ole secon’-han’ bride? An’ maybe one o’ Marse Honoré’s white waist-coats for Frank—anything, so it’s white, for bofe of us—so’s we won’t shame de ban-quet. I don’t crave to disgrace de feast wid onproper weddin’-gyarmints.

“An’ maybe somebody mought affo’d a silver weddin’-ring for me,—I ain’ nuver had no ring,—or no silver thimble, nuther. I sho’ does hope dey’ll fetch in a few showy plush-box deviltries, even ef de silver on ’em’ll melt whilst you looks at it.

“I had a silver-plated soup-dipper, once-t. I got it for a tea-prize. I nuver drinks no tea. I buys it jes for de prize cowpons— an’ trades it back in de sto’e for tobacco.

“But dat prize dipper sho’ did look dazzlin’ when it come, reposin’ in dat plush-tufted box. I cert’in’y was tickled! But one day I dipped out some lye-hominy wid it, an’ it must ’a’ slid down in de pot an’ b’iled all day. I tell yer, Missy, hit went in white but it come out a good mulatter-color.

“Frank say de silver all subsided into de hominy an’ we-all e’t it up, so we’s silver-coated inside ef we is copper-plated on de outside.

“But I sho’ does wusht I had it now, in all its plush glory for de weddin’.

"It 'd be a fine side-boa'd piece—ef I had a side-boa'd.

"You can't have but one silver weddin' in a lifetime, an' I wants to have it racklass, whilst I 'm a-havin'! Even ef you stays heah long enough to have two, dey say de silver turns to gold, an' Gord knows what a po' ole nigger resurrected bride would do for gold presents—less'n luck changes!

"But maybe, seein' it's silver, somebody *mought* ricomember to buy me a thimble—or a breastpin. Ole Hannah, de Williamson's cook, she got a lovely brooch, a silver fryin'-pan. It makes you hongry to look at it. Ef somebody only thought enough o' me—an' then o' c'ose der is Frank. But Frank ain't got no title to none o' dese silver presents. Not Frank!

"Oh, yas 'm; of co'se he 's my chu'ch husban' all right, *but not dat husban'*! Yer know what become of my firs' husban', Solon, don' yer, missy? A trifin' yaller gal stole 'im f'om me. Dat's what *become* of 'im; an' I don't begrudge 'im to her. But as to whar he *is*, Gord knows, honey. Livin' or dead, he 's all one to me now. Last time I heerd tell of 'im, he was waitin' on Frank's sister, down in Freetown. He mought be my brother-in-law by now, for all I know.

"So I means to *say what I say*. I ain't been married to Frank Stillwater on'y jes about five yeahs. An' I been studyin' about dat, too, and dat 's one o' de p'int's I come to insult you about. Sence Frank is been married five yeahs, I don't see why he can't draw for a *wood* weddin'. Dey tell me five yeahs o' marri'ge is de wooden anniversary, an' dat's de easiest weddin' dey could give on a plantation, a wooden one is.

"Yas'm; an' jes plain *wood*. What 's de matter wid a load o' fire wood or fat pine for kindlin'? Frank would

be glad to git anything, f'om a box o' matches to a hen-coop; an' he gwine fiddle for 'em free, anyhow.

“But heah I'm gwine on an' forgittin' all about the bridal veil! Is you got any ole lace left-overs, Missy, dat I mought wear for a veil? I'll do it up keerful an' fetch it back, yes 'm.”

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS

Now, I 's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You 'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel 's gwine
to ax

When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pins you to de
fac's;

'Cause he 'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de
night,

An' de water-million question 's gwine to bodder you a
sight!

Den your eyes 'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken scrape dat happened
long ago!

De angels on de picket-line erlong de milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you 're dribin' at, an' hearin' what
you say;

No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you 's
gwine,

Dey 's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;
And of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;

Den de angel in de orfis, what 's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!

Den you better do your duty well an' keep your conscience
clear,

An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you
steer;

'Cause arter while de time 'll come to journey fum de lan',
And dey 'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de
stan';

Den you 'll hab to listen to de clerk, an' answer mighty
straight,

Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

John Alfred Macon.

DE NAMIN' OB DE TWINS

WHAT I gwine name mah Ceely's twins?

I dunno, honey, yit,

But I is jes er-waitin' fer de fines' I kin git.

De names is putty nigh run out,

So many niggahs heah,

I 'clar' dey 's t'ick as cotton-bolls in pickin'-time o' yeah.

But 't ain' no use to 'pose to me

Ole commonary names

La' 'Lizabeth an' Josephine, or Cæsa, Torm, an' James,

'Ca'se dese heah twinses ob mah gal's

Is sech a diff'ent kine,

Dey 's 'titled to de grandes' names dat ary one kin fin';

Fer sho dese little shiny brats

Is got de fus'-cut look,

So mammy wants fine city names lak' you gits out a book.

I ax Marse Rob, an' he done say

Some 'rageous stuff lak' dis:

He 'd call de bruddah Be'lzebub, de sistah Genesis;

Or Alphy an' Omegy—de

Beginnin' an' de en'.

But den, ob co'se no man kin tell what mo' de Lawd 'll
sen';

Fer de pappy ob dese orphuns—

You heah me'—I'll be boun',

While dey 's er-crawlin' on de flo', he 'll be er-lookin'
roun';

'Ca'se I done seen dem Judas teahs

He drap at Ceely's grabe,

A-peepin' 'hin' his han'kercher at ol' Tim's yaller Gabe,

A-mekin' out to moan an' groan

Lak' he was gwine 'o bus'.

Lawd, honey, dem at howls de mos' gits ober it de fus'.

Annynias an' Saphiry,

Sis Tab done say to me.

But he'p me, Lawd! what *do* she 'spec' dese chillun gwine
to be?

'Sides, dem names 's got er cur'us soun'.

You says I 's hard to please?

Well so 'ould any granny be, wid sech a pa'r as dese.

Ole Pahson Bob he 'low dat I

Will suttinly be sinnin'

Onless I gibs 'em names dat starts 'em right in de beginnin'.

"Iwilla" fer de gal, he say,

F'om de wo'd "I will a-rise,"

An' dat 'ould show she's startin' up todes glory in de skies;

An' fer dis man chil' Aberham,—

De fardah ob 'em all,—

Er else Belshazzah, who done writ dat writin' on de wall.

But Pahson Bob—axcuse me, Lawd!—

He bettah sabe his bref

To preach de gospel, an' jes keep his 'visin' to hisse'f;

Fer nary pusson, white nor black,

Ain' gib no p'int to me

'Bout namin' dese heah Chris'mus gif's asleep on granny's
knee

Now heshaby—don' squirm an' twis';

Be still, you varmint, do!

You ain' gwine hab no niggah names to tote aroun' wid
you!),

'Cause on de question ob dese names

I sho is hed mah min'

Perzactly an' percidedly done med up all de time;

Fer mah po' Ceely Ann—yas, Lawd,

Jes nigh afo' she died,

She name' dis gal "Neu-ral-gia,"¹ her boy twin "Hom-i-
cide"! ¹

Mary Fairfax Childs.

¹ These names were actually given to two children.

WHY THE GUINEAS STAY AWAKE

"ONE time 'way long back yander dem guineas wuz des ez drowsy w'en night come ez any er de yuther folks. Dey 'd go ter roos', dey would, en dey 'd drap off ter sleep time der head totch de pillar.

“In dem days dey could ‘a’ had pillers ef dey’d a-wanted um, en bolsters, too, fer dat matter, en likewise fedder-beds, kaze dey would n’t ‘a’ had ter go no fur ways fer de fedders.

“But ne’er mind ‘bout dat; no sooner did dey git up on de roos’ dan dey drap off ter sleep, en dey kep’ on dat away twel bimeby one time Brer Fox made up he min’ dat he better be kinder sociable en pay um a call atter dey done gone ter bed.

“Dar wuz times w’en Brer Fox tuck a notion fer ter walk ‘bout in de daytime, but mos’ allers inginer’lly he done he pomernadin’ ‘twix’ sundown en sun-up. I dunner w’at time er night hit wuz w’en Brer Fox call on de guineas, but I speck ‘t wuz long todes de shank er de evenin’, ez you may say.

“Yit, soon er late, w’en he got ter whar de guineas live at, he foun’ um all soun’ asleep. Now, some folks w’en dey go anywhars fer ter make deyse’f sociable, en fin’ eve’ybody fas’ asleep, would ‘a’ tu’n ‘roun’ en made der way back home; but Brer Fox ain’t dat kind er man. Dem guineas roos’ so low en dey look so fine en fat dat it make Brer Fox feel like dey wuz his fus’ cousin.

“He sot down on his hunkers, Brer Fox did, en he look at um en grin. Den he ‘low ter hisse’f:

“‘I ’l des shake han’s wid one un um en den I ’ll go.’

“Well, Brer Fox went up an shuck han’s wid one un um, en he must ‘a’ squoze mighty hard, kaze de guinea make a mighty flutterment; en he mus’ ‘a’ heldt on wid a mighty tight grip, kaze w’en he tuck off his hat en bowed good-by de guinea went ‘long wid ‘im.

“Well, suh, you never is year tell er sech a racket ez dem guineas kicked up w’en dey ‘skiver dat Brer Fox done make off wid one un um. Dey squall en dey squall twel

dey roused up de whole neighborhoods. De dogs got ter barkin', de owls got ter hootin', de hosses got ter kickin', de cows got ter lowin', en de chickens got ter crowin'.

"En mo' dan dat, de guineas wuz dat skeered dat dey tu'n right pale on de neck en on de gills, en ef you don't b'lieve me you kin go up dar in de gyarden en look at um fer yo'se'f.

"En mo' dan dat, dey got skeered so bad dat from dat day ter dis dey don't sleep soun' at night. Dey may squat 'roun' in de shade en nod in de daytime, dough I ain't kotch um at it, en dey may sort er nod atter dey go ter roos' at night; but ef a betsey bug flies by um, er yit ef a sparrer flutters in de bushes, dey er wide awake; dey mos' sholy is."

Joel Chandler Harris.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson

THE DANCE

Git yo' pardners, fust kwattilion!
 Stomp yo' feet an' raise 'em high;
 Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!
 Gwine to git to home bime-bye."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlitley—
 Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—
Balance all!—now, step out rightly;
 Alluz dance yo' lebel bes'.
F'o'wa'd foah!—whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in!—don't be so slow!—
Swing cornahs!—min' de figgers!
 When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!

Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—yes, I 's sober—
Cain't say how de fiddle am.
Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat 's de way—dat 's hard to beat.
Sides for'w'd!—when you 's ready—
Make a bow as low 's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right and lef'!—don't want no walkin'—
Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!

Irwin Russell.

“DEY AIN'T NO GHOSTS”

ONCE 'pon a time dey was a li'l' black boy whut he name was Mose. An' whin he come erlong to be 'bout knee-high to a mewel, he 'gin to git powerful 'fraid ob ghosts, 'ca'se dat am sure a mighty ghostly location whut he lib' in, 'ca'se dey 's a grabeyard in de hollow, an' a buryin'-ground on de hill, an' a cemuntary in betwixt an' between, an' dey ain't nuffin' but trees nowhar excipt in de clearin' by de shanty an' down de hollow whar de pumpkin-patch am. Dat a powerful onpleasant locality for a li'l' black boy whut he name was Mose.

'Ca'se dat li'l' black boy he so specially black he can't be seen in de dark *at* all 'cept by de whites ob he eyes. So whin he go' outen de house *at* night, he ain't dast shut he eyes, 'ca'se den ain't nobody, can see him in de least.

He jest as invidsible as nuffin'. An' who know' but whut a great, big ghost bump right into him 'ca'se it can't see him? An' dat shore w'u'd scare dat li'l' black boy powerful' bad, 'ca'se yever'body knows whut a cold, damp pussonality a ghost is.

So whin dat li'l' black Mose go' ouden de shanty at night, he keep' he eyes wide open, you may be shore. By day he eyes 'bout de size ob butter-pats, an' come sundown he eyes 'bout de size ob saucers; but whin he go' ouden de shanty at night, he eyes am de size ob de white chiny plate whut set on de mantel; an' it powerful' hard to keep eyes whut am de size ob dat from a-winkin' an a-blinkin'.

So whin Hallowe'en come erlong, dat li'l' black Mose he jes mek' up he mind he ain't gwine ouden he shack *at* all. He cogitate' he gwine stay right snug in de shack wid he pa an' he ma. So dat all right. Li'l' black Mose he scrooge' back in de corner by de fireplace, an' he 'low' he gwine stay dere till he gwine *to* bed. But byme-by Sally Ann, whut live' up de road, draps in, an' Mistah Sally Ann, whut is her husban', he draps in, an' Zack Badget an' de school-teacher whut board' at Unc' Silas Diggs's house drap in, an' a powerful lot ob folks drap in. An' li'l' black Mose he seen dat gwine be one s'prise-party, an' he right down cheerful 'bout dat.

So all dem folks shake dere hands an' 'low "Howdy," an' some ob dem say: "Why, dere 's li'l' Mose! Howdy, li'l' Mose?" An' he so please' he jes grin' an' grin', 'ca'se he ain't reckon whut gwine happen. So byme-by Sally Ann, whut live up de road, she say', "Ain't no sort o' Hallowe'en lest we got a jack-o'-lantern." An' de school-teacher, whut board at Unc' Silas Diggs's house, she 'low', "Hallowe'en jes no Hallowe'en *at* all 'thout we got a jack-o'-lantern." An' li'l' black Mose he stop'

a-grinnin', an' he scrooge' so far back in de corner he 'mos' scrooge frough de wall. But dat ain't no use, 'ca'se he ma say', "Mose, go on down to de pumpkin-patch an' fotch a pumpkin."

"I ain't want to go," say' li'l' black Mose.

"Go on erlong wid yo'," say he ma' right commandin'.

"I ain't want to go," say' Mose ag'in.

"Why ain't yo' want to go?" he ma ask'.

"'Ca'se I 's afraid ob de ghosts," say' li'l' black Mose, an' dat de particular truth an' no mistake.

"Go 'long wid your ghosts!" say' li'l' black Mose's ma.

"What' yo' pick up dat nonsense?" say' he pa. "Dey ain't no ghosts."

An dat whut all dat s'prise-party 'low: dey ain't no ghosts. An' dey 'low dey mus' hab a jack-o'-lantern or de fun all sp'iled. So dat li'l' black boy whut he name is Mose he done got to fotch a pumpkin from de pumpkin-patch down de hollow. So he step' ouden de shanty an' he stan' on de door-step twell he get' he eyes pried open as big as de bottom ob he ma's wash-tub, mostly, an' he say', "Dey ain't no ghosts." An' he put' one foot on de ground, an' dat was de fust step.

An' li'l' black Mose he tuck anudder step.

An' de owl mourn' out, "Whut-whooo-o-o-o!"

An' li'l' black Mose he tuck anudder step.

An' li'l' black Mose he tuck one look ober he shoulder, an' he shut he eyes so tight dey hurt round de aidges, an' he pick' up he foots an' run. Yas, sah, he run' right peart fast. An' he say': "Dey ain't no ghosts. Dey ain't no ghosts." An' he run' erlong de paff whut lead' by de buryin'-ground on de hill, 'ca'se dey ain't no fince eround dat buryin'-ground *at all*.

So he scoot' past dat buryin'-ground whut on de hill,

an' dat cemuntary whut betwixt an' between, an' dat grabebard in de hollow, twell he come' to de pumpkin patch, an' he rotech' down an' tek erhold ob de bestest pumpkin whut in de patch. An' he right smart scared, an he jes cogitate', "Dey ain't no ghosts," an' wish' he goose-pimples don't rise up dat way. An' he jes 'low', "Dey ain't no ghosts," an' so he rotech' down, an' he rotech' down, twell he git' a good hold on dat pricklesome stem of dat bestest pumpkin whut in de patch, an' he jes yank' dat stem wid all he might.

"*Let loosen my head!*" say' a big voice all on a suddent.

Dat li'l' black boy whut he name is Mose he jump' 'most ouden he skin. He open' he eyes, an' he 'gin' to shake like de aspen-tree, 'ca'se whut dat a-standin' right dar behint him but a 'mendjous big ghost! Yas, sah, dat de bigges', whites' ghost whut yever was. An' it ain't got no head. Ain't got no head at all! Li'l' black Mose he jes drap' on he knees an' he beg' an' pray':

"Oh, 'scuse me! 'Scuse me, Mistah Ghost!" he beg!
"Ah ain't mean no harm at all."

"What for you try to take my head?" ask' de ghost in dat fearsome voice whut like de damp wind ouden de cellar.

"'Scuse me! 'Scuse me!" beg' li'l' Mose. "Ah ain't know dat was yo' head, an' I ain't know you was dar *at* all. 'Scuse me!"

"Ah 'scuse you ef you do me dis favor," say' de ghost. "Ah got somefin' powerful important to say unto you, an' Ah can't say hit 'ca'se Ah ain't got no head; an' whin Ah ain't got no head, Ah ain't got no mouf, an' whin Ah ain't got no mouf, Ah can't talk *at* all."

An' dat right logical fo' shore. Can't nobody talk whin he ain't got no mouf' an' can't nobody have no mouf whin he ain't got no head, an' whin li'l' black Mose he

look', he see' dat ghost ain't got no head *at* all. Nary head.

So de ghost say':

"Ah come on down yere fo' to git a pumpkin fo' a head, an' Ah pick dat *ixact* pumpkin whut yo' gwine tek, an' Ah don't like dat one bit. No, sah. Ah feel like Ah pick yo' up an' carry yo' away, an' nobody see you no more for yever. But Ah got somefin' powerful *important* to say unto yo', an' if yo' pick up dat pumpkin an' sot it on de place whar my head ought to be, Ah let you off dis time, 'ca'se Ah ain't been able to talk fo' so long Ah right hongry to say somefin'."

So li'l' black Mose he heft up dat pumpkin, an' de ghost he bend' down, an' li'l' black Mose he sot dat pumpkin on dat ghostses neck. An' right off dat pumpkin head 'gin' to wink an' blink like a jack-o'-lantern, an' right off dat pumpkin head 'gin' to glimmer an' glow frough de mouf like a jack-o'-lantern, and right off dat ghost start' to speak. Yas, sah, dass so.

"Whut yo' want to say unto me?" inquire' li'l' black Mose.

"Ah want to tell yo'," say' de ghost, "dat yo' ain't need yever be skeered of ghosts, 'ca'se dey ain't no ghosts."

An' whin he say dat, de ghost jes vanish' away like de smoke in July. He ain't even linger round dat locality like de smoke in Yoctober. He jes dissipate' outen de air, an' he gone intirely.

So li'l' Mose he grab' up de nex' bestest pumpkin an' he scoot'. An' he ain' see no ca'se for to remain in dat locality no longer. He rotch' down, an' he perambulate' right quick to he ma's shack, an' he lift' up de latch, an' he open' de do', and he yenter' in. An' he say':

"Yere 's de pumpkin."

An' he ma an' he pa' an' Sally Ann, whut live up de road, an' Mistah Sally Ann, whut her husban', an' Zack Badget, an' de school-teacher whut board at Unc' Silas Diggs's house, an' all de powerful lot of folks whut come to de doin's, dey all scrooged back in de cornder ob de shack, 'ca'se Zack Badget he been done tell a ghost-tale, an' yiver-body powerful skeered. 'Ca'se li'l' black Mose he come' a-fumblin' an' a-rattlin' at de do' jes whin dat ghost-tale mos' skeery, an' yiver'body gwine imagine dat he a ghost a-fumblin' an' a-rattlin' at de do'. Yas, sah. So li'l' black Mose he look' roun' an' peer' roun', an' he say':

"Whut you all skeered fo'?"

'Ca'se ef anybody skeered, he want' to be skeered, too. Dat's natural. But de school-teacher, whut live at Unc' Silas Diggs's house, she say':

"Fo' de lan's sake, we fought you was a ghost!"

So li'l black Mose he sort ob sniff an' he sort ob sneer, an' he 'low':

"Huh! dey ain't no ghosts."

Den he ma she powerful took back dat li'l' black Mose he gwine be so uppetchish an' contrydict folks whut know 'rifmeticks an' algebricks an' gin'ral countin' widout fingers, like de school-teacher whut board at Unc' Silas Diggs's house knows, an' she say':

"Huh! whut you know 'bout ghosts, anner ways, time fo' a li'l' black boy whut he name is Mose to be gwine up de ladder to de loft to bed."

"An' li'l' black Mose he 'low' he gwine wait a bit. He 'low' he gwine jes wait a li'l' bit. How 'low' he gwine be no trouble *at* all ef he jes been let wait twell he ma she gwine up de ladder to de loft to bed, too. So he ma she say':

“Git erlong wid yo’! Whut yo’ skeered ob whin dey ain’t no ghosts?”

An’ li’l’ black Mose he scrooge’, and he twist’, an’ he pucker’ up he mouf, an’ he rub’ he eyes, an’ prisintly he say’ right low:

“I ain’t skeered ob ghosts whut am, ’ca’s e dey ain’ no ghosts.”

“Den whut *am* yo’ skeered ob?” ask he ma.

“Nuffin’,” say’ de li’l’ black boy whut he name is Mose; “but I jes feel kinder oneasy ’bout de ghosts whut ain’t.”

Ellis Parker Butler.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!

Whar is you tryin’ to go, sah?

I ’d hab you fur to know, sah,

I ’s a-holdin’ ob de lines.

You better stop dat prancin’;

You ’s pow’ful fond ob dancin’,

But I’ll bet my yeah’s advancin’

Dat I ’ll cure you ob yo’ shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min’ out;

Fus’ t’ing you know you ’ll fin’ out

How quick I ’ll wear dis line out

On your ugly stubbo’n back.

You needn’t try to steal up

An’ lif’ dat precious heel up;

You ’s got to plow dis fiel’ up,

You has, sah, fur a fac’.

Dar, *dat* 's de way to do it!
 He 's comin' right down to it;
 Jes watch him plowin' troo it!
 Dis nigger ain't no fool.
 Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
 Now, dat would only heat him—
 I know jes how to treat him:
 You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
 If he wuz only bigger
 He 'd fotch a mighty figger,
 He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin'!
 He 's as gentle as a chickin,
 An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

Is dis heah me, or not me?
 Or is de debbil got me?
 Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
 Hab I laid heah more 'n a week?
 Dat mule do kick amazin'.
 De beast was sp'ilde in raisin'—
 But now I s'pect he's grazin'
 On de oder side de creek.

Irwin Russell.

DE CUSHVILLE HOP

I 'SE gwine down to de Cushville hop,
 An' dar ain' no nigger gwine ter make me stop;
 Missus gwine ter deck me all up in white,
 So watch de step dat I 'se gettin' in ternight.

Um-hm, ma honey, 'tain' no use;
Um-hm, may honey, turn me loose,
Um-hm, ma honey, watch me shine
When mah foot am a-shakin' in de ole coonjine.

No black niggahs come foolin' roun' me,
I 'se jes' to look at, anyone can see;
I 'se jes a ornament, an' I mus' 'fess
No niggah put 'is ahm roun' mah snow-white dress.
Um-hm, niggah, keep away, understand,
Um-hm, niggah, look out fo' yo' hand;
I 'se jes ter gaze at I mus' 'fess,
So don't put yo' ahm roun' mah snow-white dress.

Bring out de banjo, plunk-plank, plink,
Watch de motion of mah step an' mah swing;
Don't yo' pestah me or make me stop
When I git in motion at de Cushville hop.
Um-hm, niggah, keep away, keep away!
Um-hm, niggah, not terday!
Keep away f'om me kase I dun kaint stop;
I 'se jes caught mah motion fer de Cushville hop.
Ben King.

DANCING IN THE FLAT CREEK QUARTERS

LISTEN when I call de figgers! Watch de music es you go!
Chassay forrard! (Now look at 'em! Some too fas' an
some too slow!)
Step out when I gibs de order; keep up even wid de line;
What 's got in dem lazy niggers? Stop dat stringin' out
behin'!

All go forrard to de centre! Balance roun' an den go back!
 Keep on in de proper 'rection, right straight up an' down
 de crack!

Moobe up sides an' min' de music; listen when you hear
 me speak!

(Jes' look at dem Pea Ridge Niggers, how dey 's buckin'
 'gin de Creek!)

Dat 's de proper action, Sambo! Den you done de biznis
 right!

Now show 'em how you knocked de splinters at de shuckin'
 t' udder night.

Try to do your lebbel bes', an' stomp it like you use to do;
 Jes' come down on de "Flat Creek sæp," an' show de
 Ridge a thing or two!

Now look at dat limber Jonah, tryin' to tech de fancy fling!
 (Who ebber seed a *yaller* nigger dat could cut de pidgin'-
 wing?)

Try dat kiek again dar, Moses; tell you what, dat 's hard
 to beat!

(How kin sech a little nigger handle sech a pile o' feet!)

Swing your corners! Turn your pardners! ('Pears de
 motion's gettin slow,)

What 's de matter wid de music? Put some rosgum on dat
 bow!

Moobe up, Tom—don' be so sleepy! Let 'em see what you
 kin do!

Light off in de "gra-vine-twis'" an' knock de "double
 shuffle," too!

Gosh! Dat double-j'inted Steben flings a hifalutin' hoof!
He kicks de dus' plum out de planks an' jars de shingles
on de roof!

Steady, now, an' check de motion! Let de fiddler stop de
chune;

I smell de possum froo de crack, an' supper's gwine to
call you soon.

De white folks come it mighty handy, waltzin' 'roun' so
nice an' fine;

But when you come to reg'lar *dancin'*, niggers leaves 'em
way behin'!

John A. Macon.

BRER RABBIT AND THE LITTLE GIRL

"One time, after Brer Rabbit done bin trompin' 'roun' huntin' up some sallid fer ter make out his dinner wid, he fine hisse'f in de neighborhoods er Mr. Man's house, en he pass 'long twel he come ter de gyardin gate, en nigh the gyardin gate he see Little Gal playin' 'roun' in de san'. W'en Brer Rabbit look 'twix' de gyarden palins en see de colluds, en de sparrer-grass, en de yuther gyardin truck growin' dar, hit make he mouf water. Den he take en walk up ter de Little Gal, Brer Rabbit did, en bow, en scrape his foot, en talk mighty nice en slick.

" 'Howdy, Little Gal,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; 'how you come on?' sezee.

"Den de Little Gal, she 'spon' howdy, she did, en she ax Brer Rabbit how he come on, en Brer Rabbit, he 'low he mighty po'ly. En den he ax ef dis de Little Gal w'at 'er pa live up dar in de big w'ite house, w'ch de Little Gal,

she up 'n say 'tw'er'. Brer Rabbit he say he mighty glad, kase he des bin up dar fer ter see 'er pa, en he say dat 'er pa, he sont 'im out dar fer ter tell de Little Gal dat she mus' open de gyardin gate so Brer Rabbit kin go in en git some truck. Den de Little Gal she jump 'roun', she did, en she open de gate, en wid dat, Brer Rabbit he hop in, he did, en got 'im a mess er greens, en hop out ag'in, en w'en he gwine off he make his bow, he did, en tell de Little Gal dat he much 'bleege, en den atter dat he put out fer home.

"Nex' day, Brer Rabbit he hide out, he did, twel he see de Little Gal come out ter play, en den he put up de same tale, en walk off wid an'er mess er truck, en hit keep on dis away, twel bimeby Mr. Man, he 'gunter miss his greens, en he keep on a-missin' un um, twell he gotter excusin' eve'body on de place er 'stroyin' un um, en w'en dat come ter pas', de Little Gal, she up'n say:

" 'My goodness, pa!' sez she, 'you done tole Mr. Rabbit fer ter come en make me let 'im in de gyardin atter some greens, en ain't he done come en ax me, en ain't I done gone en let 'im in?' sez she.

Mr. Man ain't hatter study long 'fo' he see how de lan' lay, en den he laff, en tell de Little Gal dat he done gone en disremember all 'bout Mr. Rabbit, en den he up 'n say, sezee:

" 'Nex' time Brer Rabbit come, you tak'n tu'n 'im in, en den you run des ez fas' ez you kin en come en tell me, kase I got some bizness wid dat young chap dat's 'bleeged ter be 'tend ter,' sezee.

" 'Sho nuff, nex' mawnin' dar wuz de Little Gal playin' 'roun', en yer come Brer Rabbit atter his 'lowance er greens. He wuz ready wid de same tale, en den de Little Gal she tu'n him in, she did, en den she run up ter der house en holler:

“ ‘Oh, pa! pa! Oh! pa. Yer Brer Rabbit in de gyardin now! Yer he is, pa!’ ”

“ ‘Den Mr. Man he rush out en grab up a fishin’ line w’at wuz hangin’ in de back po’ch, en make for de gyardin, en w’en he git dar, dar wuz Brer Rabbit tramplin’ ’roun’ on de strawbe’y-bed en mashin’ down de termartusses. W’en Brer Rabbit see Mr. Man, he squot behine a collud leaf, but ’twe’n’t no use. Mr. Man done seed him, en ’fo’ you ein count ’leven, he done got ole Brer Rabbit tie hard en fas’ wid de fishin’ line. Atter he done got ’im tie good, Mr. Man step back, he did, en say, sezee:

“ ‘You done been fool me lots er time, but dis time yo’re mine. I ’m gwinter take you en gin you a larrupin’,’ sezee, ‘en den I ’m gwinter skin you en nail yo’ hide on de stable do’,’ sezee; ‘en den to make sho dat you git de right kinder larrupin’, I ’ll des step up ter de house,’ sezee, ’en fetch de little red cowhide, en den I ’ll take en gin you brinjer,’ sezee.

“ ‘Den Mr. Man call ter de Little Gal ter watch Brer Rabbit w’iles he gone.

“ ‘Brer Rabbit ain’t sayin’ nothin’, but Mr. Man ain’t mo’n out de gate ’fo’ he ’gun ter sing; en in dem days Brer Rabbit wuz a singer, mon, en w’en he chuned up fer ter sing he make dem yuther creeturs hol’ der bref.’ ”

“ ‘Ef I ain’t fergit dat song off’n my min’, hit run sorter dis yer way:

“ ‘De jay-bird hunt de sparrer-nest,

De bee-martin sail all ’roun’;

De squir’l holler from de top er de tree,

Mr. Mole he stay in de groun’;

He hide en he stay twel de dark drap down—

Mr. Mole he hide in de groun’.’ ”

“W'en de Little Gal hear dat, she laugh, she did, en she up 'n ax Brer Rabbit fer ter sing some mo', but Brer Rabbit he sorter cough, he did, en 'low dat he got a mighty bad ho'seness down inter his win'pipe som'ers. De Little Gal she swade en swade, en bimeby Brer Rabbit, he up 'n 'low dat he kin dance mo' samer dan w'at he kin sing. Den de Little Gal she ax 'im won't he dance, en Brer Rabbit he 'spon' how in de name er goodness kin a man dance w'iles he all tie up dis way, en den de Little Gal she say she kin ontie 'im, en Brer Rabbit he say he ain't keerin' ef she do. Wid dat de Little Gal she retch down en enloose de fish-line, en Brer Rabbit he sorter stretch hisse'f en look 'roun'.”

“Den, bless yo' soul, honey! Brer Rabbit gedder up his footses und' 'im, en he dance outer dat gyardin, en he dance home. He did dat! Sho'ly you don't speck dat a ole-timer w'at done had 'spe'unce like Brer Rabbit gwine ter stay dar en let dat ar Mr. Man sackyfce 'im? Shoo! Brer Rabbit dance, but he dance home. You hear me?”

Joel Chandler Harris.

OPPORTUNITY

GRANNY'S gone a-visitin',
Seen huh git huh shawl
W'en I was a-hidin' down
Hime de gyahden wall.
Seen huh put her bonnet on,
Seen huh tie de strings,
An' I 'se gone to dreamin' now
'Bout dem cakes an' t'ings.

On de she'f behime de do—'
Mussy, what a feas'!
Soon ez she gits out o' sight,
I kin eat in peace.
I bin watchin' fu' a week
Des fu' dis hyeah chance.
Mussy, w'en I gets in daih,
I 'll des sholy dance.

Lemon pie an' gingah-cake,
Let me set an' t'ink—
Vinegah an' sugah, too,
Dat 'll mek a drink;
Ef dey 's one t'ing dat I loves
Mos' pu'ticlahly,
It is eatin' sweet t'ings an'
A-drinkin' Sangaree.

Lawdy, won' po' granny raih
W'en she see de she'f;
W'en I t'ink erbout huh face,
I 's 'mos' 'shamed myse'f.
Well, she gone, an' hyeah I is,
Back behime de do'—
Look hyeah! gran' 's done 'spected me,
Dain't no sweets no mo'.

Evah sweet is hid away,
Job des done up brown;
Pusson t'ink dat someun t'ought
Dey was t'eves erroun';

Dat des breaks my heart in two,
 Oh how bad I feel!
 Des to t'ink my own gramma
 B'lieved dat I 'u'd steal!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

THE TALE OF THE 'POSSUM

From Christmas-Night in the Quarters

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squakin'.
 Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo
 talkin'?

About de 'possum's tail she 's gwine to lecter—ladies,
 listen!—

About de ha'r whut is n't da, an' why de ha'r is missin':

“Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow,” said Noah, looking solemn—

Fur Noah tuk the “Herald,” an' he read de ribber
 Column—

An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
 And 'lowed he 's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah
Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an a-sawin';
 An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an a-pshawin';
 But Noah did n't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to
 happen:
 An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon 's he heerd de thunder
rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebee;
De people all wuz drowned out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he 'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de
bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpents hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all
de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an'
cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de
racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an'
bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws
an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'t wuz berry long an'
tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to
string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I 's a-singin';
De ha'r 's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-
stringin';

Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner
graces;

An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'t wuz "Nebber
min' de wedder,"—

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de
figgers;

An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob
niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it 's mighty strange—dere 's not de
slighes' showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';

An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los'
'em—

Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de
'possum!

Irwin Russell.

SECTION IX
FRENCH AND FRENCH CANADIAN

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FRENCH AND FRENCH CANADIAN

“DIEUDONNÉ” (God-Given)

IF I sole ma ole blind trotter for fifty dollar cash
Or win de beeges' prize on lotterie,
If some good frien' die an lef' me fines' house on St.
Eustache,
You t'ink I feel more happy dan I be?

No, sir! An' I can tole you, if you never know before
W'y de kettle on de stove mak' such a fuss,
W'y de robin stop hees singin' an' come peekin' t'roo de
door
For learn about de nice t'ing come to us—

An' w'en he see de baby lyin' dere upon de bed
Lak leetle Son of Mary on de ole tam long ago—
Wit' de sunshine an' de shadder makin' ring around hees
head,
No wonder M'sieu Robin wissle low.

An' we can't help feelin' glad too, so we call heem Dieu-
donné;
An' he never cry, dat baby, w'en he 's chrissen by de pries'
All de sam' I bet you dollar he 'll waken up some day,
'An' be as bad as leetel boy Bateese.

William H. Drummond.

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you 're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you 're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer tonight?
Never min' I s'pose it 'll be all right
Say dem tomorrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;

If he grow lak dat till he 's twenty year
I bet he 'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere 's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
For he 's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leete Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you 're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you 're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

William Henry Drummond.

FOOTBALL AT CHEBANSE ¹

Drs ball on foot, dey play las' we'k,
Vas mighty fonny game,
Dey might haf' called it "gran' prize fight,"
I t'ink dat's better name.
De match, it vos feex op between
De High School on Chebanse,
An' Parish School of ol' Ste. Anne's
On nodder side de fence.

¹ From "The Ballads of Bourbonnais," by Wallace Bruce Ambary. Copyright 1904. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Dey's nodding else dat talk about,
For four, five we'k or more;
Dey mak' display of loafing cop
Down at LaPlace's store.
De loafing cop it is de prize
For vidders of de game.
An' on de side ees vacant place
For to engrave dere name.

Dey charge you fifteen cent admish,
But I vas got in free,
Dey use my pasture lan' for game,
Von dollar dey pay me.
Dey's quite a crowd vas com' along,
From de hull country 'roun',
De boggay, horse an' vagon heetch
Mos' overe de hull town.

An' den I saw a sight, I t'ink,
I nevere before saw,
Dem ball on foot chaps all feex op,
Dey look so vild an' raw,
Vit long hair like de monkey muff;
I t'ink dere fit for kill,
Before dey got t'roo von meex-op—
I'm sure, by gosh! dey vill.

Dere's von garcon had muzzle on,
Lak' dey put on mad dog,
I say, "Captaine, vat for dat ees?"
He say, "He bit like hog;
Ven in de middle of de game,
He got ver' moch excite,
He need dose crowbars on in front
To keep away dat bite."

Den dey got soon to beezenesse down,
De Rouge dey all von side,
De Bleu dey line on front of dem,
Vaiting for vord from guide,
He say "All h'right!" an' den de Rouge
Garcon dat stan' ahead,
He ben down lak' he play leap-frog,
Overe de ball an' said:

"T'ree sixty-ate, two, five, fourteen!"
An' den back t'roo he's legs
He's geeve dat ball an awful push,
An' den lak' scrambled eggs,
Dem garcon gat togedder quick,—
It vas a mos' surprise,
You can't tell vat dey vos look like
If you had t'ousan' eyes.

Dey push an' squeeze, an' dan dey mak',
Vat I call tug of var,
An' pretty soon dere's von garcon,
He don't know vere he are.
"He's put to sleep," dey's some von say.
He's tired, I suppose;
I t'ink it's fonny tam' for nap,
Ven you gat bloody nose.

De Rouge dey gain t'ree, four, five point,
Dey mak' une gran' "tooch op."
Dis put de couleur Bleu on fire,
Dey t'ink of loafing cop,
Dey start de game vonce more, again,
In almos' de same vay.
De bleachere shout, an' yell it loud,
To "push on an' mak' haɹ."

I bate dat valk dat Teddy took,
Ven he run San Juan hill,
Vas nevere half so hard to clim'
As dis here football mill.
O my! O my! de blood dey spill,
Mos' two full bucketsful,
It looks more lak' beeg slaughter pen,
Vere Spaniard fight de bull.

For us now, soon, dough ve don' know,
Dere's incident in store,
But ve too interes' in game
To t'ink of nodding more.
Dere's bull on Theabault's pasture,
He's vink de odder eye,
He's ears dey vas stan' dem op straight,
He's head he hol' it high.

De Rouge, he's mak' it von gran' rush,
Dat bull he's mak' von, too.
He's jump de fence, an' den commence,
For meex op in dat stew.
In jus' about two minute more,
He haf' de field alone;
He haf' de hull place by heemself,
He fin' it's all his own.

Ve's scatter quick, lak' many flea,
Mak' prompt for de timbere.
Ve all gat out of dere right soon,
Ve vas so awful scare.
It's den de game, it was call off
Dat's mean, it vas bus' op,
An' all decide de Durham bull
Vas vin dat loafing cop.

Wallace Bruce Amsbary.

DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE

You can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterrem,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien' dat 's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere 's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
Dat nice little Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariée,
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,
An' bodder herse'f all de tam, night an' day,
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he live lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma femme w'en I 'm jus' twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see—

An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
 Four boy and six girl, she mak' ten,
 Dat 's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
 Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she 's quick an' she 's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
 If you know correc' way go about,
 An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
 Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
 But if she love you, I spik it for true,
 She will mak' it more beautiful den,
 An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
 Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

William H. Drummond.

CHARMETTE

AWAY off back on de mountain-side,
 Not easy t'ing fin' de spot,
 W'ere de lake below is long an' wide,
 A nice leetle place I got,
 Mebbe ten foot deep by twenty-two,
 An' if you see it, I bet
 You 'll not be surprise w'en I tole to you
 I chrissen dat place Charmette.

Dat 's purty beeg word, Charmette, for go
 On poor leetle house so small,
 Wit' only wan chimley, a winder or so,
 An' no galerie at all—
 But I want beeg word, so de worl' will know
 W'at dat place it was mean to me,
 An' dere on de book of Jean Jacques Rousseau,
 Charmette is de nam' I see.

O ma dear Charmette! an' de stove is dere,
(Good stove) an' de wood-pile too.
An' stretch out your finger mos' anyw'ere,
Dere 's plaintee for comfort you—
You 're hongry? wall! you got pork an' bean
Mak' you feel lak Edouard de King—
You 're torsty? Jus' look dere behin' de screen,
An' mebbe you fin' somet'ing—

Ha! Ha! you got it. Ma dear Charmette.
Dere 's many fine place, dat 's true,
If you travel aroun' de worl', but yet
W'ere is de place lak you?
Open de door, don't kip it close—
W'at 's air of de mornin' for?
Would you fassen de door on de win' dat blows
Over God's own boulevard?

You see dat lake? Wall! I alway hate
To brag—but she's full of trout,
So full dey can't jump togeder, but wait
An' tak' their chance, turn about—
An' if you be campin' up dere above,
De mountain would be so high,
Very offen de camp you'd have to move,
Or how can de moon pass by?

It's wonderful place for sure, Charmette,
An' ev'ry wan say to me—
I got all de pleasure de man can get
'Cept de wife an' de familee—
But somebody else can marry ma wife,
Have de familee too also,
W'at more do I want, so long ma life
Was spare to me here below?

For we can't be happier dan we been
 Over twenty year, no siree!
 An' if ever de stranger come between
 De leetle Charmette an' me,
 Den all I can say is, kip out de way,
 For dynamite sure I'll get,
 An' affer dat you can hunt all day
 For me an' ma dear Charmette.

William H. Drummond.

RESPONSE TO A TOAST

MILORS and Gentlemans—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De breveté is de sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have expose dat dis day would to have arrivé. I vas to begin de vorld as von garçon—or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vaitaire in a café—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habillemens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old blue blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have change ver moch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et per-

severance. Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étrangé to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to suppose, a halterman and de chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemen, I feel dat I can perspire to no greatare honneur dan to be von common scoundrel-man myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemen! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, der vinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and derefore, vid all homage to de dear sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!' "

Litchfield Moseley.
(From "A Charity Dinner.")

THE FAMILY LARAMIE

HSSH! look at ba-bee on de leetle blue chair,
 W'at you t'ink he's tryin' to do?
 Wit' pole on de han' lak de lumberman,
 A-shovin' along canoe.
 Dere's purty strong current behin' de stove,
 W'ere it's passin' de chimley-stone,

But he'll come roun' yet, if he don't upset,
So long he was lef' alone.

Dat's way ev'ry boy on de house begin
No sooner he's twelve mont' ole;
He'll play canoe up an' down de Soo
An' paddle an' push de pole,
Den haul de log all about de place,
Till dey're fillin' up mos' de room,
An' say it's all right, for de storm las' night
Was carry away de boom.

Mebbe you see heem, de young loon bird,
Wit' half of de shell hangin' on,
Tak' hees firse slide to de water side,
An' off on de lake he's gone.
Out of de cradle dey're goin' sam' way
On reever an' lake an' sea;
For born to de trade, dat's how dey're made,
De familee Laramie.

An' de reever she's lyin' so handy dere
On foot of de hill below,
Dancin' along an' singin' de song
As away to de sea she go,
No wonder I never can lak dat song,
For soon it is comin' w'en,
Dey'll lissen de call, leetle Pierre an' Paul,
An' w'ere will de moder be den?

She'll sit by de shore w'en de evenin's come,
An' spik to de reever too:
"O reever, you know how dey love you so,
Since ever dey're seein' you,

For sake of dat love bring de leetle boy home
Once more to de moder's knee."
An' mebbe de prayer I be makin' dere
Will help bring dem back to me.

William H. Drummond.

DE CIRQUE AT OL' STE. ANNE ¹

I'm ride overe from Papineau,
Premier-classe cirque for see,
Dat's advertise for com' Ste. Anne
An' mak' som' fun vid me.
I'm tak' along my Julie gairl,
I'm gat her on de way,
Ve're off for have une jolie tam',
A full all holiday.

Ve see de animal so vil',
Gran' lion in de cage,
He's walk it op an' down aroun'
Lak' he vas in a rage.
Regardes monkey an' giraffe
Vit neck so long an' slim,
You's almos' need a telephone
To say "hello" at him.

Beeg crowd was all de cage aroun'
For see w'at dey could see,
Dey wan' to gat dere money's wort',
Mos' squeeze de life off me:

¹From "The Ballads of Bourbonnais," by Wallace Bruce Ambary. Copyright 1904. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

We see de zebra; den I t'ink
Wil' man from Borneo,
An' w'en we gat t'roo dat moch dere
Into beeg tent we go.

I'm buy pop-corn, also peanut,
Donnay to my Julie;
Ve's eat it all togedder op,
Oh, my, we have une spree!
Nex' t'ing ve sat in hippodrome,
In deux grand reserve seat—
I pay ten cent extray for dem;
For view dey can't be beat.

So moch for see dat's goin' on,
I'm gat all mix op yet;
It's all so good I can't mak' out
Jus' w'ere ma eyes for set.
Beeg man vas op on high trapeze,
An' pretty lady—Oo!
She's hang by teeth an' hair; by gar!
T'row kisses at you, too!

An' w'en my eyes light on dat gairl,
Julie vas gat jealous;
She mak' de lips go poutin', so
Vid rage she nearly bus';
An' den I tak' her sof' w'ite han'
An' hold it gentle so,
An' try to feex it up all h'right,
But fin' it quite hard go.

Julie vas feel moch better
Ven dat lady go away,
She laugh vid me at funny clown,
At all de t'ings he say.
Mos' excentrique come elephan',
Stan' right out on his head,
An' den he lay upon de groun',
Preten' dat she is dead.

De acrobat he's tumble roun'
All overe de whole place;
De ring man shout an' crack his whip
At horses in de race.
Den ve take in de concert grand,
An' lak' dat might' vel, too,
An' w'en ve see de peoples go,
Ve know dat show was t'roo.

An' when I'm takin' Julie home—
Dat night de moon was shine—
I'm mak' it to her mighty plain,
I'm ax for her be mine;
But Julie say she very 'fraid,
I'm lof' Ma'm'selle Trapeese,
Because she grand an' t'row de kiss
(I'm no like Julie tease).

An' so I up an' tole her
Dat I lof' jus' her onlee.
Her cheeks dey blush de colour rouge,
Her eyes flash lak' de sea,
Her lips was lak' de grand sunset,
I can no' long' keep 'vay—
I'm mak' de smack right on de spot.
Oh, vat a holiday!

I'm mak' de marry quite ver' soon,
 An' now you understan'
 Pourquoi I take my Julie gairl
 Pour cirque at Ol' Ste. Anne.

Wallace Bruce Amsbary.

THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

(A Legend of Lac St. Pierre)

ON wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
 De win' she blow, blow, blow,
 An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
 Got scar't an' run below—
 For de win' she blow lak hurricane
 Bimeby she blow some more,
 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
 Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
 An' walk de hin' deck too—
 He call de crew from up de hole
 He call de cook also.
 De cook she's name was Rosie,
 She come from Montreal,
 Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
 On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',—
 De sout' win' she blow too,
 W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,
 Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"

Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,
But still the scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak hurricane
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

William H. Drummond.

SECTION X
SCANDINAVIAN

SECTION X

SCANDINAVIAN

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

EF yu ban vise, and ay s'pose yu ban,
You know 'bout Yeneral Sheridan;
But maybe yu ant remember the day
Ven he yump on horse, and den he say,
"Ay'm yust about twenty-sax miles away."

Some rebel fallers ban start big row
In Vinchester. Ay ant know just how,
But ay tenk de yump on some Yankee guys,
And trying to give dem gude black eyes.
So Yeneral Sheridan hear dese guns,
And drank some coffee and eat some buns,
And tal dis har landlord, "Gudeby, Yack,
Ay skol paying my bill ven ay com back!"
Den he ride so fast that sune he say,
"Val, now ay ban sixteen miles away!"
Dese cannons ban roaring gude and loud—
It van tough game for dis Yankee crowd;
And Lieutenant Olson, he tal his pal,
"Ay tank van ban due to run lak hal!"
So dey start to run, or else retreat—
Dis ban noder name for gude cold feet;
An' dey run so fast sum dey can go,
Lak Russians luring dese Yaps, yu know.

“Yee whiz!” say Sheridan. “Yump, old hoss!
Ay tenk my soldiers get double cross.
Ay s’pose youre hoofs getting purty sore,
But ve only got ’bout sax miles more!”
Val, Yeneral Sheridan meet his men,
And he say: “It’s now yust half-past ten.
Ay hope ay skol never go to heaven
Ef dose Rebel Svedes ant licked by eleven.
Yust turn ’round now in yure track!
Come on, yu fallers! Ve’re going back!”
And yu bet yure life they vent back, tu,
And put gude crimp in dis Rebel crew.
But soldiers ban careless sons of guns,
And the yeneral never settled for buns.

William F. Kirk.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

YEOURGE Vashington ban honest man.
Ven dis har country first began,
Yeorge ban a yen’ral, and yu bet
Dese English fallers know it yet.
Ven he ban small, his fader say,
“Ef yu skol breng in wood to-day,
And feeding cow and chickens, tu,
Ay skol yust blow myself on yu.”

Val, sure enuff, ven Yeorge du chore,
His fader hike for hardware store,
And buy gude hatchet, only it
Ban second-hand a little bit.
Dar ban on edge some little dents,
It ban marked down to saxty cents.

He pay sax cents to sharpen axe,
And so it cose him saxty-sax.
He tak it home to Yeorgie, tu,
And say, "Ay ant ban fuling you."

Next day Yeorge tak his hatchet out,
And start to rubber all about
For someteng he can chop, yu see.
And den he pipe nice cherry-tree.
"By Yudas! Dis ban soft!" say he.
Ef dis har axe ban any gude,
Dis tree skol sune ban kindling wood."
So Yeorge give cherry-tree gude whack,
And sveng dis axe lak lumberyack;
And yust ven tree ban falling down,
His fader coming back from town.
Yeorge see old yent ban standing dar,
Smoking gude fifteen-cent cigar;
And so he say: "Val, holy yee!
Ay guess the yig ban op with me.
Dear fader, Ay chopped down dis tree!"

Dar ban gude moral har for youth:
Ven lie ban fulish, tal the truth!

William F. Kirk.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on yu, little man!
Barefoot boy, ay tenk yu can
Getting all yu lak, by yee!
Yu ban gude enuff for me.
Yu ant got so many clo'es,
Dar ban freckles on yure nose,

And ay guess yu're purty tuff,
'Cause yu ask for chew of snuff.
But, by yinks, ay lak yure face,
Yu can passing any place.

Barefoot boy, ef ay could du
Yenuine po'try lak the kind
Maester Vittier wrote for yu,
Ay vould write; but never mind,
Ay can tal yu vat ay know,
Even ef dese vords ant flow
Half so slick sum poet's song,
Anyhow, ay don't mean wrong.
Ven ay see yu, little kid,
Ay skol taking off my lid.
Oder little boys ay see
Ant look half so gude to me.

Some of dem ban rich men's boys,
Who ban having planty toys,
Vearing nicest clo'es in town,
Lak dis little Buster Brown.
Don't you care! Ven dey grow up,
And ban shining at pink tea,
Drenking tea from china cup,
You skol give dem loud tee-hee.
You skol laugh at dis har mob
Ven dey come to yu for yob.
Barefoot boy, yu ant got cent;
But ay tal yu dis, some day
Yu got chance for president
Ef dese woters com yure vay.
Yust keep vistling all day long,
Yust keep senging little song,

And ef yu skol always love
Some one who ban op above,
Who ban making day and night,
He skol fix yu out all right.

William F. Kirk.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

MILES STANDISH ban having a courtship
Ven all of his fighting ban tru;
Maester Longfaller tal me about it,
And so ay skol tal it to yu.
He say to his roommate, Yohn Alden:
"Yu know dis Priscilla, ay s'pose.
Last week, ven ay try to get busy,
Priscilla yust turn op her nose."

Yohn Alden ban nervy young faller.
So Standish yust tal him: "Old pal,
Pleese boost me to dis har Priscilla,
Yu know ay can't talk wery val.
Please tal her ay ban a gude soldier,
And say ay have money in bank.
Ay'd du dis myself, but, ay tal yu,
My manners in parlor ban rank."

So Yohn go and call on Priscilla,
And happen to finding her in;
He sit close beside her on sofa,
And give her gude lots of his chin.
"Miles Standish," he say, "ban gude faller,
Hot stuff vith his pistol and knife;
And so ay ban coming to tal yu
He'd lak yu, Priscilla, for vife."

Priscilla, she listen to Alden,
 And den give him cute little venk,
 And say: "Vy not speak for yureself, Yohn?
 Miles Standish ban lobster, ay tenk."
 So Standish get double crossed planty;
 And dat's yust vat Ay vant, by yee,
 Ef ever ay get any faller
 To doing my sparking for me!

William F. Kirk.

ABOU SWEN ANSON

ABOU SWEN ANSON (he ban yolly dog)
 Ban asleep von night so sound lak log,
 Ven all at vonce he tenk it sure ban day.
 "Ay skol vake op now," Maester Anson say.
 But, ven he vake, it ant ban day at all,
 He see a gude big light right close to vall,
 And dar ban anyel faller with stub pen.
 "Gude morning, maester anyel man," say Swen.
 "Ay s'pose," he tal the anyel, "yu ban har
 To pay me visit. Skol yu have cigar?"
 The anyel shake his head, and Abou Swen
 Ask him: "Val, Maester, vy yu com har den?
 Vat skol yu write in dis har book of gold?"
 The anyel say, "All fallers, young and old,
 Who go to church and prayer-meeting, tu;
 But ay ant got a place in har for yu."
 "Ay s'pose," say Abou, "yu got noder book
 For common lumberyacks vich never took
 Flyer at church or dis har Sunday-school,
 But yust try hard to keeping Golden Rule.

Ef yu got dis book, Maester, put me in!"
Den anyel look at Abou, and he grin.
"Abou," he say, "shak hands. Yu talk qvite free
But, yiminy Christmas, yu look gude to me!"

William F. Kirk.

STEALING A RIDE

YUMPING over crossings,
Bumping over svitches,
Till ay tenk dis enyine
Going to fall in ditches;
Hiding vith some cattle,
Ay tenk 'bout saxty-eight;
Yiminy! Dis ban yolly,—
Stealing ride on freight.

Ay ban yust tru treshing
Op in Nort Dakota;
Now ay guess ay'm going
Back to old Mansota.
Now dis train ban stopping,
'Bout sax hours to vait;
Yiminy! Dis ban yolly, —
Stealing ride on freight.

Ay skol stretch a little
Yust to tak a sleep
Den my head bump into
Gude big fader sheep.
Yee! His head ban harder
Sum a china plate;
Dis ban yolly doings,—
Stealing ride on freight.

Yumping over crossings,
 Bumping over svitches
 Till my side ban getting
 Saxty-seven stiches.
 Ay hear brakeman faller
 Say, "Yust ten hours late!"
 It ban hal, ay tal yu,
 Stealing ride on freight.

William F. Kirk.

AI TANK SO

THE naight bene fallin' purty fast,
 Ven troo the town a faller passed;
 A youth a holdin' in hees hand
 A leeten flag an' on it stand—
 "Ai tank so!"

That faller he bene lukin' sick,
 Jet he var yumpin' purty quick;
 An' laik from out a trombone rung
 The vords from that Swede faller's thung—
 "Ai tank so!"

An' in dthe windows var the laight
 A shinin' thru so varm an' braight;
 High oop dhat hill them glaishers shone,
 But jet that faller hae bene groan—
 "Ai tank so!"

"Ju batter sthop," an ole man said,
 "Kom back; Ai tank ju vill git ded;
 But jet he pooshin' raight along,
 An' he bene jellin' gude an strong—
 "Ai tank so!"

Hees voman opening vide her mout,
Bene jellin' "Yohn du skall luke out,
Don't go oop dar"—he hearin' her voice,
Bene say: "Ju batter stop dhat noise—
Ai tank so!"

A leeten fleeka she bene cry:
"Say, Yohn, how kan du git so high?"
An' Yohn say, lukin' kinda sveet,
"Bene gittin' dar vid bode min feet—
Ai tank so!"

An' dhen he jick along ju bat,
A climbin' oop thru snow an' vet,
Bene jellin', "Ai kan ickka stop
Till Ai bene yumpin' on the top—
Ai tank so!"

Last mornin' Ai bene seein' him,
Hees pants bene tore, hees eyes been dim;
Ai say tu Yohn, "Vad skall du har,
Now tal me, har du bene oop dar?"
"Ai tank so!"

J. B. Babcock.

SECTION ~~XI~~

IRISH

SECTION XI

IRISH

(See also "Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation,"
Johnson, pages 100, 103, 106, poetry.)

THE WISE MAN

MICHAEL has a book-shelf
Stacked amazin' high!
Michael reads in sivin tongues
Wid a rheumy eye!

Faith, he's called a wise man,
Readin' half the night;
Delvin' into stoodjous things
Betther kept from sight!

Michael spends a Spring day
Squintin' o'er a script —
Michael niver kisst a gerrl
Warm and rosy-lipped!

Faith, I've studied long, now,
Wimmen and their ways—
And judgin' where it's took me
Thim were stoodjous days!

Little rote I've learnt me,
Little have I read—
But I know a thing or two
Not in Michael's head!

Arthur Stringer.

THE CUT FINGER

The Gossoon (weeping).

It's bleedin'! It's bleedin'!

The Ould Woman (soothingly).

An' shure me lad, 'tis bleedin';

But come, me hearty, laddy buck, be brave an' do not
cry;

A lad that's learnin' readin' sh'u'd be far beyant the
heedin'

Av a tiny bit o' finger cut that hurts a bit foreby.

Ere ye come till wan an' twinty

Ye'll be havin' hurts in plinty,

An' ye'll learn a bit o' bleedin' doesn't mean ye're goin'
t' die.

The Gossoon (crying).

It's bleedin'! It's bleedin'!

The Ould Woman (comfortingly).

An' shure me lad, 'tis bleedin',

But he's me slashing buckeen, an' he will not weep at all.

A rag is all 'tis needin' fer t' sthop the whole proceedin'

An' shure a bit o' rosy blood won't make me gossoon
bawl.

Fer 'tis but wan way av knowin'

Ye have good red blood a-flowin'

An' a-workin' all inside av ye t' make ye strong an'
tall.

The Gossoon (sobbing).

It's bleedin'! It's bleedin'!

The Ould Woman (lovingly).

Aye, aye, me lad, 'tis bleedin',

An' some foine day yer heart will bleed as bleeds the
heart av me.

The Saints ye will be pleadin' but 'tis little they'll be
heedin'.

Fer the world is full o' bleedin' hearts on either side
the sea.

An' I'd die t' aise the achin'

When ye feel yer heart a-breakin',

But, ah! the poor ould woman won't be there t' com-
fort ye.

Ellis Parker Butler.

THE WISHING-BRIDGE

'Tis years ago I saw herself, a warm and wishful day in
June—

A tourist lady, silken fine, and me the ragged wild gossoon.
I ran beside her stumbling nag, a hard-mouthed creature,
old and slow,

The seven murdering Irish miles up through the Gap of
old Dunloe.

And him that rode foreninst herself, and edging nearer
all the while,

The fat-jowled, ugly old mudhoon (may devil take his
oily smile!),

I saw her turn her head aside the whiles he'd whisper in
her ear;

I saw the stricken eyes of her, so lost and lone and filled
with fear.

But her old mother rode behind. She watched her like a
pouncing hawk,
And purred like any pussy-cat, and strained her ear to
catch their talk.
His words were fair (bad scram to him!), but, oh, her
mouth that drooped forlorn!
Alone, for all the tourist folk, and lonesome as the moon of
dawn.

"Now sorrow take your gold!" thinks I. "What's jewels,
lands, and satin clothes?
If you'd be King of France itself, 'tis like a pig would eat
a rose."
The furze was gleaming in the sun, and when we climbed
the topmost ridge,
"Miss dear," I points, "St. Patrick's Lake! 'Tis there we
cross the Wishing-bridge."

"The Wishing-bridge," she says and smiles, and, oh, her
smile was worse nor tears!
"Give him the no, Miss, dear," I says too low for any
other ears;
And then rose-red she went, the lamb, from her white neck
until her hair,
And "Funny Irish boy," she says, "how did you guess?
How do you dare?"

"Alannah, is it blind I am? Sure, he's an owl if you're
a lass.
Lay your left hand upon your heart, and all you wish
shall come to pass.

Not while the furze is gold," I says, "should young hearts
ever mate with old,
Or love be sold for pounds or pence—and, faith, the furze
is always gold."

She stayed her nag upon the bridge; I saw her half-scared
glances dart;
She fetched a long and quivery breath; she laid her left
hand on her heart.
I saw her eyes the like of stars. "Ochone," thinks I,
"sweet saints above!
Who wouldn't sell his soul itself to be the man you're
thinking of?"

Then he caught up and whispered low, but "No" she gave
him, loud and clear,
Her head held up like any queen, and bold enough for all
to hear;
And she rode on, and paid no heed to the black rage behind
her there—
The purple, poisonous look he had, the mother fit to tear
her hair.

And then that furze was twice as gold, and like an angel's
cloak the skies,
For whiles she hummed deludering tunes, and whiles she
dreamed with misty eyes.
Too soon we reached Killarney's Lake; she paid me well,
and went her ways,
And, oh, the light was on her face! God save her kindly
all her days!

Traveling folk come year by year; I guide and serve them
as before.

I tell them tales, I earn my hire, I see the likes of her no
more.

It warms me now, on winter nights, to mind her look that
day in June—

A tourist lady, silken fine, and me the ragged wild
gossoon.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

A NATURAL PHILOSOPHER

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I see so many foine-lookin' people sittin' before me that if you'll excuse me I'll be after takin' a seat meself. You don't know me, I'm thinkin', as some of yees 'ud be noddin' to me afore this. I'm a walkin' pedestrian, a travelin' philosopher. Terry O'Mulligan's me name. I'm from Dublin, where many philosophers before me was raised and bred. Oh, philosophy is a foine study! I don't know anything about it, but it's a foine study! Before I *kim* over I attended an important meetin' of philosophers in Dublin, and the discussin' and talkin' you'd hear there about the world 'ud warm the very heart of Socrates or Aristotle himself. Well, there was a great many *imminent* and learned *min* there at the meetin', and I was there too, and while we was in the very thickest of a heated argument, one comes to me and says he, "Do you know what we're talkin' about?" "I do," says I, "but I'd not know could you understand or not." "Well," says he, "we'll see," says he. *Sure'n* I didn't know anything, how to get out of it then, so I piled in, "for," says I to myself, "never let on to any one that you don't know anything, but make

them believe that you do know all about it." So says I to him, takin' up me shillalah this way (holding a very crooked stick perpendicular), "We'll take that for the straight line of the earth's equator"—how's that for gehography? (to the audience). Ah, that was straight till the other day I bent it in an argument. "Very good," says he. "Well," says I, "now the sun rises in the east" (placing the disengaged hand at the eastern end of the stick). Well, he couldn't deny that. "And when he gets up he

Darts his rosy beams
Through the mornin' gleams."

Do you moind the poetry there? (to the audience with a smile). "And he keeps on risin' and risin' till he reaches his meriden." "What's that?" says he. "His dinner-toime," says I; "sure'n that's my Latin for dinner-toime, and when he gets his dinner

He sinks to rest
Behind the glorious hills of the west."

Oh, begorra, there's more poetry! I fail it creepin' out all over me. "There," says I, well satisfied with myself, "will that do for ye?" "You haven't got done with him yet," says he. "Done with him," says I kinder mad like; "what more do you want me to do with him? Didn't I bring him from the east to the west? What more do you want?" "Oh," says he, "you'll have to bring him back again to the east to rise next mornin'." By Saint Patrick! and wasn't I near betrayin' me ignorance. Sure'n I thought there was a large family of suns, and they rise one after the other. But I gathered meself quick, and, says I to him, "Well," says I, "I'm surprised you axed me that simple question. I thought any man 'ud know," says

I, "when the sun sinks to rest in the west—when the sun —" says I. "You said that before," says he. "Well, I want to press it stronger upon you," says I. "When the sun sinks to rest in the east—no—west, why he—why he waits till it grows dark, and then he goes *back in the noight toime!*"

T. Maccabe.

THE EVENING UP

WHIN Shamus O'Regen was sellin' me hay,
And as sheuch-rank as iver was mowed,
He'd seat his gerrl Moira, for such was his way,
On the top av his thimble-rig load.

And he'd bring me his scrapin's av thistle and whin,
And I'd take thim wid niver a word;
But I'd hold for a breath, as the cart jolted in,
Moira's hand, that was soft as a bird.

For Moira was wishtful and white as the May,
And her eyes they would throuble your heart
Till any ould bramble seemed special fine hay
Wid her face at the top av the cart.

Yet me horse and me cattle wint lean as a kite,
Wid their feedin' on Shamus's hay,
And I'd figure me loss to a rick over-night—
But, in faith, I had nothin' to say.

For, Moira and me, we secretly met
At the end av ould Ballybree Wall,
And she gave me the word that soon made me forget
I'd iver been cheated at all!

Arthur Stringer.

DROWNED

TOM CASSIDY is drowned—
That God may keep his soul.
His body floats in the deep cold sea,
An' only the herring and mackerel shoal
Can tell where Tom may be.
May Christ have pity on his soul,—
An' that He'll pity me.

Tom threatened that he'd bring me
Strange shells from foreign sands,
An' Chiney silk that would make a gown,
With three ostrich feathers from foreign lands
All creamy white and brown.
My grief! I stand with empty hands,
An' him and all gone down.

There's none can ever tell me
How long he may have striven
With the cold black waves that choked his life,
An' him with the sins on his soul unshriven,
In that his mortal strife.
God's mercy on the unforgiven,
And me his promised wife.

My curse upon the ocean,
My curse upon the wind!
That's taken my heart's bright core on me,
An' made him a sepulchre none can find
But them that's in the sea.
Why would they leave the old behind
And take the young and free?

W. M. Letts.

“CUTTIN’ RUSHES”

OH maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!
Meself was risin’ early on a day for cuttin’ rushes,
Walkin’ up the Brabla’ burn, still the sun was low,
Now I ’d hear the burn run an’ then I ’d hear the thrushes.
Young, still young!—an’ drenchin’ wet the grass,
Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin’ sweetly down;
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,
An’ find me cuttin’ rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?
Rippin’ round the bog pools high among the heather,
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave it go,
’T was he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.
Come, dear, come!—an’ back along the burn
See the darlin’ honeysuckle hangin’ like a crown.
Quick, one kiss,—sure, there’ some one at the turn!
“Oh, we ’re afther cuttin’ rushes on the mountain.”

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago. . . .
I waken out o’ dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.
Oh, that ’s the Brabla’ burn, I can hear it sing an’ flow,
For all that ’s fair, I ’d sooner see a bunch o’ green rushes
Run, burn, run! can ye mind when we were young?
The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an’ brown:
Sing, burn, sing! can ye mind the song ye sung
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

Maira O’Neill.

ON POLITICAL PARADES

MR. HENNESSY, wearing a silver-painted stove-pipe hat and a silver cape and carrying a torch, came in, looking much the worse for wear. The hat was dented, the cape was torn, and there were marks on Mr. Hennessy's face.

"Where ye been?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Ma-archin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Be th' looks iv ye, ye might have been th' line iv ma-arch f'r th' p'rade. Who's been doin' things to ye?"

"I had a currency debate with a man be th' name iv Joyce, a towny iv mine, in th' Audjioto-room Hotel," said Mr. Hennessy. "Whin we got as far as th' price iv wheat in th' year iv th' big wind, we pushed each other. Give me a high glass of beer. I'm as dhry as a gravel roof."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, handing over the glass, "ye 're an ol' man, and', as th' good book says, an ol' fool is th' worst yet. So I 'll not thry to con-vince ye iv th' error iv ye'er ways. But why anny citizen that has things in his head shud dhress himself up like a sandwich-man, put a torch on his shoulder, an' toddle over this blessid town with his poor round feet, is more than I can come at with all me intelligence.

"I agree with ye perfectly, Hinnissy, that this here is a crisis in our histhry. On wan hand is arrayed th' Shylock an' th' pathrites, an' on th' other side th' pathrites an' th' arnychists. Th' Constitution must be upheld, th' gover'mint must be maintained, th' downthrodden farmer an' workin'man must get their rights. But do ye think, man alive, that ye 're goin' to do this be pourin' lard ile fr'm ye'er torch down ye'er spine or thrippin' over sthreet-car tracks like a dhray-horse thryin' to play circus? Is

th' Constitution anny safer to-night because ye have to have ye'er leg amputated to get ye'er boot off, or because Joyce has made ye'er face look like th' back dure-step iv a German resthrant?

"Jawnnny Mack took me down in th' afternoon f'r to see th' monsthrous p'rade iv th' goold men. It was a gloryous spectacle. Th' sthreets were crowded with goold bugs an' women an' polismin an' ambulances. Th' procission was miles an' miles long. Labour an' capital marched side be side, or annyhow labour was in its usual place, afther th' capitalists. It was a noble sight f'r to see th' employer iv workin'men marchin' ahead iv his band iv sturdy toilers that to rest thimsilves afther th' layboryous occupations iv th' week was reelin' undher banners that dhrilled a hole in their stomachs or carryin' two-be-four joists to show their allegiance to th' naytional honour. A man that has to shovel coke into a dhray or shove lumber out iv th' hole iv a barge or elevate his profession be carryin' a hod iv mort to th' top iv a laddher doesn't march with th' grace iv an antelope, be a blamed sight. To march well, a man's feet have to be mates; an', if he has two left feet both runnin' sideways, he ought to have intherference boots to keep him fr'm settin' fire to his knees. Whin a man walks as if he expected to lave a leg stuck in th' sthreet behind him, he has th' gait proper f'r half-past six o'clock th' avenin' befure pay-day. But 'tis not th' prance iv an American citizen makin' a gloryous spectacle iv himsilf."

"They were coerced," said Mr. Hennessy, gloomily.

"Don't you believe it," replied the philosopher. "It niver requires coercion to get a man to make a monkey iv himsilf in a prisidintial campaign. He does it as aisily as ye dhrink ye'er liquor, an' that 's too aisly. Don't ye

believe thim lads with lumber ya-ards on their necks an' bar'ls on their feet was co-erced. There wasn't wan iv thim that wuddn't give his week's wages f'r a chanst to show how many times he cud thrip over a manhole in a mile. No more co-erced than ye are whin ye r-run down town an' make an ape iv ye'ersilf. I see ye marchin' away fr'm Finucane's with th' Willum J. O'Briens. Th' man nex' to ye had a banner declarin' that he was no slave. 'Twas th' la-ad Johnson. He was r-right. He is no slave, an' he won't be wan as long as people have washin' to give to his wife. Th' man I see ye takin' a dhrink with had a banner that said if th' mines was opened th' mills would be opened, too. He meant be that, that if money was plenty enough f'r him to get some without wur-rukin', he'd open a gin mill. An' ye ma-arched afther Willum J. O'Brien, didn't ye? Well, he's a good la-ad. If I did n't think so, I wudden't say it until I got me strength back or cud buy a gun. But did Willum J. O'Brien march? Not Willie. He was on horseback; an', Hinnissy, if dollars was made out iv Babbit metal, an' horses was worth sixty-sivin cints a dhrove, ye cudden't buy a crupper."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "annyhow, I proved me hathred iv capital."

"So ye did," said Mr. Dooley. "So ye did. An' capital this afthernoon showed its hatred iv ye. Ye ought to match blisters to see which hates th' worst. Capital is at home now with his gams in a tub iv hot wather; an' whin he comes down to-morrah to oppriss labour an' square his protisted notes, he'll have to go on all fours. As f'r you, Hinnissy, if 't will aise ye anny, ye can hang f'r a few minyits fr'm th' gas fixtures. Did th' good Dimmycrats have a p'rade?"

“No,” said Mr. Hennessy. “But they rayviewed th’ day prociession fr’m th’ Pammer House. Both iv thim was on th’ stand.”

F. P. Dunne.

THE CHOICE

SAINT JOSEPH, let you send me a comrade true and kind,
For the one I ’m after seeking, it beats the world to find.

There ’s Christy Shee ’s a decent lad, but he ’s too lank and tall;

And Shaneen Burke will never do, for he ’s a foot too small.

John Heffernan has gold enough, but sure he ’d have me bet
With talkin’ of the wife that died a year before we met.

Young Pat Delaney suits my mind, but he ’s a thrifle wild;
And Tim I ’ve known too well itself from since I was a child.

Old Dennis Morrissey has pigs, and cattle in the byre,
But, someways, I don’t fancy him the far side o’ the fire.

I ’d have Saint Joseph choose me a comrade rich and kind—

And if it ’s Terry Sullivan—maybe I might n’t mind.

W. M. Letts.

CHILDER’

THEY’RE longin’ for a wee lad

Up in Tullagh Hall—

Where niver wanst a cradle was,

An’ niver child at all!

They're shpeakin' all in whispers,
They're threadin' on their toes,
An' tin-and-twinty sewin'-gerrls
Is thrimmin' satin clothes!

A deal av fuss an' feathers
Gintry makes, aroo,
Wid all their frightened wimmen-folk
When wan to wan is two!

They've twinty-hundred acres
Hid be jealous wall—
Yet niver throd a little foot
Thro' lonely Tullagh Hall!

But here beneath the ould thatch
Childer' come so fast
In faith, we put the first t'bed
For room to rock the last!

Arthur Stringer.

BIRDS

SURE maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,
Before there' a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch;
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea,
But for all he can whistle so clear an' loud,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've seen the song-thrush
After an April rain
Slip from in-undher the drippin' leaves,
Wishful to sing again;

An' low wi' love when he's near the nest,
An' loud from the top o' the tree,
But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the red-breast
Singin' his lone on a thorn,
Mindin' himself o' the dear days lost,
Brave wid his heart forlorn.
The time is in dark November,
An' no spring hopes has he:
"Remember," he sings, "remember!"
Ay, *thon's* the wee bird for me.

Maira O'Neill.

KING O'TOOLE AND HIS GOOSE

"By Gor, I thought all the world, far and near, heered o' King O'Toole—well, well, but the darkness of mankind is ontellible! Well, sir, you must know, as you did n't hear it afore, that there was a king called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that owned the churches in the early days. The king, you see, was the right sort; he was the rale boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' of the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer; and the fine times them woor.

"Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coorse of time the king grew ould, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthriken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, bekase he could n't go a

huntin' no longer; and, by dad, the poor king was obleeged at last for to get a goose to divart him. Oh, you may laugh, if you like, but it 's truth I 'm tellin' you; and they way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: You see, the goose used for to swim across the lake, and go divin for throut, and cotch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day about the lake, divartin' the poor king. All went on mighty well, antil, by dad, the goose got sthriken in years like her master, and could n't divart him no longer, and then it was that the poor king was lost complate. The king was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, and thinkin' o' drownin' himself, that could get no divarshun in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a might dacent young man comin' up to him.

" 'God save you,' says the king to the young man.

" 'God save you kindly, King O'Toole,' says the young man. 'Thrue for you,' says the king. 'I am King O'Toole,' says he, 'prince and plennypennytinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem ye to know that?' says he. 'Oh, never mind,' says Saint Kavin.

" 'You see it was Saint Kavin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise, and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'I know more than that. May I make bowld to ax how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he. 'Bluran-agers, how kem ye to know about my goose?' says the king. 'Oh, no matther; I was given to understand it, says Saint Kavin. After some more talk the king says, 'What are you?' 'I 'm an honest man,' says Saint Kavin. 'Well, honest man,' says the king, 'and how is it you make your money so aisy?' 'By makin' ould things as good as new,' says Saint Kavin. 'Is it a tinker you are?' says the king.

'No,' says the saint; 'I'm no tinker by thrade, King O'Toole; I've a better thrade than a tinker,' says he—'what would you say,' says he, 'if I made your ould goose as good as new?'

'My dear, at the word o' making his goose as good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out iv his head. With that the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin' up to the poor cripple, her masther, and as like him as two pays. The minute the saint clapt his eyes on the goose, 'I'll do the job for you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.' 'By *Jaminee!*' says King O'Toole, 'if you do, bud I'll say you're the cleverest fellow in the sivin parishes.' 'Oh, by dad,' says Saint Kavin, 'you must say more nor that—my horn's not so soft all out,' says he, 'as to repair your ould goose for nothin'; what'll you gi' me if I do the job for you?—that's the chat,' says Saint Kavin. 'I'll give you whatever you ax,' says the king; 'isn't that fair?' 'Divil a fairer,' says the saint; 'that's the way to do business. Now,' says he, 'this is the bargain I'll make with you, King O'Toole: Will you gi' me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer, afther I make her as good as new?' 'I will,' says the king. 'You won't go back on your word?' says Saint Kavin. 'Honor bright!' says King O'Toole, howldin' out his fist. 'Honor bright,' says Saint Kavin, back again, 'it's a bargain. Come here!' says he to the poor ould goose—'come here, you unfort'nate ould cripple, and it's I that'll make you the sportin' bird.' With that, my dear, he took up the goose by the two wings—'Criss o' my crass an you,' says he, markin' her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin' her up in the air, 'whew,' says he, just givin' her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she tuk

to her heels, flyin' like one o' the aigles themselves, and cuttin' as many capers as a swallow before a shower of rain.

"Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was: and when she lit at his fut, patted her an the head, and '*Ma vourneen*,' says he, 'but you are the *darlint* o' the world.' 'And what do you say to me,' says Saint Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?' 'By gor,' says the king, 'I say nothin' bates the art o' man, barrin' the bees.' 'And do you say no more nor that?' says Saint Kavin. 'And that I 'm behoulden to you,' says the king. 'But will you gi'e me all the ground the goose flew over?' says Saint Kavin. 'I will,' says King O'Toole, 'and your welkim to it,' says he, 'though it 's the last acre I have to give.' 'But you 'll keep your word thrue?' says the saint. 'As thrue as the sun,' says the king. 'It 's well for you, King O'Toole, that you said that word,' says he; 'for if you did n't say that word, the *devil receave the bit o' your goose id ever fly again*.' When the king was as good as his word, Saint Kavin was *plazed* with him, and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. 'And,' says he, 'King O'Toole, you 're a decent man, for I only kem here to *thry you*. You don't know me,' says he, 'bekase I 'm disguised.' 'Musha! thin,' says the king, 'who are you?' 'I 'm Saint Kavin,' said the saint, blessin' himself. 'Oh, queen iv heaven!' says the king, makin' the sign o' the crass betune his eyes, and fallin' down on his knees before the saint; 'it is the great Saint Kavin,' says he 'that I 've been dis-coorsin' all this time without known' it,' says he, 'all as one as if he was a lump iv a *gossoon*?—and so you 're a saint?' says the king. 'I am,' says Saint Kavin. 'By gor,

I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy,' says the king. 'Well, you know the differ now,' says the saint. 'I 'm Saint Kavin,' says he, 'the greatest of all the saints.' And so the king had his goose as good as new, to divart him as long as he lived: and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, until the day iv his death—and that was soon afther; for the poor goose thought he was ketchin' a throut one Friday; but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made—and instead of a throut, it was a thievin' horse-eel; and by gor, instead iv the goose killin' a throut for the king's supper—by dad, the eel killed the king's goose—and small blame to him; but he did n't ate her, bekase he dar n't ate what Saint Kavin laid his blessed hands on.'"

Samuel Lover.

THE FAIR

THE pick o' seven counties, so they 're tellin' me, was there,
Horses racin' on the track and fiddles on the green,
Flyin' flags and blowin' horns and all that makes a fair,
I 'm hearin' that the like of it was something never seen.

So it is they 're tellin me,
Girl dear, it may be true—
I only know the bonnet strings
Beneath your chin were blue.

I 'm hearin' that the cattle came that thick they stood in
rows,
And Doolan's Timmy caught the pig and Terry climbed
the pole,
They 're tellin' me they showed the cream of everything
that grows,
And never man had eyes enough for takin' in the whole.

So it is they 're tellin' me,
Girl dear, it may be so,
I only know your little gown
Was whiter than the snow.

They 're tellin' me the gentry came twenty miles about,
And him that came from Ballinsloe sang limp in' Jamesey
down,
And 'twas Himself, no less, stood by to give the prizes out,
They 're tellin' me you 'd hear the noise from here to
Dublin town.

So it is they 're tellin' me,
Girl dear, the same may be,
I only know that comin' home
You gave your word to me.

Theodosia Garrison.

SAYS SHE

My Granny she often says to me,
Says she, "You 're terrible bold,
It 's you have a right to mend your ways
Before you 'll ever grow old,"

Says she.

"Before you 'll ever grow old.
For it 's steadfast now that you ought to be,
An' you going on sixteen," says she.
"What 'll you do when you 're old like me?
What 'll you do?" says she.

"What will I do when I 'm old?" says I.
"Och Musha, I 'll say my prayers,

I 'll wear a net an' a black lace cap
To cover my silver hairs,"

Says I.

"To cover my silver hairs.

When I am as old as Kate Kearney's cat
I 'll sell my dress and featherdy hat,
An' buy an old bedgown the like o' that,
The very like o' that."

My Granny she sighs and says to me,
"The years fly terrible fast,
The girls they laugh' an talk with the boys,
But they all grow old at last,"

Says she.

"They all grow old at last.
At Epiphany cocks may skip," says she,
"But kilt by Easter they 're like to be.
By the Hokey! you 'll grow as old as me,
As weak an' old," says she.

Maybe you tell me no lie," says I,
"But I 've time before me yet.
There 's time to dance and there 's time to sing,
So why would I need to fret?"

Says I.

"So why would I need to fret?
Old age may lie at the foot of the hill,
'Twixt hoppin' and trottin' we 'll get there still.
Why would n't we dance while we have the will,
Dance while we have the will?"

W. M. Letts.

I 'LL NIVER GO HOME AGAIN

I 'LL niver go home again,
Home to the ould sad hills,
Home through the ould soft rain,
Where the curfew calls and thrills!

For I thought to find the ould wee house,
Wid the moss along the wall!
And I thought to hear the crackle-grouse,
And the brae-birds call!

And I sez, I 'll find the glad wee burn,
And the bracken in the glen,
And the fairy-thorn beyont the turn,
And the same ould men!

But the ways I 'd loved and walked, avick,
Were no more home to me,
Wid their sthreets and turns av starin' brick,
And no ould face to see!

And the ould glad ways I 'd helt in mind,
Loike the home av Moira Bawn,
And the ould green turns I 'd dreamt to find,
They all were lost and gone!

And the white shebeen beside the leap
Where the racin' wathers swirled
And the burnin' kelp-shmoke used to creep—
'T is now another world!

And all thrampled out long years ago
By feet I 've niver seen
Are the fairy-rings that used to show
Along the low boreen!

And the bairns that romped by Tullagh Burn
 Whin they saw me sthopped their play—
 Through a mist av tears I tried to turn
 And ghost-like creep away!

And I 'll niver go home again!
 Home to the ould lost years,
 Home where the soft warm rain
 Drifts loike the drip av tears!

Arthur Stringer.

ON CHARITY

“BR-R-R!” cried Mr. McKenna, entering stiffly and spreading his hands over the pot-bellied stove. “It’s cold.”

“Where?” asked Mr. Dooley. “Not here.”

“It’s cold outside,” said Mr. McKenna. “It was ten below at Shannahan’s grocery when I went by, and the wind blowing like all possessed. Lord love us, but I pity them that’s got to be out to-night.”

“Save ye’er pity,” said Mr. Dooley comfortably. “It ain’t cowl’d in here. There’s frost on th’ window, ’t is throe for ye; an’ th’ wheels has been singin’ th’ livelong day. But what’s that to us? Here I am, and there ye are, th’ stove between us an’ th’ kettle hummin’. In a minyit it’ll bile, an’ thin I’ll give ye a taste iv what’ll make a king iv ye.

“Well, tubby sure, ’t is thryin’ to be dhrivin’ a coal wagon or a sthreet-car; but ’t is all in a lifetime. Th’ diff’rence between me an’ th’ man that sets up in th’ seat thumpin’ his chest with his hands is no more thin th’ diff’rence between him an’ th’ poor divvle that walks along behind th’ wagon with his shovel on his shoulder,

an' 'll thank th' saints f'r th' first chanst to put tin ton iv ha-ard coal into a cellar f'r a quarther iv a dollar. Th' lad afoot invies th' dhriver, an' th' dhriver invies me; an' I might invy big Cleveland if it wasn't f'r th' hivinly smell iv this here noggin. An' who does Cleveland invy? Sure, it 'd be sacrelichee f'r me to say.

"Me ol' father, who was as full iv sayin's as an almanac, used to sink his spoon into th' stirabout, an' say, 'Well, lads, this ain't bacon an' greens an' porther; but it 'll be annything ye like iv ye 'll on'y think iv th' Cassidys.' Th' Cassidys was th' poorest fam'ly in th' parish. They waked th' oldest son in small beer, an' was little thought of. Did me father iver ask thim in to share th' stirabout? Not him. An' he was the kindest man in th' wurruld. He had a heart in him as big as a lump iv tuft, but he 'd say, 'Whin ye grow up, take no wan's sorrows to ye'ersilf,' he says. 'T is th' wise man that goes through life thinkin' iv himself, fills his own stomach, an' takes away what he can't ate in his pocket.' An' he was r-right, Jawn. We have throubles enough of our own. Th' wurruld goes on just th' same, an' ye can find fifty men to say th' lit'ny f'r ye to wan that 'll give ye what 'll relieve a fastin' spit. Th' dead ar-re always pop'lar. I knowed a society wanst to vote a monymment to a man an' refuse to help his fam'ly, all in wan night. 'T is cowl'd outside th' dure, ye say, but 't is war-rum in here; as' I 'm gettin' in me ol' age to think that the diff'rence between hivin an' hell is no broader——"

Mr. Dooley's remarks were cut short by a cry from the back room. It was unmistakably a baby's cry. Mr. McKenna turned suddenly in amazement as Mr. Dooley bolted.

"Well, in the name of the saints, what 's all this?" he

cried, following his friend into the back room. He found the philosopher, with an expression of the utmost sternness, sitting on the side of his bed, with a little girl of two or three in his arms. The philosopher was singing:—

“Ar-rah rack-a-bye-babby, on th’ three top;
Whin th’ wind blo-ows, th’ cradle ull r-rock;
An’, a-whin th’ bough breaks, th’ cradle ull fa-a-a-ll,
An’ a-down ull come babby, cradle, an’ all.”

Then he sang:—

“In th’ town iv Kilkinny there du-wilt a fair ma-aid,
In th’ town iv Kilkinny there du-wilt a fair ma-aid,
She had cheeks like th’ roses, and hair iv th’ same,
An’ a mouth like ripe strawburries burrid in crame.”

He rocked the child to and fro, and its crying ceased while he sang:—

“Chip, chip, a little horse;
Chip, chip, again, sir,
How many miles to Dublin?
Threescore an’ tin, sir.”

The little girl went to sleep on Mr. Dooley’s white apron. He lifted her tenderly, and carried her over to his bed. Then he tiptoed out with an apprehensive face, and whispered: “It’s Jawn Donahue’s kid that wandhered away fr’m home, an’ went to sleep on me dure-step. I sint th’ Dorsey boy to tell th’ mother, but he’s a long time gone. Do ye run over, Jawn, an’ lave thim know.”

F. P. Dunne.

OULD DOCTOR MA’GINN

THE ould doctor had only wan failin’,
It stayed wid him, faith, till he died;
And that was the habit av wearin’
His darby a *thrifle* wan side!

And twenty times daily 't was straightened,
But try as he would for a year,
Not thinkin', he 'd give it a teether
A thrifle down over wan ear!

It sat him lop-sided and aisy;
It troubled his kith and his kin—
But och, 't was the only thing crooked
About our ould Doctor Ma'Ginn!

And now that he 's gone to his Glory—
Excuse me, a bit av a tear—
Here 's twenty to wan that his halo
Is slantin' down over his ear!

Arthur Stringer.

A DONEGAL FAIRY

AY, it's a bad thing to displease the gentry, sure enough—they can be unfriendly if they're angered, an' they can be the very best o' gude neighbors if they're treated kindly.

My mother's sister was her lone in the house one day, wi' a' big pot o' water boiling on the fire, and ane o' the wee folk fell down the chimney, and slipped wi' his leg in the hot water.

He let a terrible squeal out o' him, an' in a minute the house was full o' wee crathurs pulling him out o' the pot, an' carrying him across the floor.

"Did she scald you?" my aunt heard them saying to him.

"Na, na, it was mysel' scalded my ainsel'," quoth the wee fellow.

"A weel, a weel," says they. "If it was your ainsel' scalded yoursel', we 'll say nothing, but if she had scalded you, we 'd ha' made hër pay.

Letitia MacLintock.

TOMORROW

I. Her, that yer Honor was spakin' to? Whin, yer Honor? last year—

Standin' here be the bridge, when last yer Honor was here?

An' yer Honer ye gev her the top of the mornin',
"Tomorra," says she.

What did they call her, yer Honor? They called her Molly Magee. . . .

II. Shure, an' meself remimbers wan night comin' down
be the sthrame,

An' it seems to me now like a bit of histher-day in
a dhrame—

Here where yer Honor seen her—there was but a
slip of a moon,

But I heard thim—Molly Magee wid her batchelor,
Danny O'Roon—

"You 've been takin' a dhrop o' the crathur," an'
Danny says, "Troth, an' I been

Dhrinkin' yer health wid Shamus O'Shea at Katty's
shebeen;

But I must be lavin' ye soon." "Ochone are ye
goin' away?"

"Goin' to cut the Sassenach whate," he says, "Over
the say"—

“An’ whin will ye meet me agin?” an’ I hard him

“Molly asthore,

I’ll meet you agin tomorra,” says he, “be the chapel-door.”

“An’ whin are ye goin’ to lave me?” “O’ Monday mornin’,” says he;

“An shure thin ye ’ll meet me tomorra?” “Tomorra, tomorra, Machree!”

Thin Molly’s ould mother, yer Honor, that had no likin’ for Dan,

Call’d from her cabin an’ tould her to come away from the man,

An’ Molly Magee kem flyin’ acrass me, as light as a lark,

An’ Dan stood there for a minute, an’ thin wint into the dark.

But wirrah! the storm that night—the tundher, an’ rain that fell,

An’ the sthrames runnin’ down at the back o’ the glin ’ud ’a dhrownded Hell.

III. But airth was at pace nixth mornin’, an’ Hiven in its glory smiled,

As the Holy Mother o’ Glory that smiles at her sleepin’ child—

Ethen—she stept on the chapel-green, an’ she turn’d herself roun’

Wid a diamond dhrop in her eye, for Danny was not to be foun’,

An’ many ’s the time that I watch’d her at mass lettin’ down the tear,

For the Divil a Danny was there, yer Honor, for forty year.

- IV. Och, Molly Magee, wid the red o' the rose an' the
white o' the May,
An' yer hair as black as the night, an' yer eyes as
bright as the day! . . .
An' sorra the queen wid her scepter in sich an
illigant han',
An' the fall of yer foot in the dance was as light
as snow an the lan'. . . .
- V. An' the boys wor about her agin whin Dan did n't
come to the fore,
An' Shamus along wid the rest, but she put thim
all to the door.
An', afther, I thried her meself av the bird 'ud
come to me call,
But Molly, begorrah, 'ud listhen to naither at all,
at all. . . .
- VI. An' afther her paärints had inter'd glory, an' both
in wan day,
She began to spake to herself, the crathur, an'
whispher, an' say
"Tomorra, Tomorra!" an' Father Molowny he tuk
her in han',
"Molly, you 're manin'," he says, "me dear, av I
undherstan',
That ye 'll meet your paärints agin an' yer Danny
O'Roon afore God
Wid his blessed Marthyrs an' Saints"; an' she gev
him a frindly nod,
"Tomorra, Tomorra," she says, an' she did n't
intind to desave,
But her wits wor dead, an' her hair was as white
as the snow an a grave.

VII. Arrah now, here last month they wor diggin' the
bog, an' they foun'

Dhrownded in black bog-wather a corp lyin' undher
groun'. . . .

An' they laid this body they foun' an the grass
Be the chapel-door, an' the people 'ud see it that
wint into mass—

But a frish gineration had riz, an' most of the ould
was few,

An' I did n't know him meself, an' none of the
parish knew.

VIII. But Molly kem limpin' up wid her stick, she was
lamed iv a knee,

Thin a slip of a gossoon call'd, "Div ye know him,
Molly Magee?"

An' she stood up straight as the Queen of the world
—she lifted her head—

"He said he would meet me tomorra!" an' dhropt
down dead an the dead.

IX. Och, Molly, we thought, machree, ye would start
back agin into life,

Whin we laid yez, aich be aich, at yer wake like
husban' an' wife,

Sorra the dhry eye thin but was wet for the frinds
that was gone!

Sorra the silent throat but we hard it cryin'
"Ochone!"

An' Shamus O'Shea that has now ten childr' han'-
some an' tall,

Him an' his childer wor keenin' as if he had lost
thim all.

X. Thin his Riverence buried thim both in wan grave
 be the dead boor-tree,
 The young man Danny O'Roon wid his ould woman,
 Molly Magee. . . .
 An' now that I tould yer Honor whatever I hard
 an' seen,
 Yer Honor 'll give me a thrifle to dhrink yer health
 in potheen.

Alfred Tennyson.

CLOIDNA OF THE ISLE

I HAD me bit av hay-land callin' for the scythe,
 When who should hurry hillward, wishtful-loike, and
 blithe,
 But Cloidna av the Isle, that gerrl av pink an' white,
 Wid eyes av Irish blue an' hair as black as night! . . .
 I had me hay to mow an' gather into rick,
 But when ye talk wid handsome gerrls, och, time goes
 quick!

"Aroo," says she to me, wid her slow and meltin' shmile,
 "I 'm lookin' for a man, this many an' many a mile!
 "Me hay 's all ripe," says she; "whativer will I do
 Widout a bit av help?" . . . Bedad, her eye was blue!

Och, what 's the use av moilin' till your life 's all done!
 An' what 's a rick or two, beside a bit av fun!
 I swung me singin' scythe thro' Cloidna's fields o' hay,
 An' wid it swung me singin' heart each livelong day,
 An' on me, iv'ry swath, she shmiled wid tender eyes . . .
 Faith, when you 're wid a handsome woman, how time
 flies!

Arthur Stringer.

CORRYMEELA

OVER here in England I 'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There' a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I 'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through
the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that 's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There' not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his
shoes!
I 'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here 's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I 'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save me, colleen dhas," I said: the girl she thought
me wild.
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to
raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When one'st I 'm out this workin' hive, 't is I 'll be back
again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!

For a shaugh wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,

For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye 'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

Maira O'Neill.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

'T is a bad spell iv weather we 're havin'? Faith, it is, or else we mind it more thin we did. I can't remimber wan day fr'm another. Whin I was young, I niver thought iv rain or snow, cold or heat. But now th' heat stings, an' th' cold wrenches me bones; an', if I go out in th' rain with less on me thin a ton iv rubber, I 'll pay dear f'r it in achin' j'int, so I will. That 's what old age means; an' now another year has been put on to what we had before, an' we're expected to be gay. "Ring out th' old," says a guy at th' Brothers' School. "Ring out th' old, ring in th' new," he says. "Ring out th' false, ring in th' throe," says he. It 's a pretty sintimint, but how ar-re we goin' to do it? Nawthin 'd please me betther thin to turn me back on th' wicked an' ingloryous past, rayform me life, an' live at peace with th' wurruld to th' end iv me days. But how th' divvle can I do it? As th' fellow says, "Can th' leopard change his spots," or can't he?

You know Dorsey, iv course, th' cross-eyed May-o man that come to this counthry about wan day in advance iv a warrant f'r sheep-stealin'? Ye know what he done to me, tellin' people I was caught in me cellar poorin' wather into a bar'l? Well, last night says I to mesilf, thinkin' iv Dorsey, I says: "I swear that henceforth I 'll keep me temper with me fellow-men. I 'll not let anger or jealousy

get th' betther iv me," I says. "I 'll lave off all me old feuds; an', if I meet me inimy goin' down th' sthreet, I 'll go up an' shake him be th' hand, if I 'm sure he has n't a brick in th' other hand." Oh, I was mighty complimenthry to mesilf. I set be th' stove dhrinkin' hot wans, an' ivry wan I dhrunk made me more iv a pote. 'T is th' way with th' stuff. Whin I 'm in dhrink, I have manny a fine thought; an' if I was n't too comfortable to go an' look f'r th' ink-bottle, I cud write pomes that 'd make Shakespeare an' Mike Scanlan think they were wur-kin' on a dredge. "Why," says I, "carry into th' new year th' hathreds iv th' old?" I says. "Let th' dead past bury its dead," says I. "Tur-rn ye'er lamps up to th' blue sky," I says. (It was rainin' like th' divvle, an' th' hour was midnight; but I give no heed to that, bein' comfortable with th' hot wans.) An' I wint to th' dure, an', whin Mike Duffy come by on number wan hundred an' five, ringin' the gong iv th' ca-ar, I hollered to him: "Ring out th' old, ring in th' new." "Go back into ye'er stall," he says, "an' wring ye-ersilf out," he says. "Ye'er wet through," he says.

Whin I woke up this mornin', th' pothry had all disappeared, an' I began to think th' las' hot wan I took had somethin' wrong with it. Besides, th' lumbago was grippin' me till I cud hardly put wan foot befure th' other. But I remimbered me promises to mesilf, an' I wint out on th' sthreet, intindin' to wish ivry wan a "Happy New Year," an' hopin' in me hear-rt that th' first wan I wished it to'd tell me to go to th' divvle, so I cud hit him in th' eye. I had n't gone half a block befure I spied Dorsey acrost th' sthreet. I picked up a half a brick an' put it in me pocket, an' Dorsey done th' same. Thin we wint up to each other. "A Happy New Year,"

says I. "Th' same to you," says he, "an' manny iv thim," he says. "Ye have a brick in ye'er hand," says I. "I was thinkin' iv givin' ye a New Year's gift," says he. "Th' same to you, an' manny iv thim," says I, fondlin' me own ammunition. "'T is even all around," says he. "It is," says I. "I was thinkin' las' night I'd give up me gredge again ye," says he. "I had th' same thought mesilf," says I. "But, since I seen ye'er face," he says, "I've con-cluded that I'd be more comfortable hatin' ye thin havin' ye f'r a frind," says he. "Ye're a man iv taste," says I. An' we backed away fr'm each other. He's a Tip, an' can t'row a stone like a rifleman; an' I'm somethin' iv an amachoor shot with a half-brick mesilf.

Well, I've been thinkin' it over, an' I've argied it out that life'd not be worth livin' if we didn't keep our inimies. I can have all th' frinds I need. Anny man can that keeps a liquor sthore. But a rale sthrong inimy, specially a May-o inimy,—wan that hates ye ha-ard, an' that ye'd take th' coat off yer back to do a bad tur-rn to,—is a luxury that I can't go without in me ol' days. Dorsey is th' right sort. I can't go by his house without bein' in fear he'll spill th' chimbly down on me head; an', whin he passes my place, he walks in th' middle iv th' sthreet, an' crosses himself. I'll swear off on annything but Dorsey. He's a good man, an' I despise him. Here's a long life to him.

Finley P. Dunne.

PAT MAGEE

WALKIN' wid Pat Magee
 Down by the Tullagh bog,
 "Mind where ye're settin' yere shteps," says he,
 "Lest yez put per foot on a frog.

Frogs is the divil," he says,
"I 'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av I carried yez over to yondher wall
The sorrow a frog we 'd see."

Sittin' wid Pat Magee
Atop of a loose built wall,
"It 's unaisy I am in me mind," says he,
"Dhreadin' the stones might fall.
Stones is the divil to slip.
I 'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av I gave yer waist a bit av a clip
The sorrow a fear there 'd be."

Talkin' wid Pat Magee,
Wid the arm af him round me waist
An' the red sun sinkin', "Agrah," says he,
"Will yez let me shpake to the praste?
Delays is the divil's delight,
An' I 'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av the two av us settle this matther to-night,
'T is married next week we 'd be."

Lena Gyles.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

TIM MURPHY'S gon' walkin' wid Maggie O'Neill,
O chone!
If I was her muther, I 'd frown on sich foolin',
O chone!
I 'm sure it 's unmutherlike, darin' an' wrong
To let a gyrul hear tell the sass an' the song
Of every young felly that happens along,
O chone!

An' Murphy, the things that 's be'en sed of his doin',
O chone!

'T is a cud that no dacent folks wants to be chewin',
O chone!

If he came to my door wid his can on a twirl,
Fur to thry to make love to you, Biddy, my girl,
An, would n't I send him away wid a whirl,
O chone!

They say the gossoon is indecent and dirty,
O chone!

In spite of his dressin' so.
O chone!

Let him dress up ez foine ez a king or a queen,
Let him put on more wrinkles than ever was seen,
You 'll be sure he 's no match for my little colleen,
O chone!

Faith the two is comin' back an' their walk is all over,
O chone!

'T was a pretty short walk fur to take wid a lover,
O chone!

Why, I believe that Tim Murphy's a kumin' this way,
Ah, Biddy jest look at him steppin' so gay,
I 'd niver belave what the gossipers say,
O chone!

He 's turned in the gate an' he 's coming a-caperin'
O chone!

Go Biddy, go quick an' put on a clane apern,
O chone!

Be quick as ye kin fur he 's right at the dure;
Come in, master Tim, fur ye 're welcome I 'm shure.
We were talkin' o' ye jest a minute before.
O chone!

Anonymous.

BORROWING A PIE

(Mrs. Harrigan crosses the road from her own house and enters the kitchen of Mrs. Hubbell. Into her own dooryard a buggy containing a man and woman has just been driven. Mrs. Harrigan finds Mrs. Hubbell coming out of her pantry and opens fire on her.)

MRS. HARRIGAN: Good-marnin' Mrs. Hubbell. I was wonderin' if you had a pie you could lind me the loan of till we ate it. Sure, Maggie Cassidy and her husband has just this minute druv over from Bridgetown, unbeknownst to me, an' I see them out of the kitchen windy, an' me hands in the suds, an' not a pie in the house, an' all the family so fond of pies, an' Mr. Hubbell is so dyspeptic-like that you must arlways have plinty of pies, an' I tharight I 'd run over an' borry wan. Not a bit of differ does it make if it 's punkin or mince or apple, but Maggie was arlways deat' on pies, an' I want to show her that I can bake as good as anny wan, an' she goin' back to Bridgetown this afternoon, I suppose. (*Mrs. Hubbell, who has retreated into the pantry, returns with a pie.*) Oh, would ye look at that! Cranberry pie an' arl kivered wid slats like. Sure it looks like a valentine! Shall I keep the plate, or do ye want it back? I never knows. There 's some wants 'em back an' some never says. Sure, what 's a plate more or less? I say. But, to be sure, whin I lind a plate I want it back, because, after arl, a plate is a plate. Did you hair about me bye, Jimmy? He kem naire bein' baggageman in the railroad station. On'y they had wan they 'd have took him if he could rade an' write better. Sure 'tis a pity he did n't accapt it, because he can t'row a trunk six feet, he 's that strarnng. He 's strarnng as an ox an' gentle as a kitten. Ye did n't see

an'nything of our kitten, did ye? We lost it last week, an' me man Mike says he come acrost it froze to deat' in a drift. It was that cunnin'. It would stand in me lap an' knock the spectacles off me face like a monkey. An' it would ate of the plate wid the baby just like a tame chicken. The baby's gettin' fatter since the kitten 's gone, an' it 's a gre't loss it is, because he was so cunnin' an' so weeny. I suppose ye haired of how nair the house was to bein' burned to the ground on a windy day lasht wake, and not a cint of insurance. Not a blessed cint. We was able to put it out because I was washin' the clothes, an' whin the baby lit the match, be good luck he flung it into the tub an' it wint out. But the wind was that high, an' Mike in the west lot, an' Jimmy cuttin' ice, that it was a narrer escape, an' me so lame wid the rheumatism. I 'm tellin' Mike we 'd order have thim safety matches that can't burrn at all. Sure, if ye light thim they go right out. (*She edges toward the door.*) It's wonderful what a lot of colds there is nowadays, an' the weather so chilly it 's hard to cure thim on that account. The baby was out in the rain fer nair an hour yisterday, an' me thinkin' him asleep in his crib, an' to-day he has the shniffles, an' I dunno where he caught thim, fer I 'm careful to keep the window shut tight day an' night, an' blankets on him whiniver he 's asleep. Is your hins layin'? I had gre't luck wid mine this winter. I did n't feed thim much, corn bain' high, an' t'ree of the Leggetts' pullets come under the fince an' laid ivery day in me nest-box. The Leggetts feed thim whate, but I can't afford it wid eggs t'irty-six cints a dozen an' mate so high. Sure I tell Mike we 'll have to become vegetarians unless we live on per-taties arltogether, the way we did in th' ould country. It 's wicked the way the butcher chairges for mate, an' I

haired him say the wholesale butchers was just as wicked. So it 's a wicked lot they are, bad cess to thim! Sure, I wisht that Mike was in the butcher business to git the prices they git, an' I 'd have him kill our cows, fer they 're so ould it 's blessed little milk we git, an' the prices I have to pay for rump steak, he 'd git more for them than they 're worth. But he 's no good at makin' money. I tell him if he was a counterfeiter like enough he 'd make such poor money that the law 'd not allow it if they found out. (*Opens the door and stands in the doorway.*) Well, I must be hurryin', as I know you 're busy, an' Maggie Cassidy 'll want some wan to come out an' hitch the horse, for her man Larry is that afeerd to touch a horse ye might think he had a dread of thim. An' his father was kicked to deat' be a mule, so it 's not that. He 's cautious of t'ings ginerrally, an' he 'd not be married yit if Maggie had n't been so anxious to begin housekapin'. An' they did n't kape the house a munt' afther they was married, fer the mortgage got foreclosed an' he had to come an' live wid her folks. He 'd be a handy man for her father, who keeps a livery stable, on'y he 's fearin' horses, so he wanted her father to go in a business where he could help, an' th' ould man would n't, an' so they quarreled, an' th' ould man got the bist of it an' has had to support him ivver since. Well, thank you kindly fer the cranberry pie. There 's Maggie knockin' fer dare life at me door, an' no one to let her in but the baby, and he can't raich the knob. Sure, I must hurry over an' welkim her an' I hope she can stay arl night, but I know she can't, an' it 's lucky, fer me spare room is full of pertaties. Mike had a great crop this year, an' arlmost arl of thim bad. We can't ate more than half of 'em, an' he can't sill thim, but it 's the biggest crop he ever had, an' arl because he used seed pertaties

that come from the gover'mint at Washingt'n. Sure, 't is a gre't help they are to farmers.

Well, good-by, an' I 'll make ye an' apple pie in this same plate if you 'll lind me the loan of some greenin's, fer our apples was burrn'd on the trees whin the Holts' barrn burrn'd, an' we had baked apples fer a week afther. (*She runs out.*) Hello, Maggie Cassidy! It 's glad I am to see you, an' whin did you come?

Charles Battell Loomis.

THE WIFE MY BRITHER GOT

MY granda was a quare oul' sow!;
He 'd say: "Now, William, tarry!
Leave girls alone, till I am dead,
It 's then that ye can marry."

I took his biddin', an' he said
He 'd leave me all his money.
The people laughed—near split their sides—
But I seen naethin' funny.

He died; I then found why folk laughed.
These were his only riches:
A wooden leg, a feather bed,
An' a pair o' leather britches.

A wee cracked pot—wi'oot a lug,
A jug—wi'oot a handle,
A 'baccy box—wi'oot a lid,
And half a fardin candle.

An' whin I axed Peg Quinn tae wed,
Says she: "Troth, no! I 'll tarry;
Ye 've only what your granda left—
You 're nae a man tae marry!"

An' man alive! 'fore long she wed
Wi' my ain brither Danny;
"He 's got a brave wee farm," says she,
"He 'll dae as weel as any."

Dan comes *tae hae a crack* odd nights;
I laugh till I 'm in stitches;
He grunts an' growls: "I wish tae God
I 'd only had your riches!"

Padric Gregory.

THE PRIDE OF ERIN

So she says, lad, she 'd only take up wid a man
Who was wan av the best, faith, the crame of the clan,
And the pride av the counthry and salt av the earth?
So she 's leavin' you, lad, not knowin' your worth,
And she holds she can't mate wid a Kerry like you,
Since she 's plannin' to take on wid blood that is blue!
And the Divil go wid her, but could n't she see
You 'd the blood av O'Gorman, Fitzpatrick, Magee?
And the stock that is first in both fightin' and work
From the line av O'Brien and Kelly and Burke?

—From O'Failey, O'Dailey, O'Reily, O'Neil
To O'Connell, O'Cooney, O'Shea and O'Sheil!
McCaffray, McCurchy, McCarroll, McCann,
All rulers and fighters since fightin' began!

O'Leary, O'Farrell, O'Carroll, O'Kane,
McCormack, McGurly, McManus, McShane,
And Gorman, Fitzpatrick and Fightin' McGirr,
And iv'ry last man av thim betther than her!

So she says you 're no betther than Irish, me lad,
But a counthry-bred, swine-drivin' fenian, bedad!
The whiffet! the upshtart! the meal-fed boothoon!
And *could* she be tellin', though fed on a spoon,
The crame av the world from ould Brian Boru?
Faith, how could she *hope* for a Kerry like you?—
With the pride av your sivin ould kings in your veins,
Wid your mother O'Toole, and your sire av McShanes?
Wid your ancistry iv'ry wan wearin' his crown,
From Rhu and O'Brien to Big Holleran down!

—From O'Failey, O'Dailey, O'Reily, O'Neil
To O'Connell, O'Cooney, O'Shea and O'Sheil!
McCaffray, McCurchy, McCarroll, McCun,
McClone and McCoy—and kings iv'ry one!
O'Leary, O'Farrell, O'Carroll, O'Kane,
McCormack, McGurly, McManus, McShane,
And Tagon O'Regen and Mighty McGlone,
The finest av fighters and kings to the bone!

Arthur Stringer.

SECTION XII
MISCELLANEOUS

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MISCELLANEOUS

(See also "*Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation*,"
Johnson, page 159, prose.)

HANS' HENS

DID I told you about my jungest son, yes? He is an immertader. De udder day my oldes' boy who is goin' to be a Padarefski vas knockin' der scales off der biano, an' der secon' son who had been fishin' vas knockin' der scales off a fish, an' so liddle Karl he runs him into der grocery store unt knocks der scales off der counter.

Ain' dot silly? I shoost made der feerst two boys do dot scales bizziness so dot I could make up dot vun about Karl. Und a funny t'ing about id iss dot I have n't two udder boys at all. Only shoost Karl, unt he iss my nephew.

My mudder-in-law she is my aunt. She vas my aunt ven I vas born but she did n't get to be my mudder-in-law until I married Katrina. Katrina iss her daughder unt my wife. I vish dot Katrina's mudder vas only my aunt yet—ain'd id? Dere is someding about a mudder-in-law dat ubseeds peeble. Shoost to look at Katrina's mudder you would t'ink she vas no vairse dan an aunt, but dot iss pecause she neffer would haf come to liff mit you. Eef I am cross mit Katrina my mudder-in-law always takes Katrina's sides unt makes me sorry she vas not my aunt only, alretty yet. She says dot she objectut to cousins becomin' vifes, unt I say dot I objec' to aunts becomin' mudder-

in-laws, unt so it goes from vairse to bad until I vish dot Katrina had married out of der family.

De udder day I took my vife unt her mudder to zee Kellar, unt he did zome vondairful tricks, unt at lezt he made der vanishing lady trick. After der show vas over I vent to see Kellar unt asked him if he would take some money away from me to make my mudder-in-law vanish, unt vot do you suppose he said? Dot he could n't do id pecause she vas n't a lady.

Of course, I see der choke pecause I haff lived in deez coundry t'irty year, unt I know my mudder-in-law, but ven I vent home unt tole Kellar's funny choke to her she does not at all der point zee. She is so mat unt uses such langwitches dot I tole her dot if she did n't look oud she would spoil der pleasure of her visit mit me, unt dot make her so mat dot she say she vill not stay to be insultit, unt she vent home. So I write to Kellar how mush I owed him, pecause eefen if my mudder-in-law vas not a lady she had vanished.

I vant to ask you for der remetty for my schickens layin' so funny. I haf a dozen of schickens, unt a neighbor tells me dot if I don'd vant dem to be stoled I make dem roost high. Unt I ask him how I shall teach dem to roost at all, unt he say, "Get a rooster, unt ven dey see him roost dey vill become roosters, too." But I guess dot iss hiss choke.

But I make der perches ten feet high unt dot iss all righd; der hens go up dair unt sit down, but in der morning dey are so high dey are afrait to come down unt so dey lay deir eggs up dere. Dey are splendut schickens unt lay big eggs, better as der groceryman has, but de eggs fall so far dot de yolk run out of der shell der minid dey hit der grount. Now I don't know vot to do. Eight, nine,

ten eggs a day is laid, but dey is all broken ven dey hit der ground. Of course, uff dere vas no groant de would n't get broke, unt dot giff me an idea. I dell Katrina dot der ground iss too hard unt I ought to get swan's down, unt she say better I get der schickens down.

But ven nearly sixty eggs iss all smashet on der floor of der hen-house I make up a plan dot is all righd. I buy me tvelff boys' caps for fifty cents abiece und I fastens dem on tvelff poles so dot they come under der hens, unt ven I go oud again dere is an eggs in each cap. Vot iss der use mit prains unless a man uses dem. De reason zome peeble don'd have success mit hens is pecause dey don'd use chudgment.

But experience has school poys. . De nex' time I buy me some secon'-han' caps, pecause ven I pay me six dollars out for caps to get tvellff eggs it is too much. Unt anyway der hens don'd lay any more pecause dey are sick from livin' on a perch all der vile. I, too, vould get sick from livin' on a perch pecause I hate fish.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A RUSTIC SONG

OH, I be vun of the useful troibe
O' rustic volk, I be;
And writin' gennelmen dü descroibe
The doin's o' such as we:
I don't knaw mooch o' corliflower plants,
I can't tell 'oes from trowels,
But 'ear me mix ma consonants,
An' moodle oop all ma vowels!

I talks in a wunnerful dialect
 That vew can hunderstand,
 'T is Yorkshire-Zummerzet, I expect,
 With a dash o' the Oirish brand;
 Sometimes a bloomin' flower of speech
 I picks from Cockney spots,
 And when Releegious truths I teach,
 Obsairve ma richt gude Scots!

In most of the bukes, 't was once the case
 I 'ad n't got much to do,
 I blessed the 'eroine's purty face,
 An' I seed the 'ero through;
 But now, I 'm juist a pairsonage!
 A power o' bukes there be
 Which from the start to the very last page
 Entoiirely deal with me!

The wit or the point o' what I spakes
 Ye 've got to find if ye can;
 A wunnerful difference spellin' makes
 In the 'ands of a competent man!
 I may n't knaw mooch o' corliflower plants,
 I may n't knaw 'oes from trowels,
 But I does ma wark, if my consonants
 Be properly mixed with ma vowels!

Anthony C. Deane.

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE

On the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay,
 Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,
 To vent their opinions on matters and things
 On this side the Atlantic, in language pedantic.
 'T was much the same gathering that any ship brings.

“Ah, look!” said the Frenchman, with pride his lips curled;

“See ze Liberté Statue enlighten ze world!

Ze grandest colossal zat evair vas known!

Thus Bartholdi, he speak: ‘Vive la France-Amerique!’

La Belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone!”

Said the Scotchman: “Na need o’ yer sp’akin’ sae free!

The thing is na sma, sir, that we canna see.

Do ye think that wi’oot it the folk couldna tell?

Sin’ ’t is Liberty’s Statye, I ken na why that ye

Did na keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel’!”

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye:

“ ’Pon ’Onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high!

A monstwosity, weally, too large to be seen!

In pwoportion, I say, it ’s too lawge for the Bay.

So much lawger than one we ’ve at ’ome for the Queen!”

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:

“I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,

I call-a ‘Bartholdi’—Frenchman got-a spunky—

Call-a me ‘Macaroni,’ lose-a me plendy moany!

He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey!

“My-a broder a feesherman; hear-a what he say:

No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de Bay.

He drop-a de sein—he no get-a de weesh.

When he make-a de grab-a, only catch-a de crab-a.

De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!”

“By the home rule!” said Pat; “and is *that* Libertee?

She ’s the biggest owld woman that iver I see!

Phy don’t she sit down? ’T is a shame she ’s to stand.

But the truth is, Oi ’m towld, that the sthone is too cowl.

Would ye moind the shillalah she howlds in her hand!"
 Said the Cornishman: "Thaät 's no ä shillalah, ye scaämp!
 Looäks to I like Diogenes 'ere wi' is laämp,
 Searchin' haärd fur a 'onest maän." "Faith that is true,"
 Muttered Pat, "phat ye say, fur he 's lookin' moi way,
 And by the same favor don't *recognize* you!"

'Me no sabee you foleners; too muchee talkee!
 You no likee Idol, you heap takee walkee.
 Him allee same Chinaman velly big Joshee.
 Him Unclee Sam gal-ee; catch um lain, no umblallee!
 Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

"Oh!" cried Sambo, amazed, "dat 's de cullud man's Lor'!
 He 's come back to de earf; somefin' he 's lookin' for.
 Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow.
 Jess you looken dat crown! Jess you looken dat gown!
 Lor' 'a' mussy, I knows I 's a gone nigga now!"

Said the Yankee: "I 've heerd you discussin' her figger;
 And I reckon you strangers hain't seen nuthin' bigger.
 Wall, I hain't much on boastin' but I 'll go my pile:
 When you furreners cum you 'll find her to hum!
 Dew I mean what I say? Wall somewhat—I should
 smile!"

Fred Emerson Brooks.

MR. SCHMIDT'S MISTAKE

I GEEPS me von leetle schtore town Proadway, und does
 a pooty good peesnis, bud I ton't got mooch gapital to vork
 mit, so I finds id hard vork to get me oll der gredits vot I
 vould like. Last veek I hear aboud some goots dot a barty
 vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he

would gief me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple of days. He gafe me der refusal—dot is, he sait I gouldn't haf dem—but he sait he vould gall on me und see mine schtore, und den if mine schtanding in peesnis vas goot, berhaps ve might do somedings togedder. Vell, I vas behint mine gounter yesterday, ven a shentleman gomes in und dakes me py der hand und say: "Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve." I say, "Yaw," und den I dinks to mineself, dis vas der man vot has dose goots to sell, und I musd dry to make some goot imbressions mit him, so ve gould do some peesnis. "Dis vas goot schtore," he says, looking roundt. "bud you don't got pooty pig shtock already." I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat 'bout a tousand tollars vort of goots in der blace, so I says: "You ton't vould dink I hat more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle schtore, ain't id?" He says: "You don't tole me! Vos dot bossible!" I says: "Yaw." I meant dot id *was possible*, dough id vas n't so, vor I vas like Shorge Vashingtons ven he cut town der "olt elm" on Poston Gommons mit his leedle hadchet, und gould n't dell some lies about id.

"Vell," says der shentleman, "I dinks you ought to know petter as anypody else vot you haf got in der schtore." Und den he dakes a big book vrom unter his arm and say: "Vell, I poots you town vor dree tousand tollars." I ask him vot he means py "poots me town," und den he says he vas von off der dax-men, or assessors of broperty, und he tank me so kintly, as nefer vos, pe-cause he say I vos sooch an honest Deutscher, und tid n't dry und sheat der gofermants. I dells you vat it vos, I did n't veel any more petter as a hundord ber cent. ven dot man valks oudt of mine schtore, und der nexd dime I makes free mit sdrangers I vinds first deir peesniss oudt.

Charles F. Adams.

THE SPINSTER'S SWEET-ARTS

(Lincolnshire Dialect)

I. MILK for my sweet-arts, Bess! fur it mun be the time
about now

When Molly comes in fro' the far-end close wi' her
paäils fro' the cow.

Eh! tha be new to the plaäce—thou'rt gaäpin—
does n't tha see.

I calls 'em arter the fellers es once was sweet upo'
me?

II. Naäy to be sewer it be past 'er time. What maäkes
'er sa laäte?

Goä to the laäne at the back, an' looök thruf Mad-
dison's gaäte!

III. Sweet-arts! Molly belike may 'a' lighted tonight
upo' one.

Sweet-arts! thanks to the Lord that I niver not
listen'd to noän!

So I sits i' my oän armchair wi' my oän kettle theree
o' the hob,

An' Tommy the fust, an' Tommy the second, an'
Steevie an' Rob.

IV. Rob, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou seest that i'
spite o' the men

I'a' kep' thruf thick an' thin my two 'oondered
a-year to mysen;

Yis! thaw tha call'd me es pretty es ony lass i' the
Shere,

An' thou be es pretty a Tabby; but Robby, I seed
thruf ya theree.

V. Feyther 'ud saäy I wur ugly as sin, an' I beänt not
 vaäin,
 But I niver wur downright hugly, thaw soon 'ud 'a
 thowt ma plaäin,
 An' I was n't sa plaäin i' pink ribbons, ye said I
 wur pretty i' pinks,
 An' I liked to 'ear it I did, but I beänt sich a fool
 as ye thinks;
 Ye was stroäkin ma down wi' the 'air, as I be
 a-stroäkin o' you,
 But whinever I loöök'd i' the glass I wur sewer that
 it could n't be true
 Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye knaw'd it wur
 pleasant to 'ear,
 Thaw it war n't not me es wur pretty, but my two
 'oonderd a-year. . . .

VI. But, Robby, I thowt o' tha all the while I wur
 chaängin' my gown,
 An' I thowt shall I chaänge my staäte? but, O Lord,
 upo' coomin' down—
 My bran-new carpet es fresh es a midder o' flowers
 i' Maäy—
 Why 'ed n't tha wiped thy shoes? it wur clatted all
 ower wi' claäy.
 An' I could 'a cried ammost, fur I seed that it
 could n't be,
 An' Robby, I gied tha a raätin' that sattled thy
 coortin' o' me.
 An' Molly an' me was agreed, as we was a-cleanin'
 the floor,
 That a man be a durty thing an' a trouble an'
 plague wi' indoor.

But I rued it arter a bit, fur I stuck to tha more
 na the rest,
 But I could n't 'a lived wi' a man, an' I knaws it
 to be all fur the best. . . .

VII. To be horder'd about, an' waäked, when Molly 'd
 put out the light,
 By a man coomin' in wi' a hiccup at ony hour o'
 the night!
 An' the taäble staäin'd wi' 'is aäle, an' the mud o'
 'is boots o' the stairs,
 An' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the 'ouse, an' the mark
 o' 'is 'ead o' the chairs!
 An' noän o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a let ma 'a hed
 my oän waäy.
 So I likes 'em best wi' taäils when they 'ev n't a
 word to saäy.

VIII. An' I sits i' my oän little parlor an' sarved by oän
 little lass,
 Wi' my oän little garden outside, an' my oän bed o'
 sparrowgrass,
 An' my oän door-poorch wi' the woodbine an'
 jessmine a-dressin' it greeän,
 An' my oän fine Jackman i' purple a roäbin' the
 'ouse like a Queeän.

IX. An' the little gells bobs to my hoffens es I be abroad
 i' the laänes,
 When I goäs to coomfut the poor es be down wi'
 their haäches an' their pääins,

An' a haäf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o' meät when it
beänt too dear,
They maäkes me a graäter Laädy nor 'eer i' the
mansion theer,
Hes 'es hallus to hax of a man how much to spare
or to spend,
An' a spinster I be an' I will be, if soä pleäse God,
to the hend. . . .

Alfred Tennyson.

Arranged by Gertrude Johnson.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S PROTEST

MELICAN man no wantee John Chinaman ally mo':

He no slay, "John, you velly good washee."

Not muchee; he slay, "John, I wipee flo'

Withee you if mo' comee this countlee."

What fo'

Melican man

No wantee

John Chinaman

Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he no gettee dlunk heap

He mind his own washee, washee,

Alle dayee long, and takee sleep,

Boil watel fo'—wat you call him?—hashee!

What fo'

Melican man

No wantee

John Chinaman

Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he no punchee head much;

He no, like Melican man, say "Helle"

He usee sloap, watel, selubbin'-blush,

Ebly dayee to help fillee bellee.

What fo'

Melican man

No wantee

John Chinaman

Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he vellee pool man;

He no have timee to fool away;

He workee allee dayee fast he can:

He no workee, he no gettee pay.

What fo'

Melican man

No wantee

John Chinaman

Ally mo'?

John Chinaman no loafee lound the sleets;

He workee hald fo' makee livin';

He washee collals, shirtee, cuffee, sheets;

He do no beggin' or no t'iefin.

What fo'

Melican man

No wantee

John Chinaman

Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he havee no votee:

Is that leason why he no wantee here?

He no go lound 'lection day, and shoutee,

Fightee evelybody, smokee cigal, or dlink beer.

What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

Anonymous.

A DOG STORY

DERE vhas a leedle vomans once
Who kept a leedle shtore,
Und had a leedle puppy dog
Dot shtoodt pefore der door.
Und evfery dime der peoples coom
He opened vide him's jaw.
Schnip! Schnap! shoost so,
Und bite dem.

Vun day anoder puppy dog
Cooms runnin' down der shtreet,
Oudt of Herr Schneider's sausage-shop,
Vhere he had shtoled some meat;
Und after him der Schneider man—
Der vhind vhas not more fleet.
Whir-r-r! Whist! shoost so,
Like vinkin!

Der leedle voman's puppy dog
Vhas lookin' at der fun,
He barkit at der Schneider man,
Und right pefore him run;
Den fell him down, dot Schneider man,
Like shooted mit a gun.
Bang! Crash! shoost so,
Und voorser.

Der puppy dog dot shtoled der meat,
Roon'd on und got avhay;
Der leedle voman's puppy dog
Der Schneider man did slay,
Und make him indo sausages—
Dot 's vot der peoples say.
Chip! Chop! shoost so,
Und sell him.

DER MORAL

Der moral is, don't interfere
Vhen droubles is aroundt;
Der man dot 's in der fightin' crowd
Vhill get hurt I 'll be pound.
Mind your own peesness, dot is pest,
In life she vhill be found.
Yaw! yaw! shoost so,
I pet you.

John Thomas Brown.

SECTION XIII
ONE ACT PLAYS IN DIALECT

SECTION XIII

ONE ACT PLAYS

A RAMLET O' PUCE

(*Characters*)

(MRS.) KATIE DIVIN, *an old countrywoman.*

(MRS.) MATTY M'GRANAHAN, *a younger woman, farmer's wife.*

(SCENE: *A roadside in Donegal.*)

(KATIE DIVIN, *bareheaded, is seated alone on a stone ditch, knitting.*)

KATIE (*soliloquising*). Feth now it's quare an' gran' at the rare o' your days to be sittin' in the sun forninst your own door, listenin' to your own ould goose cacklin', an' your own ould pig gruntin', and to feel the sun shinin' on you, as if it was all your own forbye, an' to be watchin' the corn gettin' yellower and yellower, an' to know for sartin that your ould man's aff to the Fair o' Carn, an' cannae be back till nightfall! I declare it thonder's naw Matty M'Granahan comin' down the mountainy road. I would know the proud step of her a mile aff. I'll warnt she's been in to Johnny Gallagher's to buy a dress for Mary Pat's weddin'. (*Short pause, then suddenly.*) would n't it be the tarrible misfortune if she's tuk the self same ramlet o' puce Annie Cassie's been hankerin' after this while past (*stops knitting*). An' it the wan

bit o' dacent stuff in Johnny's shop! An' Annie Cassie jist waitin' till get the hapence out o' Mickey till buy it! Annie Cassie 'll be fair wild if Matty's taken the fore-road of her. There was niver a good agreement betwixt them two since they were wee cutties.¹ But it 's myself would n't like to see Annie Cassie put throughother.² She 's my own sister 's child that I reared from she was a wean, an' Matty M'Granahan 's no way sib³ till us, an' has got quare an' conceaity since Jamie was made a Poor Law Guardian. Well here comes herself. I 'll jist keep as quite as a settin' hen. Matty 's as close as a wilk⁴ if ye ax her questions, but she 'll give ye the quare dale o' news if ye niver let on yourself.

(Enter MATTY M'GRANAHAN wearing bonnet trimmed with somewhat gaudy flowers, black cape, and carrying market basket or string bag.)

MATTY. Good morra till ye, Katie. Is it jist takin' stock o' the fine evenin' ye are? My! but it 's warrum! *(Deposits basket on wall and sits down for a gossip.)* Dear help them as has to live in the town these days!

KATIE. Ay, the crathurs! dear help them! I had a letter from my nevvie-by-marriage that 's in London this ten year an' more, an' he says it 's the warrumest summer he 's ivver knowed.

MATTY. London's the quare big place. I had a cousin wanst was hired there. What part might your nevvie be livin' in?

KATIE. I cannae rightly mind the address, but I know it 's somewhere aff the main street.

MATTY *(with a scornful laugh)*. Main street! Katie

¹ Girl or lass.

² Put in confusion.

³ Related.

⁴ Whelk.

Divin, do ye naw know there 's as many as six or seven main streets in London? Sure it 's all main streets there! A body would think you were talkin' about the likes o' Dunkineely; a wheen,¹ houses stragglin' along the road!

KATIE (*bridling*). How-an-iver it isnae iverywan can say they 've a nevv-y-by-marriage in London! But ye 've been in till the town I 'll warn't—by the boots on ye. Woman, dear, did ye travel over the mountains in them things? (*pointing to MATTY's boots*). What for did ye naw take them aff ye at Lookin' Glass Brae?

MATTY (*disdainfully*). Sure it 's only them wans from the back o' the mountain takes aff their booths at Lookin' Glass Brae. I would n't be seen doin' it, so I would n't.

KATIE. Feth ye might be seen doin' worse: When I was your age divil a fut would I travel in the boots. But it 's changed days with us all in Ballycarragh, with wur slate roofs till wur byres, an' wur bonnets till wur heads! Sure the cows giv' jist as good milk under the stra', an' it 's my belief the more ye 've *on* your head, the less ye 've *in* it.

MATTY (*looking a little taken aback*). Well, the fashion 's the fashion. An' it 's your own sister 's daughter Annie Cassie M'Phelimy 's jist as set on the fashion as any wan, so it is, for all she 's married on Long Mickey M'Phelimy, an' has a cartload o' childher.

KATIE. Poor Annie Cassie the crathur! it 's naw much pleasure in life she has; an' if she *does* get an odd dress now an' again, sure any wan that would be marriet on Long Mickey would need a bit o' divarsion.

MATTY. Now and again! Katie Divin, I 'm wonderin' at ye, so I am. Does Annie Cassie M'Phelimy iver plant feet in the town that she 's naw sittin' in Johnny Galagher's shop the len'th of a day? Sure she knows far

¹ Several.

better nor Johnny himself ivery bit o' stuff on them shelves o' his.

KATIE (*significantly*). Maybe there might be wans forbye Annie Cassie would n't be above *gleekin'*¹ round the jamb o' Johnny Gallagher's door, Matty Granahan.

MATTY (*angrily*). Only out of needcessity, ir it's meself ye might be refrerrin' till, Mrs. Divin. But it's time I was steppin' (*rising and taking up basket with an air of dudgeon*). There 's some folks' tongues is longer nor their tempers, so there is (*makes to go off*).

KATIE (*in casual tone*). This is the gran' news about Mary Pat's weddin'.

MATTY (*pausing, but not looking round*). Ay, it is that.

KATIE. It 's ould Paddy Doherty 'll be quare an' proud gettin' his daughter married on "rich Thomas."

MATTY (*turning slightly and evidently anxious to resume gossip*). Ay will he.

KATIE. An' they tell me it 's goin' to be the quare gran' weddin'.

MATTY. Ay now? (*edging back towards KATIE*). Well, Paddy Doherty has a *brave roughness*² on him.

KATIE. Ay, there was niver no stint wi' paddy. They tell me Mary Pat 's gettin' the quare dandy dress.

MATTY (*eagerly*). Did ye hear the kin' o' the dress? I 'll warnt it 'll be wan o' the new-fashioned kind that trips ye when ye travel (*approaching still nearer*).

KATIE. I 'll warnt. (*After a pause, glancing significantly at MATTY.*) There 'll be more nor Mary Pat gettin' new duds for the weddin'. Johnny Gallagher 'll be settin' out all his fancy stuffs, so he will.

MATTY. Feen a bit o' decent cloth 's in the shop forbye the bit of a ramlet I brought wi' me.

¹Peeping—furtive.

²Plenty of this world's goods.

KATIE (*looking up sharply*). A ramlet? then ye've been in wi' Johnny?

MATTY (*depositing basket on ground and settling down once more for a thorough gossip*). To tell ye the truth, I was jist on my kailye makin' straight for 'Liza Ann M'Fadden's to ax after her leg that was broke when Johnny outs to the door after me. "Ye'll be for the weddin'." says he. "I'm axed," says I. "An' is it passin' my dacent shop ye are?" says he. "Sure ye cannae go till a weddin' in them ould duds. It's disgracin' yourself an' Jamie M'Granahan ye'll be," says he, "and him newly made a Poor Law Guardian. Hould on now till I show ye the purtiest bit o' cloth in the country, a ramlet o' puce, jist the right len'th for a wumman o' your dimansions. Sure I've been thinkin' o' nothin' an nobody but yourself since I cut it."

KATIE (*laying down knitting and glancing at MATTY sharply*). Puce did ye say? an' a ramlet?

MATTY. Ay, puce. Well, thinks I to myself, I'll get quet o' ye aisier, my boy, if I jist go in an' pass myself.¹ I'm under no needcessity to take your stuff if it's naw to my plazement. So in I steps, an' wi' that he leps over the counter—that ye could nae see his heels for the dust he was kickin' up—an' out he brings a real genteel piece o' puce, jist the thing for a weddin'. "An' what would ye be axin' for the ramlet?" says I. "Twelve shillin', it's double width," says he. "Seein' as I'm not wantin' it at all," says I, "an' only takin' it till oblige ye, I'll go the len'th o' ten." "We'll split the differ," says he; an' before I knowed where I was, he rowls it up, an' it's in my han'. I tell ye, I niver was as taken aback in my life.

KATIE (*musingly*). Puce, an' a ramlet!

MATTY (*rummaging in basket*). It's yourself should

¹ Get it over.

know a decent bit o' cloth, Katie Divin. An' here it is (*holding up remnant of purple cloth for KATIE's inspection*).

KATIE (*peering at it, and then gazing in sorrowful amazement at MATTY*). An' that 's what ye bought for a weddin'? Martha M'Granahan, I 'm surprised at ye. Woman, dear, I thought ye had more wit.

MATTY (*taken aback*). What 's wrong wi' 't? a nice cliver bit o' cloth as iver ye seen!

KATIE (*mournfully*). Matty M'Granahan' will ye tell me whose corp ye 're goin' till wake?

MATTY. Wake? It 's naw till a wake I 'm goin'. Sure I towld ye it was till Mary Pat's weddin'.

KATIE. Sure ivery wan knows puce is no colour for a weddin'. It 's a kin' o' mournin', so it is. When my brother's wife's half-sister died, Sarah Jane went intil puce.

MATTY. My oh! I niver heerd tell o' the like. Half-mournin' is it?

KATIE. An' what 's more—it would be the onluckiest thing at all till go to a weddin' in half-mournin'.

MATTY (*obviously depressed*). Well, lucky or no, I 'm feared I 'll have to stick till 't. (*Suddenly brightening*.) I 'll tell ye what I 'll do. I 'll rowl it up an' put it past in the spare-room chest o' drawers, an' it 'll come in handy in the summer for a Sunday shoot for Jamie.

KATIE. Matty M'Granahan, ye 're talkin' quare an' ignorant! An' Jamie now a Poor Law Guardian! What way would he go to the Boord wearin' a shoot o' puce? Sure they would take their end,¹ laughin' at him!

MATTY. I wisht in my heart I 'd niver laid eyes on 't. You 've put me quare an' out o' conceait wi' it.

KATIE (*resignedly*). Well, well, if it be to be, it be to

¹ Die.

be. But I 'm feared there 'll some ill-luck happen to Mary Pat. Like enough she 'll die within the year, or "rich Thomas" 'll lose all his money, an' they 'll both end their days in the workhouse. But don't say I did n't warn ye.

MATTY (*rising*). Och them 's ould-fashioned notions o' yours, Katie, about ill-luck. Ill-luck comes to them that does ill, an' good-luck comes to them that does well. But I must be gettin' on.

KATIE (*knitting industriously*). I always heerd tell that puce makes a body look quare an' yallow in the skin. They say them that wears it looks twicet their age.

MATTY (*halting on her step*). I niver heerd that afore. (*Moves on a step or two, then stops again.*) I 'd be lazy¹ to look yallow, for I had aye a brave clear colour o' my own. Many 's the time Jamie used to say I could sport the rid an' white wi' the purtiest girl in the country.

KATIE (*drily*). I 'll warnt that was when he was coortin'. The men 's quare an' ould-fashioned them times.

MATTY. Still an' for all I would nae like Jamie to think I was lookin' yallow, naw for the value of all the puce dresses in Johnny Gallagher's shop. I declare to ye, Katie Divin, but ye 've put me clane out o' conceit wi' the thing. I 'll jist pack it back to Johnny, so I will, an' I 'll get eleven shillin' worth o' stuff for curtains for the room. Now that Jamie 's in a manner o' speakin' a public man we be to have² things a bit tastier like. The neighbours expecks it aff us.

KATIE. To be sure they do. Them that 's in the sarvice o' their country can nae affoord till live like or'nar folk.

MATTY. I 'm goin' doen to Derry wi' Jamie on Wednesday, to hire a cutty at the rabble;³ an' I 'll jist have a look

¹ Slow.

² We are obliged.

³ Half-yearly fair.

round for a nice respectable bit o' dark blue cashmire. An' I 'm thinkin' I 'll lave the bit o' puce wi' you, Katie (*taking parcel from basket*). Willie John's Davy 's goin' intil the town the morra, an' I 'll tell him to call in for 't Naw, naw, I would n't for the world Jamie would think I was gettin' ould an' yallow. Jamie 's been the quare good man till me. Here it is; ye 'll keep it safe, Katie.

KATIE. Surely I will—right enough.

MATTY. I 've clean taken the scunner at it, an' that 's the truth. Well, good-bye till ye Katie. (*Exit.*)

KATIE (*soliloquising while she smooths down the bit of cloth*). Well, well, the crathur'. But it was aisy decaivin' her! Maybe I done well, an' maybe I done ill, but anyway I done Annie Cassie a good turn. She 'd ha' been fair leppin' if Matty M'Granahan had taken the fore-road of her. An' sure it 'll be doin' Matty herself a good turn till take the bit o' puce off her hands, an' her scunnered at it! An' it 's doin' Johnny Gallagher a good turn, for he 'll get rid o' the puce an' the curtains forbye. Sure it 's doin' good turns all round I am! Yallow! oeh, the crathur! the crathur! (*rocks to and fro, laughing*). My! but the weemen has the quare dale o' vanity! An' it all for the sake o' the men. An' sure the men 's that blinded after they 're marriet the divil a bit they know *what* ye 're like! If Matty M'Granahan had a haporth o' wit, she 'd know right well that Jamie 'll naw see a bit o' differ on her if the both o' them lives to be a hundher. Well, well, I must go in an' square myself up,¹ for that ould man o' mine when he comes back from the Fair. (*Begins to titivate a little.*) Yallow! oeh the crathur! but she was aisy decaived! (*Hobbles off, laughing, with parcel.*)

A. M'Clure Warnock.

¹Primp.

THE RIDER OF DREAMS¹

SCENE: (*Night in a room used for kitchen, dining-room and laundry by a colored family. A lamp is set upon a central table laid with a spotless table cloth. Baskets of clothes stand on several chairs. At the back is a cook-stove and to the left of this a door. There are also doorways at the right and left of the room. LUCY SPARROW, a worn, sweet-faced woman of forty, is sprinkling clothes at an ironing-board at left with her back turned to the table beside which, on a high stool, is perched a small boy, BOOKER SPARROW. Both the boy and the woman as well as the room show a painstaking neatness despite the disorder necessary in the process of a professional "wash."*)

LUCY. Who make you?

BOOKER. God. Ain't the mush done now?

LUCY. It 's done but I ain't done wif you. You got to learn good befo' you can eat good. Who redeem you?

BOOKER. Christ. I 'll stop being hungry for it if I don't get it now.

LUCY. Bettah lose youah wishes an' youah ahms an' laigs an' everything youah body 's fix wif an' keep youah immortal soul. Who sanctify you?

BOOKER. The Holy Ghost. I don't want nothing but mush.

LUCY. Well, you ain' goin' to git hit twell you luhns de questions. What de chief en' of man?

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BOOKER. Chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy himself for ever.

LUCY (*coming swiftly forward and confronting him with a threatening look*). Enjoy hisself! I ain' neveh teach you dat. You know betteh 'n dat. Man got no right to enjoy hisself. He got to enjoy Gawd. You knows dat as well as you knows eatin'. An' you got to say it an' what 's mo' you got to live it. Now what de chief en' of man?

BOOKER. Enjoy God forever.

LUCY. Dat 's mo' like it. (*She turns her back and going to the ironing-board resumes her labors, still talking.*) I 'm raisin' you fo' de Kingdom an' you'ah goin' in de Kingdom ef pushin' 'll lan' you dere. Because dis time anutheh yeah you may be in some lonesome graveyard. (*Singing.*)

In some lonesome graveyard
Oh, Lawd, no time to pray.

(*As she sings BOOKER stealthily slips off his stool and going around to the opposite side of the table takes a spoon with which he approaches a dish set upon a warming-shelf fixed to the stove. He furtively dips his spoon in the dish and begins to eat. LUCY continuing her singing.*)

Play on youah harp, little David,
Little Davy, how ole are you?
"I 'm only twelve yeahs ole."

(*She turns and discovers BOOKER.*) What! You stealin'! I 'll show you! (*She gives him a cuff and a shake, depositing him again upon his stool.*) You shorely is on de way to de fieh but I 'm goin' pluck you out ef it skins you alive. Steal, will you? What de sevenf commandment?

BOOKER (*sniveling*). Thou shalt not steal.

LUCY. See dat. You knows it but you des won't live

hit. Well, I 'm goin' live it into you. I 'm goin' slap sin out of you. (*She gives him another shake.*) An' de grace into you. Now you say dat commandment sevumty times sevun. Begin. Say it.

BOOKER. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not steal— (*The door at back opens and MADISON SPARROW stands in the doorway looking on the scene within the room. He is a tall, loose-jointed, lazy-looking man. In one hand he carries a long green bag.*)

MADISON (*after a survey of the situation*). What de boy do?

LUCY. He steal, dat what he do.

MADISON. Um. What he steal?

LUCY. Mush. I tole him not to tech it.

MADISON. Well, he was hongry, were n't he?

LUCY. Dat ain' de p'int. 'T were n't his till I give it to him.

MADISON (*places the bag carefully by the doorway, throws his hat upon it, then seats himself at the table*). Bring on dat mush. I 'm tia'hd of dese fool doin's. Dey ain't no git ahead wif um. Ef de boy wants mush let him git mush.

LUCY (*placing food before him on the table*). Yes, but not rob it.

MADISON. Who talkin' 'bout robbin'?

LUCY. Madison, dat 's de wrong kin' of trash fo' dis baby to heah. Go lay down, honey. Tek de bowl wif you. (*BOOKER whines but takes a dish and goes to doorway at left.*)

MADISON. No, hit 's de right kin' of preachin'. I 'm tia'hd of all dat ol' fashion way of doin'. Ef I wuz to wuk my ahms off dat ol' fashion way I could n't git no funder.

LUCY. What you bin wukin' at dis yeah, Madison?

MADISON. Dat 's it. You know dat I 'm bin lookin' fo' it and could n't find hit.

LUCY. What you wuk at last yeah?

MADISON. You knows I wuk in the strippin' factory.

LUCY. Jes' two weeks.

MADISON. You knows I wuk till I strain my back. But neveh min' about all dat. I done tuhn oveh a new leaf. I goin' to be a business man. I goin' to let de otheh man wuk.

LUCY. S'posin' everybody was to do dat way.

MADISON. Let 'em do hit. I don' ask nothin' of nobody. I goin' to have every toof in my haid covehed wif gol'. I 'll get youah'n an Book's fix dat way too. I goin' to have plenty society grub in me all de time. I ain' goin' to let my fam'ly suffeh. I got too sweet a disposishun fo' dat. I 'll git 'em whateveh I want.

BOOKER (*lingering in doorway*). When you get rich will you get me the guitar, Daddy?

(LUCY waves BOOKER through doorway. He vanishes.)

MADISON. I 'll git it an' I got it. Watch me now. (*He goes over to the bag by the door and reaching in it produces a handsome guitar.*) Dat 's de beginnin' er good times, boy.

LUCY (*with sickening apprehension*). Madison, where you git dat insterment.

MADISON. Dat 's de Lawd's insterment, Lucy. He done pervide it.

LUCY. Oh, Madison, dat ain' youah'n.

MADISON. 'T is now, honey.

LUCY. No, youah las' dime you spent Sunday an' I ain' give you no money since. You got it wifout payin' for it. You charged it.

MALISON. Yassah, I got it wifout paying for it an' I

going to keep on a-gettin' it wifout payin' for hit as long as de gittin's good.

LUCY. How you like to be treat dat way?

MADISON. What way?

LUCY. If you was keepin' a store, to have folks charge things when dey did n' know how dey could pay.

MADISON. I 'm willin' fo' to be treat dat way ef dey can do hit. Let 'em come an' git my things if dey finds any.

LUCY (*breaking down*). Oh, I cain' stan' hit. Youah sinkin' fas' down to de fiery lake an' you 's pullin' my Baby down too.

MADISON. No, I 's raisin' him up an' I goin' to lan' us all in a sof' place on dat Easy Street I heah em singin' 'bout so long wifout seein'.

LUCY (*suddenly examining the guitar*). Wheah you git dis guitar?

MADISON. What guitar?

LUCY. Dis. Oh, Madison, dis is 'Zek'l Williams' own guitar dat he would n' sell. Dis is de guitar dat nobody could n' buy. How you come by it?

MADISON. Look heah, woman. You act like I *stole* de guitar. You don't think I 'm a thief, do you?

LUCY. How you come by hit?

MADISON. I got it off Wilson Byrd.

LUCY. Dat sneakin' w'ite man. How 'd he git it?

MADISON. I did n' ask him.

LUCY. What you give him fo' hit?

MADISON. Oh, dat 's anotheh story. Him an' me 's goin' in business togetheh.

LUCY. Oh, Madison, dat w'ite man stole dis guitar. Oh, take it back dis minute an' snatch youah soul from de bu'nin'.

MADISON. Who, me? What you tak' me fo', gal? Take back a guitar to de rich man, de man what own de very house we live in!

LUCY. Well, we soon will buy it.

MADISON. Dat 's right. We will. But dat ain' de question. I did n git dis guitar fo' to return it, I git it fo' to play it. I boun' to play it cause I 'm goin to be er rich man soon an' I got to have a plenty music in me.

LUCY. You goin' to git rich playin' guitar?

MADISON (*laughing comfortably*). Eh, yah, yah. Whoopee! No, indeedy. I flies higher dan music flies. I 'm one er dese heah kin er 'lectioneerin' mens which make dere money work fo' um. Dey sen's one dollah out in de heat an' sweats her twell she rolls home wif anutheh.

LUCY. How you goin' to put money out, Madison, lessen you wuks an' gits de money?

MADISON (*cunningly*). Oh, don' yo' botheh youah haid long er dat. I bin down low and folks trample me des same as a wu'm but now I 'm goin' spread my wings an' sting 'em like a king bee. Whaffo' I lay dere an' let'm trample me? 'T were because I lack conferdence. I puts my 'pen'ance on dis promis', I puts my 'pen'ance on dat, an' dey all fails me.

LUCY. You ain't neveh put youah trus' in Gawd.

MADISON. Yassuh, I did, an' Gawd He up an' gimme de go-by too. What He bin doin' fo' me? Nuthin'. Now I goin' spit on my han's an' whu'll in an' trus' myse'f. An' I feels lots betteh. I can feel conferdence wukin' all oveh me. I casts 'em all off. I 'm lookin' out fo' myse'f. M-m-m—It took me long time to git heah but now I 'm heah let 'em look out for me. (*His voice rises to a chant.*)

M-m-m—Midnight on de sea. All de lights out. I 'm

carryin' hod en Jacob' laddeh to build me a new house an' I 'm buildin' it high, man. Don' tech me. I 'm a flame of fieh an' I 'll singe you sho'. If dey asks fo' me tell 'em say, "I saw somethin' sailin' up but he was headin' fo' a high hill on de sun an' my eyes failed me." Tell 'em say, "He had de fo' win's runnin' like stallions to fetch up wif him but dey carried 'em out, an' buried 'em in the valley. He bus' dere hea'ts!" Tell 'em say, "He was herdin' lightnin's like sheep an' dey wuz too slow an' he picked 'em up an' sheared 'em an' sent 'em home."

Dat's me, I 'm de one you 'll be talkin' 'bout. For why? 'Cause I cas' off ever'thing an' I puts my trus' in myself an' nuthin' can't hole me. De mo' I says it de mo' I feels conferdence. I feels it a-wukin'.

LUCY. You goin' to wuk, Madison?

MADISON. Yes, indeedy. I got to wuk' an' wuk ha'd. I can't shirk none.

LUCY. What wuk you goin' to do?

MADISON. I 'm a stock brokin' man. I goin' into de stock brokin' business tomorrer.

LUCY. How?

MADISON. Buyin' an' sellin', dat's how an' which too.

LUCY. De Devil's wrastlin' wif you, Madison, an' you's perishin' fas'. Ef you keeps on in dis paf you 'll lan' mongs' de rocks er mournin'. You let somebody tu'n you roun'.

MADISON. Not me. Nobody can't tu'n me roun'. I dreamed it an' I dreamed it right, face fo'mos' an' on de run.

LUCY. How dream?

MADISON. Las' night an' day befo' yistiddy night an' night befo' dat. I wuz layin' groanin', "O Lawd, how long," an' I heah a voice say, "Git up an' come

a-runnin'." Looks up an sees a fine w'ite saddle hoss.
Hoss say,

"Ride me right an' I 'll guide you right."

On I gits an' off he goes, slick as a rancid transom car.
Comes to high hill lookin' down on de sun an' moon.
Hoss stop an' say,

"Brung you heah to give you noos
De worl' is youahn to pick an' choose."

I ax him "How dat?" Hoss say:

"How is how an' why is why,
Buy low an' sell high."

I say to him, "I got no money to buy. Wheah I goin'
git de fun's to buy low?" Hoss respon':

"Trus' yo'se'f an' take youah own,
Git de meat an' leave de bone,
Bus' de nut an' fling 'em de shell,
Ride an' let em walk a spell,
Findeh's keepeh's, loseh's weephe's,
I hope dese few lines finds you well."

I ax him who tole him all dis an' hoss say:

"Ole hoss *Grab* will nevah balk,
All dis heah is w'ite man talk."

Dat what de hoss say to me in my true dream ev'y night
dis week an' I 'm a-goin' to bide by hit twell de las' er
pea time. 'Cause I 'm er true dreameh an' my mammy
she wuz befo' me.

LUCY. What come of de hoss in de dream, Madison?

MADISON. Dat 's all. Hoss went up in smoke an' I come down in bed.

LUCY. Hoss went up in smoke! No, hit went down in smoke an' fiah.

MADISON. Now look-a heah, woman. I 'm goin' to make you a good livin' f'um now on. I 'm goin' into business termorrer. I 'm goin' in de specalatin' wu'k. I 'm goin' to buy low an' sell high.

LUCY. What kin you buy wif? You got no money.

MADISON (*hesitating but collecting his forces gradually*). Oh, ain't I tell you 'bout dat? I got it in de dream.

LUCY. In de dream?

MADISON. Um hmmm. You know dat hoss I tole you 'bout. Well'm 'jes' fo' we pa'ted he prance up th'ough a starry fiel' an' come to a gyarden fence. Oveh dat fence he lep an', man, she was a fine gyarden. "Whose patch dish yer?" I say to him. Hoss say:

"If you asks me grab what you see."

Den he reaches down an' pulls up a tu'nip wif his teef an' gives it to me an' say,

"Dis gyarden truck will fetch you luck."

(*He watches LUCY furtively.*) An' I takes an' sta'ts to peel dis tu'nip an' what does I find? I find she 's a fine fat roll er bills, dem tu'nip tops is greenbacks.

LUCY. So youah money is dream money?

MADISON. Well, no, not ezackly. De hoss whispeh sumpin' in my eah an' told me how to make dat dream money real money. An' I took de hint an' done it today. An' on dat money I 'll buy low an' gouge 'em all good.

LUCY. How much you got?

MADISON. Well'm—(*He hesitates.*) I got a little an' den some. I got erbout—fifty er so.

LUCY. Wheah you git it? (*She catches hold of him.*)

MADISON. Tu'n me loose, woman. I goin' to baid. I got to make early sta't. (*He pulls off his coat.*)

LUCY (*wildly*). I ain' goin' to let you stay in sin. (*She snatches the coat from him.*) I goin' take dis money an' make you say wheah you got it.

(*She begins hastily searching through the pockets of the coat.*)

MADISON (*calmly regarding her with great good humor and breaking into a laugh as she fails in her search*). Eh, yah, yah, sea'ch an' look, sea'ch an' look.

LUCY. Oh, Madison, ain' you' got no honin' ter be hones' at all?

MADISON. Hones'! What kin' er fool talk is dat? I done got my ear-string bus' now an' dem preachah wu'ds can't fool me no mo'. You 'll neveh fin' it, honey. 'Cause why? 'Cause I'm got it in my pants an' I goin' to keep it f'um a foolish woman.

LUCY (*running to him desperately*). You got to give it to me.

MADISON. Gal, if you don' tu'n me loose I 'll git ugly. Now, look heah. I wants to heah de las' er dis. I got new ideahs. I got big plots en plans. I done give you de plankses in my platfo'm an' I 'm a-goin' to stan' on hit. When I makes a lot mo' money in de broker business I 'm a-goin' to give you all de gold youah ap'un 'll hold, ev'y day er youah life, an' you won' have to wait long. But till dat day an' to dat time I 'm de treasu'eh er dis lodge an' I 'm de stake holdeh er dis race an' dat money stays in de pu'se in de hip or my ol' jeanses. (*He says this last slowly and with growing emphasis and as he ends, gives*

himself a resounding whack on the hip over his pocket. There is a moment's pause. He puts his hand hurriedly in the pocket and then dazedly into one on the other hip.) What dis? Wheah dat roll?

LUCY (*fearfully*). I ain't tech it. You know I ain' ben neah you.

MADISON (*rushing to her*). Gimme de coat.

(*He snatches the coat and begins going through the pockets, from time to time searching and slapping the garments he is wearing.*) Did n't you git it? You mus' er tuk it.

LUCY. No, Madison, I ain' see nor tech it. You watched me.

MADISON. Oh, Lawd, he'p me look.

(*He begins to run around the room, looking on the table, picking up articles and letting them fall, dropping on his knees and hunting under the table and chairs. As he searches he grows more frantic.*)

Oh, my Lawd, oh, wheah is it? I got to have it. Oh, I could n' lose it, hit ain' mine ter lose. Stay by me, Lucy, an' he'p me fin' it; git down on youah knees, Lucy. Oh, wheah did I drop it? I 'm gittin' old an' needs it. Ef I lose dis I lose all my push. I was jes' goin' into business an' we all wuz goin' to fly high. I got to fin' it. I ain' give up. Lemme think. Oh, I hopes some honess' pusion foun' it. Lemme come on down—Know I put it on dat side 'cause dat de side Mistah Long he wuz on—Oh, I 'll go crazy—(*He strikes his forehead, groaning.*)

LUCY (*starting*). Mistah Long! He 's cashiah in de Dime Savin's! How he give you money?

MADISON. Oh, lemme see—he gimme de money an' put it right in yere. (*He fumbles again distractedly in his pocket.*)

LUCY (*pursuing him desperately*). Onliest money at de Dime Savin's is *de* money. You could n't draw *hit* out. You did n' do dat,—you could n'—Tell me if you did fo' I 'll fin' it out tomorrer—Oh, tell me true—you could n' when it 's in my name—tell me now fo' I 'll find it out.

MADISON. Oh, I can't stand it.

LUCY. Ef you wan' me to he'p you den be free wif me. How you draw money from de Bank? I give you no papeh. You *could n'* draw *de* money.

MADISON. Wilson Byrd, he gimme de papeh.

LUCY. I give him no papeh.

MADISON. He write it fo' you.

LUCY. Oh, Gawd, dat w'ite man write my name. You drawed de money—I see it now. You had dealin's wif a fo'geh, Wilson Byrd.

MADISON. Spar' me an' he'p me. He tol' me ef I draw de money he 'd take me into business wif him an' gimme de guitar besides.

LUCY. Did you spar' me? Fifty dollahs! You said fifty, did n' you? How could you do hit? More n' six months' ha'd slavin'. Six months mo' befo' I can resto' it back. I could 'a' bought de house tomorrer mo'nin' an' now hit 's six months off to pay in dat fifty. It *was* fifty, did n' you say? Maybe 'twuzzn' dat much. Tell me right. I 'll fin' it out tomorrer.

MADISON. Dis yere 'll kill me ef I can't think.

LUCY. How much you draw? Tell me right. Look at me. Were hit fifty? (*She holds his eye.*) Less? Mo'? How much? (*She continues to hold his lustreless eyes, reading them.*) A hunde'd? Two hunde'd? Eight hunde'd? (*A pause ensues as she reads the truth in his face.*) All of hit. (*She sinks in a chair.*) Twelve yeahs' labor sence I married you an' termorrer I wuz goin' to

mek de payment an' we 'd a bin undeh owah own roof. I 'm done. I could a paid off pa't, mebbe fifty, but I won' las' twelve yeahs mo' at de same thing. But I thank Thee, Lawd, dat it wuz stole f'um us all ef hit had to be stole.

MADISON. Ef I could on'y think. Had hit in de bank—felt hit an' had it on Thu'd Street—slapped hit an' had it at Joe's house—slapped hit an' had it coming up de alley—jes' fo' I clum de hill—lemme see—clum de hill—went in th'oo Wilson Byrd's hedge fence—he gimme de guitar—scrape my back comin' out—(*His face shows gradual recollection, and suddenly brightens.*) I knows now! Dat's hit! In dat white man's yard where he gimme de guitar! I wuz jes' goin' to give him de money when somebody grabbed him f'um behin'. He give a squawk an' skeered me. I run out th'oo his hedge fence an' scrape my back. I scrape de pocketbook out. She's dere! In dat Wilson Byrd's yard. I 'll git it yit. Watch me. (*He grabs his hat and runs excitedly toward the door.*)

LUCY (*rushing toward him*). No, sumpin' might happen. You might git mix up wif him ergin. Lemme go, but I mus' resto' dis guitar at Uncle Williams' as I go by his house. I 'll slip it on his porch. Maybe he 'll neveh know it wuz gone. Oh, if somebody had seen it heah! How could I have stood it?

(*She puts on a shawl and takes up the bag, but as she lays her hand on the door-knob a loud knock is heard on the door. Both start back and wait. The knock is repeated. She throws off the shawl, places the bag in a corner, and returning to the door, opens it. She greets the visitor in a strained voice, almost with a shriek.*)

Uncle Williams! Step in, please.

(*A man enters. The newcomer is old, with white hair*

and beard. He is probably of Moorish descent. He is so small and weazened as to be almost a dwarf, but his whole demeanor indicates great latent power. A strong personality, dominating the two others from the first instant.)

WILLIAMS. Good evenin', Lucy.

(He seems to be unaware of the presence of MADISON. He comes forward with little mincing steps and an old man's gesture, then takes off his hat and sees about him. The others stand watching him transfixed.)

Ain' you goin' shut de do', Lucy? I feels draf's. I 'm gittin' old an' catches cold easy. Ain' you goin' take my hat? (She reaches for it mechanically, watching him apprehensively.) No, de hat—not de stick—ol' pu'son like me always need good stout stick er club case er havin' faintin' spell—sumpin' to lean on. Now, wheah a cheer, better fetch me er cheer fo' feah I might set on sumpin' you would n't choose fo' me. (She obeys dumbly and brings a chair to him.) Set it neareh. Dat 's right. Now gimme youah shouldeh an' ease me down. Ah—(He leans heavily on her and sinks tottering into the chair with a great show of feebleness.) Now take a cheer yo'se'f. I 'sprize to see a lady standin' an' me takin' my res', old ez I is. (She obeys, watching him with doubt and dread.) Set it dah, wheah I can see you good. (MADISON is standing up by the wall, right, gazing at him as though paralyzed with fear.) Dah now. We kin be ca'm and have a nice talk. Does you know what business I come yere fo' tonight? (He pauses.) You does, does n't you?

LUCY (almost beside herself with nervous tension). You—come to see—ef—(Recovering herself with a mighty effort.) Oh, yes, you come to look oveh de stove an' see ef you like to buy hit.

WILLIAMS (*musingly*). M-m. Well, I reckon—dat 's hit. Yes, dey tells me y' all has a wahmin' stove to sell an' now katydid cease, fros' ain' fur off, an' I needs hit. Is dish yere de one?

LUCY (*rising and rushing toward door at side*). No, not dat. Hit 's outside—ef you please to step out.

WILLIAMS. Well 'm, I 'll take 'n look her oveh. (*She hastily lights a candle as he rises and totters in the wrong direction.*)

LUCY. Th'oo heah, th'oo heah. De stove 's out in de woodshed. (*She grasps and guides him.*)

WILLIAMS. Ah—well'm. Um hm. I always gives things er good lookin' oveh befo' takin' stock in 'm. You need n' come erlong. I lived so long in dis house befo' you wuz bawn dat I knows my way. Is de stove an easy wood eateh?

LUCY. Yes, yes. (*She gives him the candle and almost pushes him through doorway at side as she follows him out. MADISON, who has watched fearfully from a dark corner, darts forward and looks after them, listening. He then runs toward the door at back but hesitates before it and turns as LUCY comes swiftly in from outer room, closing the door softly.*)

MADISON. What he say? Do he know?

LUCY (*desperately seizing the bag and pressing it into his hands as she turns him again toward doorway at back*). Oh, I cain' tell. On'y resto' dis in case he don' know er case he do. Now 's de one chance to be hones'.

MADISON. Huh. What erbout dat eight hunderd dollah?

LUCY. I don' know. Trus' Gawd an' be hones'.

MADISON. Huh uh. One of us has got to go look fo' dat money.

LUCY. One of us has got to take back de guitar.

MADISON. I 'm goin' fo' de money.

LUCY. Den I 'll take dis. (*She takes up the guitar and she and Madison go toward door at back. Then she halts.*) Oh, Madison, you can do bofe. One of us has got to stay wif Uncle Williams. But take back de guitar first.

MADISON. All right. I 'll go. An' I ain't played on dis heah but twice. (*He takes the guitar from her.*)

LUCY. Go now. Can you fin' youah way to his porch in de dahk?

MADISON. Will we find de money? Dat 's de p'oblem I wants de anseh fo'.

(*LUCY opens door at back to go out. MADISON is at her side. Both start back. WILLIAMS stands before them in the open doorway.*)

LUCY (*haltingly, after a pause*). How—you like—de stove?

WILLIAMS (*entering more vigorously than before*). Well'm befo' we goes any funder we betteh come neareh de real p'int and question. I did n't come fo' no stove dis night. (*MADISON shrinks back into the shadows.*)

LUCY (*slowly*). Yo'—don'—wan'—

WILLIAMS. No'm. To be sho', I might tek de stove one er dese days, but dat ain' my erran' now. Hit 's dis; does you know when we mek de bargum about you buying dis heah house?

LUCY. Twelve yeah ago.

WILLIAMS. Gal, you dreamin'! 'T were n't but las' year. 'T were de fus' er Octobah las' year an' I say I gives you de refusals for one yeah. 'Membeh dat?

LUCY. Yassuh.

WILLIAMS. So fur so good. Now does you know what day de month dis is?

LUCY. Fus' er Octobah.

WILLIAMS. Dat 's true as preachin'. Well'm, time's up.

LUCY. What you mean?

WILLIAMS. I 'm er man er my wuhd. Pay me de money an' tek de house.

LUCY. Termorrer—

WILLIAMS. No. Termorrer won' do.

LUCY. Why you push me so? Oh, please spar' me an' wait—wait anutheh day.

WILLIAMS. No, I 'm er business man. I kin sell de house fer mo' money termorrer but I hold's to my wuhd ter sell it to you. I holds to it an' loses money, but it falls due dis day an' night an' I won' stretch it one jump er my hea't.

LUCY. You know—de bank—ain't open—

WILLIAMS. Sign de check fer hit. You kin do dat, cain't you?

LUCY. I—s'pose—I—kin.

WILLIAMS. Den up an' do hit. Heah's er check, all wrote out but de signin'. (*She takes the check he produces.*) An' heah 's one er dese fountum pins. (*She takes the pen.*) Octobeh fus'—pay to Zek'l Williams—eight hunderd dollahs. Des write "Lucy Sparrow." (*She mechanically turns to do so.*) Looks easy, sho'. But de law allows hit; dis writin' out money. (*He pauses, then adds impressively.*) Dat is, ef you got de money in de bank. Co'se ef de money ain' dah an' you writes de check fer hit de law puts you in State prism. (*She stops and stares at him. The pen falls from her hand and the check flutters to the floor.*) What de matteh? You wants de house, don' you? (*LUCY'S head sinks.*) An' you got de money, ain' you?

MADISON. Dat 's de question. (*He comes forward out of the shadow.*)

WILLIAM (*seemingly observing MADISON for the first time during the evening*). Why, heighyo, Madison. I bin lookin' fer you dis very evenin'. Whah you bin?

MADISON. Bin home.

WILLIAMS. Sho'ly not, Madison, sho'ly not all evenin'? Has you?

MADISON. Yes.

WILLIAMS. Well, ain' dat de whu'lygig? I wuz lookin' fer you at Pratt's sto' at eight o'clock an' day say you jes' lef' dah. You wuz dah, were n't you?

MADISON. No, suh.

WILLIAMS. Well, dere I am fool agin. An' who you think done fool me?

MADISON. Dunno.

WILLIAMS. Well suh, 't weren't no one but—(*He pauses a moment.*) Wilson Byrd.

LUCY. Byrd! (*Springing to her feet with the shock.*)

WILLIAMS (*after watching the two a moment*). So you ain' got de money no mo', is you? (*They are speechless before him.*) I knows you ain' ca'se I knows who has got hit.

MADISON (*involuntarily*). Who?

WILLIAMS. I has. (*He observes them and then chuckles softly.*) I has de money an' de bargum's closed, fer de goods is bin delivered an' dey 're right in dis room in dat corner. One guitar at eight hunderd dollahs. Instermments comes higher 'n what dey did once but you would have it an' now you got it an' everybody's fixed.

MADISON (*groaning and bending over the table*). Oh!

WILLIAMS. Yassuh, de man what buys guitars at dat price su'tinly plays on de golden strings. Eight hunderd fer one guitar makes 'm mighty near twenty thousand dollehs er dozen. De cos' er livin' is shore gone up but ef you mus' you mus'.

MADISON. Oh!

WILLIAMS. Well, I cain' stay heah, I got er be amblin' on. I much erblige ter you to mek youah plans to move out er heah fo' I got ter sell de house befo' sundown. Well, so long, an' I hopes you gits all de good er youah high price music. (*He turns again with his feeble old man's step toward the doorway, putting on his hat.*) I wish y' all good evenin'.

MADISON (*moving toward him with the threatening determination of despair*). Say, I 've got to have dat money. I sees red. I 'm gone bad an' I 'll kill befo' I 'll lose hit.

(WILLIAMS *suddenly turns with a swiftness and agility astounding in so old a man. Starting forward he confronts MADISON with such dominance and fire that he seems suddenly to tower.*)

WILLIAMS. You kill me! You tek money away from me! Why, you po' grain er chaff, you don' know me. I 'm a king in my own right. I got ways an' means er perrecktin' myse'f dat you don' even dream on an' I don' need to lay a finge on you to do hit. Furdermo' I could brain you wif dis stick but ef you cross me I won' be dat easy on you. Ef you don' wan wuss'n dat don' cross me no furder er youah troubles 'll begin fer fa'r.

LUCY. Oh, please don' lay nothin' on him.

WILLIAMS. You po' sufferin' gal, I won' lay nothin' onto 'im but I 'm to tek sumpin off'n you. I 'm goin' tek de burding er dish yere pack er laziness off'n you. An' fus' I wants ter show you dish yere piece er papeh. (*He produces a folded document and opens it.*) Does you know who wrote it? Answeh me. (*He shoves the paper under MADISON's eye.*)

MADISON. It looks like dat Wilson Byrd's writin'.

WILLIAMS. Yassuh, an' what's mo' it is dat man's writin'. It 's his confession dat he fo'ge Lucy Sparrow's

name. I saw dat man steal my guitar an' follered him home. Dah I grabbed him, dah I foun' de purse wif Lucy's name inside an' dah I made dat thief write out his confession. Knowed so much of his meanness already dat he had to do hit. An' now I owns you. Does you undehtan' dat? Answeh me.

MADISON. Yas suh, no suh.

WILLIAMS. Well, I 'll take 'n cl'ar up de myst'ry fer you. I got dis confession outer Byrd an' got other things ter prove hit an' I kin bring him an' you too, bofe befo' de gran' jury.

LUCY. Oh, my sweet Jesus, save him. (*The old man stands watching the two before him for some time in silence. Lucy falls on her knees before him.*) Oh, don't sen' Madison to de lawyers.

WILLIAMS. No, Lucy, I ain't wishful ter.

LUCY. You won't?

WILLIAMS. Mebbe not. But fus', les' put all dis talk aside dat I bin talkin' up to now. I bin puttin' on an' pretendin' in ordeh ter try you bofe an' sif' de chaff from grain in you. I des bin playin' wif you ter see how good you is an' how ornry dish yere man er youahn is. Yit I 'll take an' give him er chance even so, an' I 'll pluck him f'um he bu'nin' ef he follers de paf I p'int out ter him. But we all got ter have cl'ar unde'stan'in' 'bout dat. Fus' an' fo'mos' youah money is all safe wif me. De house is youah'n.

LUCY. You means you sell it fer de money.

WILLIAMS. In co'se. You did n't speck I 'd steal, too, like a w'ite man, did you? I 'll fetch you de deeds fo' hit fus' thing in de mo'nin'.

LUCY. Oh, fu'give me, I was all mix up. But you won' sen' Madison to de gran' jury neitheh?

WILLIAMS. I say I ain' honin' ter.

LUCY. Oh, my Makeh, I thank Thee fo' Thy mercy.

WILLIAMS. But I shorely goin' to put dis man er youah'n th'oo er tes' ter see whetheh he's fitten ter keep out er jail. Madison, will tek er tes'?

MADISON (*humbly*). Yassuh. What is it?

WILLIAMS. A guitar.

MADISON. A guitar!

WILLIAMS. Yassuh, dat's hit, no mo' ner no less. I'm goin' give you dat guitar — but — dere's suhtinly goin' to be a string tied to it. You kin take dat guitar, but you got to make somethin' outer yourself wif her or back she'll come to me. You kin give lessons an' learn folks music or you kin write down de music you make, but you got to do somethin' wif it fer Lucy. You got to wake up or I'll take de guitar. Which'll it be? Make youah choice.

MADISON (*crushed*). I'll—keep de guitar.

WILLIAMS. An' dat ain' all. You got ter quit runnin' wif Byrd an' Byrd wif you, you got ter be a better husband an' you got to min' everything Lucy tells you. Will you do hit?

MADISON. Yassuh.

WILLIAMS. An' you ain' much of er temp'unce man neitheh, is you, Madison?

MADISON. I's a temp'unce man but I ain' no frantic.

WILLIAMS. Well, suh, you got ter jine de frantics now. No dram drinking at all. Will you quit hit er go ter jail?

MADISON. I'll quit.

WILLIAMS. Well, dat's on'y a promise but I'll shore hol' you to hit er put you behin' de bahs. Why, look heah, man, does you know how you stan' pon top er dis yu'th? Does you know how you liken to er tree? S'posin' sumpin' wif er cool eye like er tree could see you an talk. I cain'

judge you ca'm but er tree could. Tree would look at you and say, "Does dat 'ere man wu'k?" Win' 'ud wispeh, "No." "Do he eat?" "Yas 'n git fat," respon' de win'. "Who shines on him?" "His wife," win' say. "Do he put fo'th flower an' bless de wife?" say de tree. "No." "Do he give shade an' shelteh ter de wife?" say de tree. "No." Well, chop 'm down an' bu'n him befo' he rots," say de tree. "Dat 's all." But mebbly I kin mek mo' of him dan dat an' so I 'll try prunin' him an' graftin' some good labe' onto him. An' I kin' er think hit 'll sabe him yit. Well'm, I must be er goin' now. Hit 's late an' I must git my res' fer I got to do a lot er bossin' termorrer an' dat 's allers ha'd fer me. Lucy, I 'll fetch you de deeds ter de house befo' nine termorrer an' Madison, you kin repo't to me at eight o'clock sha'p an' give my little boy a lesson on de guitar. You 'll be dah, won't you?

MADISON (*meekly*). Yassuh.

WILLIAMS. Ready to whu'l in an' scratch.

MADISON. Yassuh.

WILLIAMS. Well, den, les' all shek han's on de noo nes' an' de noo aig. (*They shake hands. He puts on his hat and turns to the door.*)

An' dat remin's me, Lucy, you better tell Madison to play on dat guitar a plenty tonight because he 'll need music fer to stan' up undeh all de lessons I 'm goin' to lay onto him. Well, I wish you good night. I'm er gittin' kin'er ole an' I cain' stay up late no mo' without bein' crosser in de mornin'. Good night den an' far' you well bofe. Eight o'clock, Madison. Good night. (*He goes, closing the door after him. The pair stand silent for a moment, MADISON with hanging head and in deep dejection.*)

LUCY (*throwing her arms around him*). Oh, my husban', I 'll pray fer you. Don' sorrer now. Git youah res'

tonight. We kin be hones' now. We 've got de house at las' an heah's de guitar.

MADISON. Yassuh, heah's de guitar. (*He plays it and fondles it. Then his face assumes again its melancholy look.*)

LUCY. What's de trouble?

MADISON. I don' undestan' dis worl'. If I wants to make music why cain't folks lemme alone to make music? If I dream a fine dream why is it I always wake up? Looks to me like somebody 's always tryin' to crowd me out an' git me in a tight place.

LUCY. You wuz doin' all right till you got mix up wif dat white man an' his tricks. De trouble wuz dat dis dream of youah's wuz n't a good dream.

MADISON. Yes, but not all of my dreams is bad ones. All I wants is room to dream my good dreams an' make my own music.

Ridgely Torrence.

SPOILING THE BROTH¹

(*Characters*)

MRS. CHANCE (*a widow about thirty-eight*).

JOEY CHANCE (*her son, a youth about seventeen*).

DAVID WELLS (*the lodger, about the same age as Mrs. Chance*).

'MELIA HAMMOND (*a factory girl*).

SCENE: *Mrs. Chance's kitchen; fire L, doors C and R, dresser RC, kitchen table C, chairs L, against wall and at back; plates and dishes, &c. on dresser, clock on chimney piece, saucepan simmering on the fire.*

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(Cockney Dialect)

(JOEY CHANCE, a loutish looking youth of between sixteen and seventeen, is sitting in chair by the fire, gazing at the clock and looking very sick. He holds in his hand a small bottle with the cork out.)

JOEY. Quarter to six—time for another dose. (*Lifts bottle to his lips, then removes it and reads label.*) No, it wants just a minute to the quarter. The bloke says as how I must be exact. (*Reads.*) “Love Potion spershully compounded for Joseph Chance, by Professor Swornorff, the inventor of the unrivalled anti-drink powder, one dose should be taken exactly twenty-four hours after a rift ’as occurred between lovers”—yuss, at ’arf pas’ five lars night ’Melia ’Ammond gave me the go bye for Bert Green, becos ’e ’ad a gallery pass giv’ ’im for the ’ippodrome. I ’d like to knock ’is silly ’ead orf if ’e wos n’t ’arf a foot bigger ’n me. I took the first dose at ’arf pas’ five exack. “Second dose to be taken fifteen minutes later, and the third fifteen minutes after that, each one calling on the name of the beloved one.” (*Raises bottle.*) ’Melia ’Ammond, I looks towards yer, as I ’opes yer ’eart may be turned towards me. (*Drinks.*) Of all the beastly—— (*Half chokes.*) Oh, ’Melia, wot I ’m goin’ through fer you!—Ugh! (*Subsides in the chair looking sicker than ever.*)

(MRS. CHANCE, a bright cheery looking woman, bustles in with a bag for marketing on her arm.)

MRS. CHANCE. Joey?—Joey?—Bless the boy, where can he be.

JOEY (*still feeling sick and sorry from the effects of the love potion.*) ’Ere.

MRS. CHANCE (*taking parcels from bag and putting them on dresser.*) Is that a way to speak to yer mother?—

An' I 've bought a bit extry fer our supper, seein' as it 's yer birfday.

JOEY (*limply*.) 'As yer?

MRS. CHANCE. There's as nice a bit of pickled pork as yer could wish to see, an' some winkles an' a nice fat bit of 'am.

JOEY (*looking as if the mere mention of the things were more than he could stand*). Is there?

MRS. CHANCE. Well I never, now!—what 's up with you, Joey! what 'ave you been an' done? (*Comes down to a little L. of table.*)

JOEY (*sulkily*). Nothin' . I ain't a bin doin' nothin'. Wot should I 'a bin a doin' of?

MRS. CHANCE (*anxiously*). You ain't bin roun' to the "Seven Stars" agin, 'ave yer, Joey?

JOEY. Wot if I 'ad? I'm a man, ain't I?

MRS. CHANCE. Gettin' on that way, but oh, Joey, don't you go and take to the drink. It would nearly break my 'eart. You must remember 'ow yer father, pore feller—(*wiping her eyes*). But there, 'e 's dead——

JOEY. Yus, a good job——

MRS. CHANCE (*horrified*). Joey! (*Pauses in her work of arranging dishes.*)

JOEY. Fer 'im! (*Rises and slouches to the door.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Now don't yer go away in a temper, Joey. I 'm yer mother, an—an—I wants to see yer grow up a steady respeckable young man like——

JOEY (*chanting*). "Our lodger 's sech a nice young man, a nice young man is 'e." I don' think.

MRS. CHANCE. I'm sure Mr. Wells 'as bin a real blessing to us, an' wot I should 'ave done without 'is little bit of rent coming in as reglar as clockwork, I don' know. It 's a great thing fer you, Joey, 'aving sech a good example in front of yer.

JOEY. 'Ere 'e is, since yer thinks sech a lot on him.

(Enter DAVID WELLS, a well set up, fine specimen of the British working man; he carries a carpenter's bag.)

DAVID. Evenin', Mrs. Chance. Evenin', Joey. (*Hangs up cap.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Good evenin', Mr. Wells.

JOEY (*sulkily*). Evenin'. (*He slouches to the door.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Where are yer goin', Joey?

JOEY. Aht. (*Exits scowling at DAVID.*)

DAVID. Wot 's up?

MRS. CHANCE. Per'aps the pore boy ain't well. There 's a lot of that nasty inferlenzera abaht. I 'll make the boy some nice gruel fer 'is supper, like wot I did when he was a little lad. (*Takes oatmeal from tin on dresser, mixing and stirring with water in saucepan, which she then sets on hob.*) 'E did n't seem to fancy anything that I 'ad bought. Fair turned up 'is nose at the pickled pork, and the winkles didn't seem to attract 'im neither.

DAVID. Yer spoilin' that lad, that 's wot yer doin'.

MRS. CHANCE. It 's hard not to. 'E 's all I 've got to spoil an' do for. I 'm one of those that must 'ave sutthin' or someone to fuss after, an' 'e 's all I 've got. Bless the man, what ever are you starin' at me for like that. Yer can smoke if yer wants to.

DAVID (*taking his pipe out and filling it mechanically, much too shy to say at the moment what he wants to*). Thank you, Mrs. Chance.

MRS. CHANCE. I 'm not one to mind the smell of a pipe. Out of the way please, Mr. Wells, I just want to put this on the 'ob. I don't 'old with objectin' to this an' that an' the other that don't really matter. (*Puts on saucepan.*) But I 'm sorry as you thinks I 'm spoilin' Joey, but 'e 's got such a way with 'im; just like 'is father's w'en 'e happened to be sober.

DAVID. Them as drinks often 'as ways with 'em that them as does n't would give a month's earnin's to 'ave. Ways of sayin' things that——

MRS. CHANCE. That you 'as n't, Mr. Wells. You 're a bit late tonight, ain't you, fer Saturday? (*Crosses to dresser and goes on preparing.*)

DAVID (*nervously fidgeting with something in the bag*). Yer see, it's Joey's birthday——

MRS. CHANCE. An' you been buyin' 'im a present. Well, I do take it kind of you!

DAVID (*cooly*). It ain't exactly fer 'im—it 's fer you. You 're a givin' 'im presents all the time, and it don't seem fair—so I bought this! (*displays with pride a blue glass vase*).

MRS. CHANCE. Ain't it beautiful! But you didn't ought to waste yer money like this; you'll be thinkin' of getting married one of these days. A nice bright bit of colour this 'll make on the chimney, won't it?

DAVID. I 'd have liked to make it something more—more personal like. A—a brooch or a ring, only I did n't rightly feel sure 'ow you 'd take it! But that is a bit tasty now, ain't it?

MRS. CHANCE. Tasty! It 's fit for a palace.

DAVID. Glad I 've been able to 'it off your fancy in this little matter—I wish as I might in some other. (*With an outburst of confidence.*)

MRS. CHANCE. I 'm sure Joey 'll like it. I likes to keep the 'ome bright and 'appy for 'im, pore lamb, it may 'elp to keep 'im away from the "Seven Stars" or that there 'Melia 'Ammond, what's always a lookin' after 'im.

DAVID. Calf love; don't you worry, 'e 'll outgrow it. We all goes through it, but it don't 'ardly ever last. It 's different with older people. Mrs. Chance.

MRS. CHANCE. It's the "Seven Stars" I mind most about. (*Turns the vase up.*) W'y; it's all full of 'ay! The stuff it's bin packed in, I suppose. I'll go and wash it out. (*Exit R.*)

DAVID. I'll go and 'ave a wash and brush up fer supper. H'm, goin' on the loose, are yer, Joey; breakin' yer mother's 'eart. I'll soon put a stop to that. (*Takes small packet from his pocket and reads directions.*) "Professor Swornorff, the distinguished Russian Physician completely destroys the drink habit, by the use of his unrivalled powder. Three packets usually complete a cure. Dissolve 'arf a packet at each meal in the patient's food." (*Looks round cautiously.*) 'Ere goes. 'Arf a packet! (*Putting powder in saucepan.*) Blest if it ain't all gone in! Maybe it will cure 'im all the quicker. (*Stirs.*)

(*Enter MRS. CHANCE, R. drying vase.*)

MRS. CHANCE. So you ain't gone yet.

DAVID. I thought as 'ow the gruel was goin' to boil over! (*Stirring.*)

MRS. CHANCE. There's not many men so thoughtful as you, Mr. Wells. Don't your present look beautiful, now it's clean. (*Puts vase on chimney piece.*)

DAVID. I shall be more of a match for it by supper time. (*Goes to door R. then returns.*) Mrs. Chance!

MRS. CHANCE. Yes, Mr. Wells?

DAVID (*with some nervousness*). Supposin' it 'ad bin a ring I'd brought, would you ha' took it?

MRS. CHANCE (*slowly*). There's Joey to be thought of, Mr. Wells. (*Comes c.*)

DAVID. 'E's earnin' 'is own money now, ain't 'e? Eighteen shillin' a week 'e gets, don't 'e? 'E could live 'ere with us just the same. I'm a steady chap on the 'ole, Sarah!

MRS. CHANCE (*thoughtfully and with a touch of emotion*). Yes; you 've been steady enough all the time you 've been 'ere.

DAVID. Three years come Christmas. It was a lucky day for me when I saw the card in your window, "Lodgings for a respectable single man."

MRS. CHANCE (*turning towards him half shyly*). And I think it was a lucky day for me.

DAVID (*embracing her*). Sarah! (*He holds her away from him and looks at her laughingly.*) Church or Registry?

MRS. CHANCE. Church, please, David. I always did hold with Church; it 's more stylish like.

DAVID. Then to-morrow three weeks, Sarah?

MRS. CHANCE. Well, you are in an 'urry! But I don't mind.

DAVID. Rahnd I goes to the Vicarage after supper! Nah, that 's settled—Sarah! (*Tenderly.*)

MRS. CHANCE (*pushing him off laughing*). You go away and let me get supper ready. (*Bustles about.*)

DAVID (*returning*). So that I 'll get round to the Vicarage the sooner.

MRS. CHANCE. Oh, get along with you.

(*Exit DAVID, R. MRS. CHANCE bustles about singing to herself; stirs the contents of the saucepan and is laying the table when JOEY returns more miserable than ever, with his cap well pulled down over his left eye. He slouches over to the fire and sits staring into it.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Back again, Joey.

JOEY. Yus.

MRS. CHANCE. Supper 's almost ready.

JOEY. Don't want no supper.

MRS. CHANCE. I do 'ope it ain't the inferlenza, Joey. (*Anxiously.*)

JOEY (*pulling his cap down more firmly*). No, it ain't.

MRS. CHANCE. I'm cookin' a little something special for you in that there saucepan; you just give it a stir now an' then to keep it from burnin', while I puts this lettuce under the tap to fresh it up a bit. (*Exit R.*)

JOEY (*stirs the gruel obediently, then seeing he is alone takes the small bottle from his pocket and pours the contents in*). P'raps it won't taste so filthy in sutthin' else. 'Melia 'Ammond, be mine, and give Bert Green the chuck! —is what I wish.

(*Enter DAVID cleaned and tidied, R.*)

DAVID. Sarah, old girl, I've just thought——

JOEY. 'Oo are you callin' Sarah! If it's my mother, I'd 'ave you to know——

DAVID. Of course it's 'er.

JOEY. I don't see as there's no "in course" about it.

DAVID. W'y, ain't she told yer——

JOEY. No, she ain't told me. Wot can she 'ave to tell me abaht you?

DAVID. Why, that she an' me are goin' to be married.

JOEY (*utterly amazed*). What! An old woman like 'er?

DAVID (*stoutly*). She ain't old! She's goin' to be my old woman—but she ain't old! An' she's yer mother an' don't you fergit it, or I'll come the 'eavy father over yer, my lad.

JOEY. Oh, you will, will yer? An' if yer marries 'er, w'ere am I to bring my missus w'en I marries, eh?

DAVID. You're too young to marry yet awhile, Joey; I don't approve o' these young marriages. You wait till you're my age, my lad.

JOEY (*squaring up to him fiercely*). An' you jolly well keep your blooming advice till you're asked for it.

(*Enter MRS. CHANCE with the lettuce on a plate. She looks at the two men amazed, but tactfully takes no notice.*)

MRS. CHANCE. 'Ere 's the lettuce, an' now we can all sit down nice an' comferble to supper. Bless me, if I ain't forgot the beer!

DAVID (*taking jug from dresser*). I 'll go round and get some.

MRS. CHANCE (*aside*). 'Ave yer told 'im?

DAVID (*aside*). Yus. Don't you fret, it 'll be all right. (*Aloud.*) Shan't be long, Sarah. (*Exit c.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Quite a nice birthday party for yer, Joey, if you was n't so poorly.

JOEY (*his arms on chimney piece and head bent*). Can't yer leave a fellow alone, mother? (*Goes RC. slowly.*)

MRS. CHANCE (*L. of table*). Well, well; I can understand you feelin' it a bit. But I don't care any the less for yer, Joey, an' don't yer never think it. (*Comes to him, putting her hands on his shoulders.*) An' some day, maybe, you 'll be gettin' married to some nice steady respec'able girl, an' we can all live together as 'appy an' comferble. (*Removes his cap and touches his hair tenderly.*) W'y, wotever 'ave yer been doin'; not fightin', 'ave yer?

JOEY (*who has winced at her touch on the bruise*). Yus.

MRS. CHANCE. Not—not with David? (*Anxiously.*)

JOEY. Nah, chap in the street.

MRS. CHANCE. W'y? What 'ad 'e done? You did n't ought to be so suddent like as you are, Joey. (*Gets basin of water and towel from dresser.*)

JOEY (*gruffly*). 'E said as 'ow I did n't know enough to keep 'er. An' all the time it only was 'e 'd been give two gallery passes for the 'Ippidrome.

MRS. CHANCE. 'Oos 'er? Not that feather 'eaded 'ussy, 'Melia 'Ammond?

JOEY. Now don't you go saying nothin' against 'Melia. One o' these days I 'm goin' to marry 'er.

MRS. CHANCE. Sit there an' keep yer 'ead still w'ile I

bathes it. (*Pushes JOEY into chair, RC.*) First time I've heard o' you gettin' married.

JOEY. Well, it won't be the last. I 'm—I'm goin' to marry 'Melia if—if I dies for it. So there!

MRS. CHANCE. Bless the boy! W'y can't you keep yer 'ead still.

JOEY. You need n't think you 're the only one as can do things on the quiet!

MRS. CHANCE. There—there, Joey, don't say that! I 'd as it were not known, an' yet I 'ad known for a long time—but it won't make no difference between you an' me. That I promise.

JOEY (*completely immersed in his own affairs*). I believe I 'd take poison to win a kind glance from 'Melia. (*Glances at broth.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Now don't you go talkin' like those silly poetry books. An' so it 's because of 'Melia you 'its out at this chap in the street. 'Oo was it ?

JOEY. Bert Green, what 'olds the Bantam lightweight medal of the Camberwell Beauties.

MRS. CHANCE (*admiringly*). Well, you are a good plucked 'un! Not that I 'olds with fightin', mind yer, Joey. An' so you ups an' 'its 'im?

JOEY. Yus. Leastways, I 'its at 'im. But 'e was too suddent like fer me.

MRS. CHANCE. Pore feller! (*Putting basin on side.*) There, you 'll do now. You shall 'ave a drop of gin in yer supper to-night.

JOEY (*goes to fire and stirs the gruel*). I dunno as I wants it.

(*Enter DAVID with beer. He puts the jug on the table.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Oh, yus yer do; there's nothin' like a drop of gin w'en yer not feelin' quite the thing.

DAVID. D 'you think 'e 'd better, mother? (*Anxiously.*)

Not if 'e don't want it? It 's no use forcin' the pore feller as it were.

MRS. CHANCE (*cheerfully*). 'E don't want no forcin'. Do yer, Joey? You just 'ave a little drop to give the gruel a taste.

JOEY (*shivering*). I—dunno—I—I think it 'll do very well as it is. Taste and all.

MRS. CHANCE. Oh, nonsense; you ought to 'ave it to sort of drink our 'ealths. Me and David 'll drink yours in the supper beer. (*Pours the gruel into small bowl and sets it on table R.*) You 'll carve the pork, David. (*Pours gin into gruel.*) Now we 'll all sit up to the table and be the 'appiest and jolliest little party in Camberwell. (*They sit at table: MRS. CHANCE C., DAVID L., JOEY R.*)

DAVID. 'Ave a slice of pork, Joey? It looks first rate. (*Carving.*)

JOEY (*who has tasted the gruel cautiously but with determination*). No; I think—I—I don't want anything else. I 'll sit by the fire and drink this. (*Sits L., drinking the gruel with every appearance of heroic determination and distaste.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Sorry you feel so porely, Joey. Well, you 'ave given me a large 'elpin', Mr. Wells.

DAVID. David!

MRS. CHANCE (*coquettishly*). David!

DAVID (*gallantly*). I 'elps yer, as I loves yer—Sarah!

MRS. CHANCE. Well, I never knew such a feller as you are for sayin' things. My *old old* man never did. (*Helps him to salad.*)

DAVID. 'Ere, whoa! 'Old on a bit; don't you givin' me all the garden stuff. Wot do you say to goin' to the Empire or the Palace this evenin'?

MRS. CHANCE. Oh, David; that would be nice!

DAVID. Stalls, second 'ouse.

MRS. CHANCE (*firmly*). No, David, no extravagance. Upper circle, first 'ouse. Oh, it will be nice; I do like a music 'all. I thinks it 's just like 'eaven, an' with you there, too!

DAVID. If we goes to-night, we goes to stalls. I want to show the fellers what bloomin' fatheads they were to leave a jolly little woman like you a widow for so long.

MRS. CHANCE. I could n't ha' married befor', because of Joey; but now 'e 's grown up, an' it 's different. Oh, David, I am glad you came to stay 'ere as a respec'able single man! (*Cries a little.*)

DAVID. There, there! There's nothin' to cry about, you silly. 'Ere, 'ave a drop of beer. (*Pouring out beer.*) We 'll all drink your 'ealth. 'Ere, Joey! (*Going to him with glass.*) Drink our good 'ealth; an' when your time comes, we 'll do the same by you.

(JOEY, who has sunk into a state of unconsciousness, naturally returns no answer.)

MRS. CHANCE. W'y don't you answer, Joey? Yer not sulking, are yer?

DAVID (*standing behind and a little above JOEY*). I—I think he 's asleep—Mother. (*Nervously.*)

MRS. CHANCE. Asleep! Wake up, Joey, and drink our 'ealths. (*Shaking him.*)

DAVID (*nervously*). W'at—w'at 's come to 'im, do you think?

MRS. CHANCE. Blest if I know! Joey—Joey— What 's wrong with you?

(JOEY rolls on to the floor.)

DAVID. P'raps 'e 's 'ad a drop too much. You did give 'im a good drop of gin for 'is cold.

MRS. CHANCE. W'y 'is 'ead 's stronger than that, pore

lamb. 'Ere, let 's loose 'is neck cloth. Joey—Joey— Don't you 'ear me? (*Pause. Then with a sudden inspiration picks up the bowl and tastes the contents.*) Ugh! Run for the doctor! 'E 's poisoned! My Joey 's poisoned!

DAVID (*staggering back against the table*). What! I never meant no 'arm! That I did n't! They 're guaranteed 'armless!

MRS. CHANCE. Oh, Joey; my pore Joey! You 've pizened 'im. You 'ave, I can see it in your fice. 'Ow did yer do it? (*Kneeling L.*)

DAVID (*kneeling R. of JOEY*). 'Is 'eart 's all right!

MRS. CHANCE. You get away! 'Ow did you do it, you—you—oh! An' I thought you so respec'able! 'Ow did yer do it?

DAVID (*repeats miserably*). They was guaranteed 'armless.

MRS. CHANCE (*angrily*). 'Ow, don't keep on sayin' that! Wot was?

DAVID. Professor Swornorff's unrivalled Drink Cure. 'Ere 's another packet, yer can see for yerself. Sarah, I knoo 'ow worritted yer was sometimes because 'e seemed to 'ave a bit of a likin' for a drop, an'—an' by accident I give 'im an 'ole packet in 'is gruel instead of 'alf. That 's all.

MRS. CHANCE. If my Joey dies, I 'll never speak to you again as long as I live.

DAVID. 'E ain't dead, not 'im. Look, 'is colour 's comin' back.

JOEY (*groaning and sitting up very dazed*). 'Melia!

MRS. CHANCE (*clasping him in her arms*). My boy! My boy!

JOEY (*embracing her fervently*). 'Melia! Then the spell 's worked! Oh, 'Melia!

MRS. CHANCE. Oh, 'e 's raving!

DAVID. That ain't 'Melia, it 's your mother you 've got 'old of. Stop it!

JOEY. 'Melia! (*Listening.*)

(*Loud rap at door c.*)

JOEY. That 's 'Melia! The potion 's brought 'er 'ere! Let 'er in. (*Rises.*)

MRS. CHANCE (*almost sobbing*). 'E 's gone dotty! Joey dear, that ain't 'Melia; it 's just yer ain't feelin' quite right in yer 'ead.

DAVID (*awestruck*). There is someone there.

(*Rap repeated, and almost without a pause* 'MELIA 'AMMOND, a smart handsome girl in a furious temper, bounces in.)

'MELIA. Well, Mrs. Chance, I do think as w'en a lidy comes to see another lidy, as the fust lidy might do 'er the favour of tiking a little notice on 'er.

MRS. CHANCE. Joey ain't very well, an'—

'MELIA (*continuing*).—but it 's only w'at I should expect of the mother of *that*. (*Contemptuously.*)

JOEY. 'Melia, you 'ave come.

'MELIA. Shut yer silly fice till I 've done talkin'.

MRS. CHANCE. Out o' my 'ouse, you 'og! Call yorself a lidy, you owdacious—

'MELIA. Oh, I 'm goin' fast enough, Mrs. Chance, when I 've said what I wants to say to Mr. Joey Chance there.

JOEY (*feebly*). 'Melia!

'MELIA. Miss 'Ammond if you please; and I 'll thank you not to speak to me in future. I 'll tike it as a personal insult if yer does. Yer miserable little presumin' worm.

DAVID. 'Old 'ard now, Miss 'Ammond! Wot 's the good of callin' names.

'MELIA (*with great contempt*). This ain't no concern of

yours, and I 'll thank you not to open your mouth in case yer puts yer foot in it.

MRS. CHANCE. Now look 'ere, Miss 'Ammond, this is my 'ouse and——

'MELIA. An' you look 'ere, Mrs. Chance, I 'll say wat I came to say, if I stops 'ere a week. (*To JOEY.*) Wot call 'ad you to go 'itting of my bloke?

JOEY (*apologetically*). 'Melia! I—Oh, lor, my 'ead! (*Rocking.*)

'MELIA. Keep still—yer gives me the fidgets!

JOEY. Yes, 'Melia! (*Sits on arm of chair, LC.*)

'MELIA. It was a piece of imperence, that 's wat it wos! Blooming imperence, and don't you dare to speak to me again, so there. A little miserable shrimp like you to go a 'ittin' of the Bantam Lightweight Medal 'older of the Camberwell Beauties! Yah!

DAVID. You must say as it was plucky, Miss 'Ammond.

'MELIA. Plucky! Just foolishness and conceit—and I don't 'old with such! I 've done with 'im. (*Jerking her head at JOEY.*)

JOEY (*pulling himself together*). An'—an' I 'm done with you, 'Melia 'Ammond. Keep wot I 've gived yer towards yer feather club, an' go out with yer Bantam if yer likes. As for me, I 'll smash up that old Professor Swornorff——

DAVID. Swornorff! I 'll help yer.

JOEY. —An' 'is 'ole bag of tricks, if I does a six months' stretch for it! 'Ere 'ave I 'arf poisoned myself with this 'ere blooming love charm. (*Holding up bottle.*)

DAVID. Eh?

MRS. CHANCE. Joey? (*Simultaneously with DAVID.*)

JOEY. —Wot was to make you care for me, 'Melia.

'MELIA (*with a touch of remorse*). I always knew you was soft, Joey.

JOEY. I ain't soft no longer. I 'm as 'ard as you are.

MRS. CHANCE. An' now per'aps you 'll go, Miss 'Ammond. (*Opens door.*) 'Aving got wot you comed to say off your chest.

'MELIA. Yes, I 'm goin'.

JOEY. An' I 'opes yer 'll enjoy the 'Ippidrome. (*With repressed emotion.*)

'MELIA. I 'opes so, Mr. Chance.

JOEY. An' w'en I 'm in quod for smashin' up Swornorff and 'is stall, I 'opes you 'll enjoy the thoughts of that. It might even come to murder. (*Hitching his collar suggestively.*)

'MELIA (*turning back*). Oh, Joey, no! No, yer would n't. Oh, Joey, not that—please Joey.

JOEY. You 've made me 'ard, and 'ard I stays!

'MELIA. But not murder! I did n't think it of you, Joey. Oh, yer can't. Oh, Joey; I 'd never forgive myself if you went and got stretched for a measley foreigner! Oh! Oh! (*Flings her arms round him.*)

JOEY (*embracing her*). 'Melia! Cheer up! Yer goin' to stick to me?

'MELIA. Yus, Joey. (*Sobbing.*)

DAVID. Seems as if there might be some good in that there potion arter all!

Bertha N. Graham.

"THE PHILOSOPHER OF BUTTERBIGGENS"¹

(Characters)

DAVID PIRNIE

LIZZIE, *his daughter.*JOHN BELL, *his son-in-law.*ALEXANDER, *JOHN'S little son.*

JOHN BELL'S tenement at Butterbiggens* consists of the very usual "two rooms, kitchen and bath," a concealed bed in the parlour and another in the kitchen, enabling him to house his family—consisting of himself, his wife, his little son, and his aged father-in-law—therein. The kitchen and living room is a good-sized square room. The right wall (our right as we look at it) is occupied by a huge built-in dresser, sink, and coal bunker; the left wall by a high-mantled, ovened and boilered fireplace, the recess on either side of which contains a low painted cupboard. Over the far cupboard hangs a picture of a ship, but over the near one is a small square window. The far wall has two large doors in it, that on the right leading to the lobby, and that on the left appertaining to the old father-in-law's concealed bed.

The walls are distempered² a brickish red. The ceiling once was white. The floor is covered with bright linoleum and a couple of rag rugs—one before the fire

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²Distempered—calcimined.

* Butterbiggens is a suburb of Glasgow.

—a large one—and one smaller one before the door of the concealed bed.

A deal table is just to R. of center, a long flexible gas bracket depending from the ceiling above it. Another many-jointed gas-bracket projects from the middle of the high mantle-piece, its flame turned down towards the stove. There are wooden chairs at the table, above, below, and to L. of it—the latter chair being in the centre. A high-backed easy-chair is above the fire, a kitchen elbow chair below it.

The kitchen is very tidy. A newspaper newly fallen to the rug before the fire and another—an evening one—spread flat on the table are (besides a child's mug and plate also on the table) the only things not stowed in their prescribed places. It is evening—the light beyond the little square window being the grey dimness of a long Northern twilight which slowly deepens during the play. When the curtain rises it is still light enough in the room for a man to read if the print be not too faint and his eyes be good. The warm light of the fire leaps and flickers through the grey, showing up with exceptional clearness the deep-lined face of old DAVID PIRNIE, who is discovered half-risen from his arm-chair above the fire, standing on the hearth-rug, his body bent and his hand on the chair arm. He is a little feeble old man with a well-shaped head and weather-beaten face set off by a grizzled beard and whiskers wiry and vigorous in curious contrast to the wreath of snowy hair that encircles his head. His upper lip is shaven. He wears an old suit—the waistcoat of which being unbuttoned shows an old flannel shirt. His slippers are low at the heel and his socks loose at the ankles.

The old man's eyes are fixed appealingly on those of his daughter, who stands in the half-open door, her grasp on the handle, meeting his look squarely—a straight-browed, black-haired, determined young woman of six or seven and twenty. Her husband, JOHN, seated at the table in his shirt-sleeves, with his head in his hands, reads hard at the paper and tries to look unconcerned.

DAVID. Aw—but Lizzie!

LIZZIE (*with splendid firmness*). It's nae use, Feyther. I'm no gaein' to gie in to the wean.¹ Ye've been tellin' yer stories to him nicht after nicht for dear knows how long and he's gettin' to expect them.

DAVID. Why should he no' expect them?

LIZZIE. It disna do for weans to count on things so. He's layin' up a sad disappointment for himself yin o' these days.

DAVID. He's gettin' a sad disappointment the no'. Och, come on, Lizzie! I'm no' gaein' to die just yet an' ye can break him off gradually when I begin to look like to.

LIZZIE. Wha's talkin' of yer diein', Feyther?

DAVID. Ye were speakin' o' the disappointment he was layin' up for himself if he got to count on me.

LIZZIE. I was na thinkin' o' yer diein', Feyther—only—it's no guid for a bairn——

DAVID. Where's the harm in my giein' him a bit story before he gangs tae his bed?

LIZZIE. I'm no' sayin there's ony harm in it this yinst² Feyther; but it's no richt to gae on nicht after nicht wi' never a break——

¹ Wean or bairn, small child.

² Yinst = once.

DAVID. Whit wey is it no richt if ther 's nae harm in it?

LIZZIE. It 's giein' in to the wean.

DAVID. Whit wey should ye no' gie in to him if there 's nae harm in it?

LIZZIE (*keeping her patience with difficulty*). Because it gets him into the habit.

DAVID. But why should he no' get into the habit if there 's no harm in it?

(JOHN, *at the table, chuckles*. LIZZIE *gives him a look, but he meets it not.*)

LIZZIE. Really, Feyther, ye micht be a wean yerself ye 're that persistent.

DAVID. No, Lizzie, I 'm no' persistent. I 'm reasonin' wi' ye. Ye said there was nae harm in my tellin' him a wee bit story an' now ye say I 'm not to because it 'll get him into the habit, an' what I 'm asking ye is where 's the harm o' his gettin' into the habit if there 's nae harm in it?

LIZZIE. Oh, aye; ye can be gay clever, twisting the words in my mouth, Feyther; but richt 's richt, and wrang 's wrang for a' yer cleverness.

DAVID (*earnestly*). I 'm no' bein' clever ava,¹ Lizzie—no' the noo—I 'm just trying to make ye see that if ye admit there 's nae harm in a thing ye canna say there 's ony harm in it an' (*pathetically*)—I 'm wantin' to tell wee Alexander a bit story before he gangs to his bed.

JOHN (*aside to her*). Och, wumman——

LIZZIE. T'ts, John, ye 'd gie in tae onybody if they were just persistent enough.

JOHN. He 's an auld man.

LIZZIE (*really exasperated*). I ken fine he 's an auld man, John, and ye 're a young yin, an' Alexander 's gaein' to be

¹ Ava = at all.

anither, an' I 'm a lone wumman among the lot o' ye. But I 'm no' gaein' to gie in to——

JOHN (*bringing a fresh mind to bear upon the argument*). Efter a', Lizzie, there 's nae harm——

LIZZIE (*almost with a scream of anger*). Och! Now you 've staired, have you? Harm! Harm! Harm! You 're talkin' about *harm* and I 'm talking about richt and wrang. You 'd see your son grow up a drunken keelie an' mebbe a thief an' a murderer so long as you could say there was nae harm in it.

DAVID (*expostulating with some cause*). But I cudna say there was nae harm in that, Lizzie, an' I wudna. Only when there 's nae harm——

LIZZIE. Och!! (*Exits off to the cause of the trouble*). Are ye in yer bed yet, Alexander? (*Shuts door with a click*.)

DAVID. (*Standing on hearthrug and shaking his head more in sorrow than in anger*). She 's no' reasonable, ye ken, John, she disna argue fair. I 'm no' complainin o' her mither, but it 's a wee bit thing hard that the only twa women I 've known to be really chatty an' argumentative with should have been just like that. An' me that fond o' women's society. (*He lowers himself into his chair*.)

JOHN. They 're all like it.

DAVID (*judicially*). I wudna go sae far as to say that, John. Ye see I 've only kent they twa to study carefully—an it 's no fair to judge the whole sex by just the twa examples an' it were—(*running on*) but it 's gey hard an' I was wantin' to tell wee Alexander a special fine story the nicht. (*Removes glasses and blinks his eyes*.) Aweel!!

JOHN (*comforting*). Mebbe the morn——

DAVID. If it 's no' richt the nicht it 'll be no' richt the morn's nicht.

JOHN. Ye canna say that, Feyther. It wasna wrang last nicht.

DAVID (*bitterly*). Mebbe it was an' Lizzie had no' found it out.

JOHN. Ah, noo, Feyther, dinna get saurcastie.

DAVID (*between anger and tears, weakly*). I canna help it. I 'm black affronted. I was wantin' to tell wee Alexander a special fine story the nicht an' now here 's Lizzie wi' her richt 's richt an' wrang 's wrang. Och! There 's no reason in the women.

JOHN. We has to gie in to them, though.

DAVID. Aye. That 's why.

(*There is a pause. The old man picks up his paper again and settles his glasses on his nose. JOHN rises and with a spill from the mantelpiece lights the gas there, which he then bends to throw the light to the old man's advantage.*)

DAVID. Thank ye, John. Do ye hear him?

JOHN (*erect on hearth rug*). Who?

DAVID. Wee Alexander.

JOHN. No.

DAVID. Greetin' his heart out.

JOHN. Och, he 's no' greetin'. Lizzie 's wi' him.

DAVID. I ken fine Lizzie's wi' him, but he 's greetin' for a' her. He was wantin' to hear yon story o' the kelpies up to Cross Hill wi' the tram—— (*breaking his mood impatiently*). Och!

JOHN (*crossing to table and lighting up there*). It 's gettin' dark gey early. We 'll shin be haein' tea by the gas.

DAVID (*rustling his paper*). Aye. (*Suddenly.*) There never was a female philosopher, ye ken, John.

JOHN. Was there no?

DAVID. No. (*Angrily in a gust.*) An' there never will be! (*Then more calmly.*) An' yet there 's an awful lot of philosophy about women, John.

JOHN. Aye?

DAVID. O aye. They 're that unreasonable, an' yet ye canna reason them down, an' they 're that weak an' yet ye canna make them gie in to ye. Of course ye 'll say ye canna reason doon a stane or make a clod o' earth gie in tae ye.

JOHN. Will I?

DAVID. Aye. An' ye'll be richt. But then I 'll tell ye a stane will na answer ye back, an' a clod o' earth will na try to withstand ye, so how can ye argue them down?

JOHN (*convinced*). Ye canna.

DAVID. Richt. Ye canna. But a wumman *will* answer ye back, an' she *will* stand against ye, an' *yet* ye canna argue her down though ye have strength an' reason on your side an she 's talkin' naething but blether about richt 's richt and wrang 's wrang an' sendin' a poor bairn off t' his bed i' the yin room an' leavin' her auld feyther all alone by the fire in anither an'—ye ken—— Philosophy—— (*He ceases to speak and wipes his glasses again.*)

(JOHN, *intensely troubled, tiptoes up to the door and opens it a foot. The wails of ALEXANDER can be heard, muffled by a further door. JOHN calls off.*)

JOHN. Lizzie.

(LIZZIE *immediately comes into sight outside the door with a "shsh."*)

JOHN. Yer feyther 's greetin'.

LIZZIE (*with a touch of exasperation*). Och, I 'm no heedin'. There 's anither wean in there greetin' too, an' I 'm no heedin' him neither, an' he 's greetin' twicet as loud as the auld yin.

JOHN (*shocked*). Ye 're heartless, wumman.

LIZZIE (*with patience*). No. I 'm no heartless, John, but there 's too much heart in this family an' someone 's got to use their heid.

(DAVID cranes round the side of his chair to catch what they are saying. She stops and comes to him kindly, but with womanly firmness.)

LIZZIE. I 'm vexed ye should be disappointed, Feyther, but ye see, don't ye——

(A singularly piercing wail from ALEXANDER goes up. LIZZIE rushes to silence him.)

LIZZIE. Mercy! The neighbours will think we 're murderin' him. (*The door closes behind her.*)

DAVID (*nodding for a space as he revolves the woman's attitude*). Ye hear that, John?

JOHN. Whit?

DAVID (*with quiet irony*). She 's vexed I should be disappointed. The wumman thinks she 's richt! Wummen always think they 're richt—mebbe it 's that makes them that obstinate.—(*With a ghost of a twinkle.*) She 's feart o' the neighbours, though.

JOHN (*stolidly*). Ah, women are feart o' the neighbours.

DAVID (*reverting*). Puir, wee mon. I telt ye he was greetin', John. He 's disappointed fine. (*Pondering.*) D 'ye ken what I 'm thinkin', John?

JOHN. Whit?

DAVID. I 'm thinkin' he 's too young to get his ain wey an' I 'm too auld an' it 's a fine thocht.

JOHN. Aye?

DAVID. Aye. I never thocht of it before, but that 's what it is. He 's no' come to it yet, an' I 'm past it. (*Suddenly.*) What 's the most important thing in life, John?

(JOHN opens his mouth and shuts it again, unused.)

DAVID. Ye ken perfectly well. What is it ye 're wantin' a' the time?"

JOHN. Different things.

DAVID (*satisfied*). Aye—different things! But ye want them a', do ye no'?

JOHN Aye.

DAVID. If ye had yer ain wey ye 'd hae them, eh?

JOHN. I wud *that*.

DAVID (*triumphant*). Then is *that* no' what ye want? Yer ain wey?

JOHN (*enlightened*). *Losh!*

DAVID (*warming to it*). That 's what life is, John—gettin' yer ain wey. First ye 're born an' ye canna dae anything but cry, but God 's given yer mither ears an' ye get yer wey by juist cryin' for it—(*hastily anticipating criticism*) I ken that 's no' exactly in keepin' wi what I 've been sayin' aboot Alexander—but a new-born bairnie 's an awfu' delicate thing an' the Lord gets it past its infancy by a dispensation o' Providence very unsettling to our poor human understandings. Ye 'll notice the weans cease getting their wey by juist greetin' for it as shin as they 're auld enough to seek it otherwise.

JOHN. The habit hangs onto them, whiles.

DAVID. It does that—(*with a twinkle*). An, mebbe if God 's given yer neighbours ears an' yer live close ye 'll get yer wey by a dispensation o' Providence a while longer. But there 's things yer 'll hae to do for yourself gin ye want to—an' ye will—ye 'll want to hold out yer hand, an' yer will hold out yer hand, an' ye 'll want to stand up an' walk an' ye *will* stand up an' walk, an' ye 'll want to dae as ye please an' ye *will* dae as ye please, an' then ye are practised an' learnt in the art of gettin' yer ain wey—an' ye 're a man!

JOHN. Man, Feyther, ye 're wonderful!

DAVID (*complacently*). I 'm a philosopher, John. But it goes on mebbe.

JOHN. Aye?

DAVID. Aye. Mebbe ye think ye 'd like to make ither folk mind ye an' yer wey an' ye try, an' if it comes off ye 're a big man an' mebbe the master o' a vessel wi' three men and a boy under ye as I was, John. (*Dropping into the minor.*) An' then ye come down the hill.

JOHN (*apprehensively*). Doon the hill?

DAVID. Aye—down to mebbe wantin' to tell a wean a bit story before he gangs tae his bed, an' ye canna dae even that. An' then a while more an' ye want to get to yer feet an' ye canna, an' a while more an' ye want to lift up yer hand an' ye canna—an' in a while more ye 're just forgotten an' done wi'.

JOHN. Aw, Feyther!

DAVID. Dinna look sae troubled, John. I 'm no afraid to die when my time comes. It 's these hints that I 'm done wi' before I 'm dead that I dinna like.

JOHN. *What'n* hints?

DAVID. Well—Lizzie an' her richt's richt an' wrang 's wrang when I think o' telling wee Alexander a wee bit story before he gangs tae his bed.

JOHN (*gently*). Ye are a *wee* thing *persistent*, Feyther.

DAVID. No, I 'm no persistent, John. I 've gied in. I 'm a philosopher, John, an' a philosopher kens when he 's done wi.

JOHN. Aw, Feyther!

DAVID (*getting lower and lower*). It 's gey interesting, philosophy, John, an' the only philosophy worth thinkin' about is the philosophy of growin' auld—because that 's what we 're a' doing, all living things. There 's nae

philosophy in a stane, John; he 's juist a stane an' in a hundred years he 'll be juist a stane still—unless he 's broken up, an' then he 'll be juist not a stane but he 'll no ken what 's happened to him because he did no break up gradual an' first lose his boat an' then his hoose an' then hae his wee grandson taken away when he was for tellin' him a bit story before he gangs tae his bed.—It 's yon losing yer grip bit by bit an' kennin' that ye 're losing it that makes a philosopher, John.

JOHN. If I kennt what ye *meant* by philosophy, Feyther, I 'd better able to *follow* ye.

(LIZZIE *enters quietly and closes door after her.*)

JOHN (*turning to LIZZIE*). Is he asleep?

LIZZIE. No, he 's no asleep, but I 've shut both doors, an' the neighbours canna hear him.

JOHN. Aw, Lizzie——

LIZZIE (*sharply*). John——

DAVID. Whit was I tellin' ye, John, about weans gettin' their ain wey if the neighbours had ears an' they lived close. Was I no' richt?

LIZZIE (*answering for JOHN, with some acerbity*). Aye, ye were richt, Feyther, nae doot, but we dinna live that close here, an' the neighbours canna hear him at the back o' the hoose.

DAVID. Mebbe that 's why ye changed Alexander into the parlor an' gied me the bed in here when it began to get cauld.

LIZZIE (*hurt*). Aw, no, Feyther, I brought ye in here to be warmer——

DAVID (*placably*). I believe ye, wumman—(*with a faint twinkle again*) but it 's turned oot luckily, has it no'?

(DAVID *waits for a reply, but gets none. LIZZIE fetches needle work from dresser drawer and sits above table.*

DAVID'S face and voice take on a more thoughtful tone.)

DAVID (*musings*). Puir wee man. If he was in here you 'd no' be letting him greet his heart oot where onybody could hear him. Wud ye?

LIZZIE (*calmly*). Mebbe I 'd no'.

JOHN. Ye ken *fine* ye 'd no', wumman.

LIZZIE. John, thread my needle, an dinna take Feyther's part against me.

JOHN (*surprised*). I 'm no'——

LIZZIE. No, I ken you 're no' meaning to, but you men are that thrang¹——

(*She is interrupted by a loud squall from DAVID, which he maintains, eyes shut, chair-arms gripped, and mouth open for nearly half a minute before he cuts it off abruptly and looks at the startled couple at the table.*)

LIZZIE. Mercy, Feyther, whit 's wrang wi' ye?

DAVID (*collectedly*). There 's naething wrang wi' me, Lizzie, except that I 'm wantin' to tell wee Alexander a bit story——

LIZZIE (*firmly but very kindly*). But ye 're no' goin' to—— (*She breaks off in alarm as her father opens his mouth preparatory to another yell, which, however, he postpones to speak to JOHN.*)

DAVID. Ye mind whit I was sayin' about the dispensation o' Providence to help weans till they could try for theirselves, John?

JOHN. Aye.

DAVID. Did it no' occur to ye then that there ought to be some sort of dispensation to look after the auld yins who were past it?

JOHN. No.

¹ Thrang = thick.

DAVID. Aweel—it did na occur to me at the time—(*and he lets off another prolonged wail.*)

LIZZIE (*going to him*). Feyther! The neighbours 'll hear ye!!

DAVID (*desisting as before*). I ken it fine. I 'm no' at the back of the hoose. (*Shorter wail.*)

LIZZIE (*almost in tears*). They 'll be comin' to ask.

DAVID. Let them. They 'll no' ask me. (*Squall.*)

LIZZIE. Feyther—ye 're no' behaving well. John——

JOHN. Aye?

LIZZIE (*helplessly*). Naething—— Feyther, stop it! They 'll think ye clean daft.

DAVID (*ceasing to howl and speaking with gravity*). I ken it fine, Lizzie; an' it 's no' easy for a man who has been respectit an' lookit up to a' his life to be thought daft at eighty-three, but the most important thing in life is to get yer ain wey. (*Resumes wailing.*)

LIZZIE (*puzzled, to JOHN*). Whit 's that?

JOHN. It 's his philosophy what he was *talking* aboot.

DAVID (*firmly*). An' I 'm gaein' to tell wee Alexander yon story tho' they think me daft for it.

LIZZIE. But it 's no' for his ain' guid, Feyther. I 've telt ye so, but ye wudna listen.

DAVID. I wudna listen, wumman! It was you wudna listen to me when I axed ye whit harm—(*checking himself*). No. I 'm no' gaein' to hae that ower again. I 've gied up arguin' wi women. I 'm just gaein' tae greet loud an' sair till wee Alexander 's brought in here to hae his bit story, an' if the neighbours—— (*Loud squall.*)

LIZZIE (*aside to JOHN*). He 's fair daft.

JOHN (*aghast*). Ye 'd no' send him to——

LIZZIE (*reproachfully*). John——

(*A louder squall from the old man.*)

LIZZIE. Oh, Feyther——(*beseechingly*).

(*A still louder one.*)

LIZZIE (*beating her hands together distractedly*). He 'll be—— Will—— He 'll—— Och!! (*Resigned and beaten.*) John, go and bring wee Alexander in here.

(*JOHN is off like a shot. The opening of the door of the other room can be told by the burst of ALEXANDER'S voice. The old man's wails have stopped the second his daughter capitulated. JOHN returns with ALEXANDER and bears him to his grandfather's waiting knee. The boy's tears and howls have ceased and he is smiling triumphantly. He is, of course, in his night-shirt and a blanket which Grandpa wraps round him, turning towards the fire.*)

LIZZIE (*looking on with many nods of the head and smacks of the lips.*) There you are! That 's the kind o' boy he is. Greet his heart oot for a thing an' stop the moment he gets it.

DAVID. Dae ye expect him to gae on after he 's got it? Ah, but Alexander, yer didna get it yer lane this time—it took the twa o' us. An' hard work it was for the Auld Yin! *Man* (*playing hoarse*) I doot I 've enough voice left for a—— (*bursting out very loud and making the boy laugh*). Aweel! Whit 's it gaein' to be—eh?

Harold Chapin.

PART III
BIBLIOGRAPHY

SECTION XIV

GENERAL REFERENCES

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

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- "Irish Poems," Arthur Stringer, Introduction.
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LIST OF BOOKS OF COLLECTED READINGS CONTAINING DIALECT

<i>Title of Book</i>	<i>Author or Compiler</i>	<i>Publisher</i>
"Best Things from Best Authors"	C. Shoemaker's (compiler) (28 vol.)	Penn Pub. Co., Philadelphia
"Choice Readings"	R. L. Cumnock	A. C. McClurg, Chicago
"Dialect Ballads"	C. F. Adams	Harper Bros., N. Y.
"Handbook of Best Readings"	S. H. Clark	Scribner, N. Y.

<i>Title of Book</i>	<i>Author or Compiler</i>	<i>Publisher</i>
"Humorous Speaker"	P. M. Pearson	Hinds & Eldredge, N. Y.
"Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation"	G. E. Johnson	Century Co., N. Y.
"Modern Monologues"	Marjorie B. Cooke	Charles Seegel, Chicago
"One Hundred Choice Selections"	C. Shoemaker (compiler) (20 vol.)	Penn Pub. Co., Philadelphia
"Readings from Literature"	Halleck & Barbour (compilers)	American Book Co., N. Y.
"Readings and Recitations"	(58 Vol.)	E. S. Werner, N. Y.
"Studies in Dialect"	M. M. Babcock (compiler)	University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City

MISCELLANEOUS

"Selections for Oral Reading"	C. M. Feuss	Macmillan Co., N. Y.
"Standard Selections"	Fulton & Trueblood	Ginn & Co., Boston
"Selected Readings"	Anna Morgan	A. C. McClurg, Chicago
"Soper's Dialect Readings"	H. M. Soper	T. S. Dennison & Co., Chicago
"Scrap Book Recitations"	H. M. Soper (compiler) (15 vol.)	T. S. Dennison & Co., Chicago

Authors whose writings afford good selections either all Dialect, or Dialect in part. The list includes colloquial Dialects found in various parts of the United States and child Dialect.

PROSE

JAMES LANE ALLEN

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BURTON BRALEY
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EDMOND VANCE COOKE
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WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND
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NIXON WATERMAN

SECTION XV
DETAILED LIST OF SELECTIONS

DETAILED LIST OF SELECTIONS

TITLE	AUTHOR	BOOK	PUBLISHER	PROSE	POETRY
<i>(French Canadian)</i>					
Chibougamon	W. H. Drummond	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.		X
De Bell of St. Michel	" "	Studies in Dialect	U.Press, Utah		X
De Habitant	" "	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.		X
De Nice Leetle Canadienne	" "	Hdbk. Best Rdg. (Clark)	Ch. S. & Son		X
De Notaire Publique	" "	Studies in Dialect	U.Press, Utah		X
De Stove Pipe Hole	" "	" "	" "		X
How Bateese Came Home.	" "	Werner's No. 26	E. S. W.		X
Little Mouse	W. H. Drummond	Studies in Dialect	U.Press, Utah		X
Marie Louise	" "	" "	" "		X
Maxime Labelle	" "	" "	" "		X
Mon Frere Canille	" "	" "	" "		X
Pelang	" "	" "	" "		X
Piscates Don't Brag	M. LeRoy Osborne	Werner's No. 38	E. S. W.		X
Ole Doctor Ficeb	W. H. Drummond	Studies in Dialect	U.Press, Utah		X
The Old Sexton	" "	" "	" "		X
The Red Canoe	" "	" "	" "		X
When Albain Sang	" "	" "	" "		X
Wreck of the <i>Julie Plante</i>	" "	" "	" "		X
My Leetle Cabanee	" "	" "	" "		X
<i>(Chinese)</i>					
Chinese Excelsior	Anonymous	Shoemaker's 100 Ch. Sel.	P. P. Co.		X
<i>(Cockney)</i>					
Ballad of Soulful Sam...	R. W. Service	Modern Lit. for Int.	Century Co.		X
Chant. Pagan	Kipling	Select. Readings, (Morgan)	A. C. McC.		X
Danny Deever	"	Studies in Dialect	U.Press, Utah		X
Boots	"	Selected Readings	A. C. McC.		X

Future Mrs. 'Awkins (the)	A. Chevalier	Werner's No. 38	E. S. W.	X
Fuzzy-Wuzzy	Kipling	Studies in Dialect	U.Press, Utah	X
Gunga-Din	"	Choice Readings	A. C. McC.	X
Mandalay	"	"	"	X
Groom's Story	A. C. Doyle	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X
Oonts	Kipling	Studies in Dialect	U.Press, Utah	X
Preface to the Seven Seas	"	"	"	X
Obstructive Hat in the Pit	F. Anstey	Werner's No. 9	E. S. W.	X
Sons of the Widow (the)	Kipling	Studies in Dialect	U.Press, Utah	X
You're My Man	Anonymous	Werner's No. 38	E. S. W.	X
<i>(Dutch)</i>				
Coney Island Down der Pay	H. F. Wood	Best Sel. of Best Author,	P. P. Co.	X
Dot Lambs Vot Mary Haf	Anonymous	No. 8	" "	X
Got		Best Sel. of Best Author,		
Dot Dutchman in der	Carson Thorpe	No. 4	" "	X
Moon		Best Sel. of Best Author,		
Hans and Fritz	Anonymous	No. 22	" "	X
Mrs. Bizinhoffer's Troubles	"	Best Sel. of Best Author,	" "	X
The Dutchman's Serenade.	"	No. 5	" "	X
The Puzzled Dutchman...	"	Werner's No. 3	E. S. W.	X
Took Notice.....	"	Best Seller No. 11	"	X
	"	" No. 2	"	X
	"	" No. 17	"	X
<i>(French)</i>				
After-Dinner Speech by a	Anonymous	Best Seller No. 6	A.C. McClure	X
Frenchman		Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)		X
A Frenchman on MacBeth	"			

DETAILED LIST OF SELECTIONS—Continued

TITLE	AUTHOR	BOOK	PUBLISHER	PROSE	POETRY
Madame Eef	"	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McClure	X	
Eve and the Serpent.....	"	Best Seller No. 6		X	
Mon Pierre	W. B. Amsbary	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X	X
Popular Americans.....		Best Seller No. 20			
Spelling Match at Grand Points	G. W. Cable	Werner's No. 25	E. S. W.	X	
<i>(German)</i>					
"Ah-Gool"	C. F. Adams	Dialect Ballads	Harper Bros.		X
"A Doketor's Drubbles".....	G. M. Warren	100 Choice Selections 12	P. P. Co.		X
"Cut, Cut Behind".....	C. F. Adams	Dialect Ballads	Harper Bros.		X
"Der Baby"	Anonymous	100 Choice Selections 8	P. P. Co.		X
"Der Deutcher's Maxim".....	C. F. Adams	Dialect Ballads	Harper Bros.		X
"Der Oak und der Vine".....	"	"	"		X
"Der Shpider und der Fly"	"	"	"		X
"Der Vater-mill"	"	"	"		X
"Dot Baby off Mine".....	"	"	"		X
"Dot Leedle Boy"	J. W. Riley	Shoemaker's (10)	E. S. W.		X
"Dot Leedle Loweeza".....	C. F. Adams	Werner's (14)	Harper Bros.		X
"Don'd Feel Too Big".....	"	Dialect Ballads	"		X
"Dot Vinder Dime".....	Anonymous	Werner's No. 14	E. S. W.		X
"Gets Dhere"	C. F. Adams	Shoemaker's (9)			X
"I Vunder Vy?"					X
"Lookout Mountain".....	Geo. L. Catlin	Shoemaker's (9)			X
"Mine Katrine"	C. F. Adams	Dialect Ballads	Harper Bros.		X
"Mine Moder-in-law".....	"	"	"		X
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"Mine Children",	C. F. Adams	Dialect Ballads	Harper Bros.	X
"Mine Family",	" "	" "	" "	X
"Schneider's Ride",	Gus Philips	100 Choice Selections (9)	P. P. Co.	X
"Shonny Schwartz",	C. F. Adams	" "	" "	X
"The Dutchman's Serenade",	Anonymous	" "	" "	X
"Yaw, Dot Ish So!",	C. F. Adams	Dialect Ballads	Harper Bros.	X
"Yawcob's Dribulations",	" "	Shoemaker's (19)	P. P. Co.	X
"Baptism Defended",	Anonymous	100 Choice Selections	Shoemaker	X
"Birmi",	Kipling	Werner's 21	E. S. W.	X
"Katrina's Visit to New York",	Anonymous	100 Choice Selections (23)	P. P. Co.	X
"He Pays License on a Dog",	" "	Werner's 30	E. S. W.	X
"How the Dutchman Killed a Woodhen",	" "	100 Choice Selections (11)	P. P. Co.	X
"Mr. Schmidt's Mistake",	C. F. Adams	" "	" "	X
"Schlaushimer Don't Gonciliate",	Anonymous	" "	" "	X
"Schneider See Leah",	" "	Standard Selections	Ginn & Co.	X
"Signs and Omens",	" "	Shoemaker's 3	P. P. Co.	X
"Setting a Hen",	" "	" "	" "	X
"The Dutchman's Telephone",		100 Choice Selections (19)	" "	X
"Waste Not, Want Not",		" "	" "	X
"Vas Bender Henschpecked",	Von Boyle	" "	" "	X
"A Way Out of It",	Sam Lover	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X
"An Old Ballad",	" "	Werner's No. 14	" "	X

(Irish)

DETAILED LIST OF SELECTIONS—*Continued*

TITLE	AUTHOR	BOOK	PUBLISHER	PROSE	POETRY
"Bachelor's Hall",	Anonymous	100 Choice Selections (4)	Shoemaker		X
"Jerry",	M. S. Dickinson	Shoemaker's (11)	P. P. Co.		X
"Katie an' Me",	E. V. Cooke	Werner's (22)	E. S. W.		X
"Katie's Answer",	W. B. Fowle	Humorous Speeches	H. H. & E.		X
"Banish the Snakes",	H. E.	Werner's (18)	E. S. W.		X
"Kate Maloney",	Dagonet	100 Choice Selections (18)	P. P. Co.		X
Larrie O'Dee	W. W. Fink	Choice Readings	A. C. McC.		X
"Larry's on the Force",	Irwin Russell	100 Choice Selections (19)	P. P. Co.		X
"Finnegan to Flannigan",	S. W. Gillihan	Standard Selections	Ginn & Co.		X
Marry Me, Darlint, To-night	W. W. Fink	Shoemaker's (13)	P. P. Co.		X
"Not Willing",	Anonymous	Werner's Vol. 4	E. S. W.		X
"O'Grady's Goat",	Will S. Hays	Shoemaker's (18)	P. P. Co.		X
"Paddy Blake's Echo",	Sam Lover	100 Choice Selections (17)	Shoemaker		X
"Pat Magee",	Lena Cyles	Werner's (14)	E. S. W.		X
"Paddy Moore",	F. E. Brooks	" (16)	" " "		X
"Pat's Excelsior",	"	Shoemaker's (1)	P. P. Co.		X
"Patrick Dolan's Love Letter	Rev. O. F. Starky	" (1)	" " "		X
"Paddy's Lament",	"	100 Choice Selections (23)	Shoemaker		X
"Phaidrig Crohoore",	"	" (20)	"		X
"Play Softly, Boys",	Teresa B. O'Hare	Shoemaker's (20)	"		X
"Rory O'Moore",	Sam Lover	100 Choice Selections (29)	"		X
"Shamus O'Brien",	J. S. Le Farm	Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)	A. C. McC.		X
"Shamus O'Brien",	Sam Lover	100 Choice Selections (1)	P. P. Co.		X
"St. Patrick's Day",	Ben King	Shoemaker's (21)	" " "		X
"St. Patrick's Martyrs",	F. M. Thorn	100 Choice Selections (17)	Shoemaker		X

"Teddy McQuire and Paddy O'Flynn",	Amanda T. Jones	Shoemaker's (1)	P. P. Co.	X
"Tomorrow",	A. Tennyson	Werner's (16)	E. S. W.	X
"The Birth of Ireland", ..	Anonymous	Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)	A. C. McC.	X
"The Birth of St. Patrick",	Samuel Lover	" "	" "	X
"The Low-Backed Car", ..	Samuel Lover	" "	" "	X
"The Advertisement Answered",	Frank M. Thorn	100 Choice Selections (17)	Shoemaker	X
"The Irish Picket",	O. C. Kerr	" " (4)	" "	X
"The King's Daughter", ..	Mary S. Henderson	Shoemaker's (19)	" "	X
"The Retort Dis-Courteous",	J. C. H.	" " (27)	" "	X
"The Recruit",	R. W. Chambers	Werner's (26)	E. S. W.	X
"The Sale of the Pig",	J. F. O'Donnell	" " (30)	" " "	X
"The Volunteer's Wife", ..	M. A. Dennison	Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)	A. C. McC.	X
"Tim, an Irish Terrier", ..	W. M. Letts	Modern Lit. for Int.	Century Co.	X
"Scared",	W. M. Letts	" " " "	" "	X
"The Party at Crogan's", ..	F. J. Boyce	" " " "	" "	X
"Bridget McFine",	J. E. T. Dowe	Werner's (38)	E. S. W.	X
"Five Little Gossoons", ..		" " (38)	" " "	X
"Mither's Swate Little Girlee",	J. E. T. Dowe	" " (38)	" " "	X
"What Biddy Said in Court",	E. T. Corbett	100 Choice Selections (18)	P. P. Co.	X
"Wearing of the Green", ..	Dion Boeccault	Werner's (29)	E. S. W.	X
"Wearing of the Green", ..	(1798 anonymous)	Werner's (29)	" " "	X
"Why Biddy and Pat Married",		Shoemaker's (13)	P. P. Co.	X
"Winnie's Welcome",		" " (21)	" " "	X
"Widow Malone",	Chas. Severn	Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)	A. C. McC.	X

DETAILED LIST OF SELECTIONS—Continued

TITLE	AUTHOR	BOOK	PUBLISHER	PROSE	POETRY
"Ana Rafferty's Evidence"	A. S. Shields	Werner's (12)	E. S. W.	X	
"Annie O'Brien",	M. K. Dallas	" (21)	" " "	X	
"A Flat Story",	E. M. Wilbor	" (7)	" " "	X	
"Below Stairs",	M. B. Cooke	Modern Monologues	C. H. Sergel	X	
"Bridget O'Flannigan",	M. Bourchier	Shoemaker's (19)	P. P. Co.	X	
"Bridget's Soliloquy",	M. Kyle Dallas	" (20)	" " "	X	
"Coomor",	Anonymous	Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)	A. C. McC.	X	
"Daniel O'Connell's Humour",	E. M. Wilbor	Werner's (7)	E. S. W.	X	
"Father Phil's Collection",	Samuel Lover	Shoemaker's (6)	P. P. Co.	X	
"How Pat Went Court-ing",		Werner's (30)	E. S. W.	X	
"Hoolahan's Education",		" (3)	" " "	X	
"Jimmy Hoy",	Samuel Lover	Shoemaker's (16)	P. P. Co.	X	
"Jimmy Butler and the Owl",		100 Choice Selections (7)	" " "	X	
"Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet",	L. B. Porter	Shoemaker's (20)	" " "	X	
"Mary Ellen Attends School Elocution",	M. S. Hopkins	Werner's (26)	E. S. W.	X	
"Mick Tandy's Revenge",		Shoemaker's (10)	P. P. Co.	X	
"Mickey Coaches His Father",	E. Jarrold	Werner's (12)	E. S. W.	X	
"Mrs. McGlarrety on Roller Skates",	Mrs. S. H. Carpenter	" (29)	" " "	X	
"Mrs. Magoogin on Spring Sonnets and Poetry", ..	J. J. Jenkins	" (30)	" " "	X	

"Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question"	M. M. Dodge	Shoemaker's (2)	P. P. Co.	X
"Miss Maloney Goes to the Dentist",		Werner's (21)	E. S. W.	X
"Mrs. Casey at the Euchre Party",	J. S. Copperwell	Shoemaker's (27)	P. P. Co.	X
"Mrs. Rafferty and the Census Man",		" (27)	" "	X
"Mr. O'Hoolahan's Mistake",		100 Choice Selections (15)	" "	X
"Mr. Dooley on La Grippe Microbe",	F. P. Dunne	Standard Selections	Ginn & Co.	X
"What Dooley Says",	F. P. Dunne	Werner's (21)	E. S. W.	X
"Mr. Dooley on Golf",	F. P. Dunne	Werner's (38)	" "	X
"On the Game of Football",	F. P. Dunne	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X
"Nurse Winnis Goes Shopping",	M. Johnson	Shoemaker's (17)	P. P. Co.	X
"Mr. Copernicus and the Proletariat",	H. C. Bonner	Werner's (8)	E. S. W.	X
"Pat's Correspondence",	W. M. Giffin	100 Choice Selections (12)	P. P. Co.	X
"Patrick O'Rourke and the Frogs",	G. W. Bungay	" " (8)	" "	X
"Pat's Perplexity",		Werner's (3)	E. S. W.	X
Paddy McGrayth's Introduction to Mr. Bruin...		100 Choice Selections (15)	P. P. Co.	X
Sir W. Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth	F. M. Allen	Shoemaker's (20)	" "	X
"Story of the Little Rid Hin",	Mrs. Whitney	100 Choice Selections (12)	" "	X
"That Fire at the Nolan's",		Werner's (21)	E. S. W.	X

DETAILED LIST OF SELECTIONS—Continued

TITLE	AUTHOR	BOOK	PUBLISHER	PROSE	POETRY
"The Automatic Woman"	S. V. Milne	Werner's (15)	E. S. W.	X	
"Irish Girl and the Telephone"	Bailey and Schall	" (38)	" " "	X	
"The Irish Philosopher"	Maccobe	100 Choice Selections (18)	P. P. Co.	X	
"The Courting of Dinah Shadd"	Kipling	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X	
"The New Woman"		Humorous Speaker	" " "	X	
"The Widow Cummisky"		Shoemaker's (14)	P. P. Co.	X	
"Women Gambling"		Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X	
<i>(Italian)</i>					
"All's Well That Ends Well"	T. A. Daly	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.		X
"Between Two Loves"	T. A. Daly	Dialect Studies	U. Press, Utah		X
"Christo Columbo"	T. A. Daly	Werner's (38)	" " "		X
"Da Greata Stronga Man"	T. A. Daly	Dialect Studies	U. Press, Utah		X
"Da Mericano Girl"	T. A. Daly	" " "	" " "		X
"Da Strit Pianna"	W. Irwin	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.		X
"Da Styleesha Lady"	T. A. Daly	Dialect Studies	U. Press, Utah		X
"Da Styleesha Wife"	T. A. Daly	" " "	" " "		X
"Da Fightin' Irishman"	T. A. Daly	" " "	" " "		X
"Descended from Christoph Colomb"	F. E. Brooks	Werner's (38)	E. S. W.		X
"Handicapped"	T. A. Daly	Dialect Studies	U. Press, Utah		X
Italiano American		Werner's (38)	E. S. W.		X
"Leetla Humpy Jeem"	T. A. Daly	Dialect Studies	U. Press, Utah		X
Mia Carlotta	T. A. Daly	" " "	" " "		X
Race Prejudice		Werner's (15)	E. S. W.		X

Rosa Walks Down da Street.....	T. A. Daly	" (38)	E. S. W.	X
" "Two Mericana Men"....	T. A. Daly	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X
An Italian's Account of George Washington....		Werner's (21)	E. S. W.	X
An Italian's Views on the Labor Question.....	Joe Kerr	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	X
Our Guide in Genoa and Rome	S. L. Clemens	Choice Readgs. (Cunnoek)	" "	X
(<i>Mixture</i>)				
"Fleas Will Be Fleas"...	E. P. Butler	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	
Foreigners at the Fair....	F. E. Brooks	Werner's (25)	E. S. W.	
Foreign Views of the Statue	F. E. Brooks	Werner's (21)	" "	
Medley		Choice Selections (18)	P. P. Co.	
The Lost Child.....	H. H. Cushing		" "	
Trial of Fing Wing.....	G. Burnull	Shoemaker's (11)	" "	
(<i>Negro</i>)				
"A Coquette Conquered"	P. L. Dunbar	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	X
"After a Visit".....	P. L. Dunbar	Studies in Dialect	U. Press, Utah	X
An Easy-Goin' Feller....	P. L. Dunbar	" "	" "	X
A Character Sketch.....		Werner's (22)	E. S. W.	X
"Angelina"	P. L. Dunbar	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	X
A Plantation Christmas..	F. L. Stanton	Werner's (28)		X
An Old Rôle for Young Master	E. M. De Jarnettee	Shoemaker's (21)	P. P. Co.	X
A Ter'ble Sperience.....	Rev. Plato Johnson	" (12)	" "	X
Afore Yo' Daddy Comes.	Lalia Mitchell	Werner's (24)	E. S. W.	X
Accountability.....	P. L. Dunbar	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	X

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TITLE	AUTHOR	BOOK	PUBLISHER	PROSE	POETRY
Brudder Jones' Heterodoxy			E. S. W.		X
Candle-Lightin' Time.....	P. L. Dunbar	Werner's (21)	Ginn & Co.		X
Carmelita	J. M. Dunn	Standard Selections			X
Cabin Philosophy.....		Werner's (15)	E. S. W.		X
Christmas is a-Comin'.....		" (21)	" " "		X
Chant of the Cross-Bearing	P. L. Dunbar	" (28)	" " "		X
Child	Riley	" (30)	" " "		X
Colored Philosophy.....	W. E. Cochrane	Shoemaker's (24)	P. P. Co.		X
De Circus Turkey.....	Ben King	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.		X
De Apple Tree.....	J. C. Harris	Standard Selections	Ginn & Co.		X
Discovered.....	P. L. Dunbar	Studies in Dialect	U. Press, Utah		X
Dancing in Flat Creek					
Quarters	J. A. Macon	Werner's (7)	E. S. W.		X
Dat Jawa Watahmillion.	E. V. Cooke	" (22)	" " "		X
De Tired Pickaninny's					
Star-Song	M. Gallie	" (26)	" " "		X
Don't You Worry.....		Shoemaker's (24)	P. P. Co.		X
Darktown Lullaby.....		" (26)	" " "		X
De Speriences of Rev.					
Strong		100 Choice Selections (22)	Shoemaker		X
Encouragement	P. L. Dunbar	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.		X
"Ebo'	A. C. Gordon	Werner's (7)	E. S. W.		X
Ginger and the Preacher..		" (14)	" " "		X
Half-Way Doin's.....	Irwin Rasdell	100 Choice Selections (19)	P. P. Co.		X
Kyarlina Jim.....		" (14)	" " "		X
Lullaby	P. L. Dunbar	Shoemaker's (26)	" " "		X
Little Brown Baby.....	P. L. Dunbar	Handbook Best Readings	C. S. & S.		X
Mammy's L'il Boy.....	H. S. Edwards	Choice Readings	A. C. McC.		X

Mammy's Lullaby.....	S. W. Gillman	Selected Readings	A. C. McC.	X
Mammy's Pickanin'.....	S. D. Jenkins	Standard Selections	Ginn & Co.	X
Mammy's Story.....	S. A. Weis	Werner's (15)	E. S. W.	X
Mammy Gets the Boy to Sleep	G. M. Jones	Shoemaker's (24)	P. P. Co.	X
My Sweet Brown Gal.....	P. L. Dunbar	Studies in Dialect	U. Press, Utah	X
My Chillen's Pictyah.....	A. V. Culbertson	Werner's (7)	E. S. W.	X
How Lucy Backslid.....	P. L. Dunbar	" (26)	" " "	X
Hushing Song.....	A. W. Bellan	" (15)	" " "	X
In De Mornin'.....	L. Y. Chase	Shoemaker's (19)	P. P. Co.	X
In De Mornin'.....	P. L. Dunbar	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	X
Norvern People.....	I. Russell	Werner's (14)	E. S. W.	X
No Royal Road to Viet'ry.	I. Glen	" (12)	" " "	X
Negro Boatman's Song...	J. C. Harris	" (27)	" " "	X
Ole Joshway and de Sun...	A. Wilkinson	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X
Plantation Pictures.....	B. Hackly	Werner's (4)	E. S. W.	X
Po' Little Jude.....		" (15)	" " "	X
Rev. Gabe Tucker's Re- marks	I. Russell	Shoemaker's (10)	P. P. Co.	X
Nebuchadnezzar	A. W. Bellan	" (8)	" " "	X
Song Without Music.....	H. Robertson	" (20)	" " "	X
Sunday Fishin'.....	S. C. Larnin	" (11)	" " "	X
The Power of Prayer....	P. L. Dunbar	Hdbk. Best Rdgs. (Clark)	C. S. & S.	X
The Delinquent.....		Studies in Dialect	U. Press, Utah	X
The Old Slave's Lament.		Werner's (1)	E. S. W.	X
The Old Darkey's Defense		" (21)	" " "	X
The Coon's Lullaby.....		" (22)	" " "	X
The Pickaninny's Cyclone.		" (23)	" " "	X
The New Deacon.....		" (24)	" " "	X
The Conjure Woman.....		" (25)	" " "	X
Tak er Tateh an' Wait...	Wade Whipple	" (29)	" " "	X

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Theology in the Quarters.	J. A. Macon	Shoemaker's (10)	P. P. Co.		X
Turning of the Babies in the Bed.....	P. L. Dunbar	Studies in Dialect	U. Press, Utah		X
Uncle Ike's Roosters.....	A. W. Frederick	100 Choice Selections (33)	P. P. Co.		X
Uncle Remus' Revival Hymn		" " (14)	" " "		X
Uncle Eph's Heaven.....	F. E. Brooks	Werner's (16)	" " "		X
Uncle Gabe's White Folks	T. N. Page	Hdbk. Best Rdgs. (Clark)	Scribner's		X
'Way Down South in Georgy		Werner's (23)	E. S. W.		X
What is dis Bride Wof..	Martha Young	" (29)	" " "		X
When de Co'n Pone's Hot	P. L. Dunbar	Shoemaker's (26)	P. P. Co.		X
W'en de Darkies Am		" (23)	" " "		X
Whistlin' in de Co'n...	S. G. Lapins	Selected Readings	A. C. McC.		X
When Malindy Sings.....	P. L. Dunbar	Hdbk. Best Rdgs. (Clark)	Scribner's	X	
A Christmas Guest.....	R. McE. Stuart	Standard Selections	Ginn & Co.	X	
A Doctrinal Discussion...	H. S. Edwards	Modern Monologues	C. H. Sergel	X	
A Dark Brown Diplomat..	M. B. Cooke	" "	" " "	X	
A Highly Colored Sketch.	M. B. Cooke		" " "	X	
A Negro Sermon on Memory		Werner's (9)	E. S. W.	X	
At the Mt. Holly Camp Meeting		" (14)	" " "	X	
An Old-Time Negro.....	B. Arp	" (15)	" " "	X	
Account of a Negro Sermon		" (21)	" " "	X	
An Easter Symbol.....	R. McE. Stuart	" (29)	" " "	X	
A Matrimonial Experience	T. Dixon, Jr.	" (29)	" " "	X	
Aunt Polly's George Washington		Shoemaker's (13)	P. P. Co.	X	

Aunt Sophia's First Lesson in Geography.....	W. C. Cherry	P. P. Co. (17)	P. P. Co.	X
An Unregistered Record...		(21)	" "	X
Aunt Keturcha's First Visit to the City.....	M. Trame	(27)	" "	X
Buying Her Husband a Christmas Present.....	R. McE. Stuart	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	X
Brer Rabbit and the Little Girl	J. C. Harris	Werner's (7)	E. S. W.	X
Bro. Anderson's Sermon...	T. K. Beecher	Shoemaker's (6)	P. P. Co.	X
Brudder Yerbe's Sermon...	L. M. Ludlow	" (14)	" "	X
Charlie and the 'Possum...		Werner's (14)	E. S. W.	X
Counsel to the Newly Mar- ried	E. Kirbe	100 Choice Selections (5)	P. P. Co.	X
"'Debil, Mighty Debil'...		Werner's (14)	E. S. W.	X
Death of Uncle Tom.....	H. B. Stowe	" (16)	" "	X
Dat Time Honey Got Los'	M. E. Grelow	Shoemaker's (27)	P. P. Co.	X
De Pen and de Sword....	Julia Pickering	100 Choice Selections (18)	" "	X
How Jinny Eased Her Mind	T. N. Page	Handbook Best Readings	C. S. & S.	X
How Mr. Rabbit Was Too Sharp for Mr. Fox.....	J. C. Harris	Readings from Lit.	A. B. Co.	X
How to Eat a 'Possum...		Werner's Vol. (7)	E. S. W.	X
Lizah's Call to Preach...	M. E. Seawell	" (18)	" "	X
Lucky Jim.....	J. L. Long	Shoemaker's (26)	P. P. Co.	X
Mr. Coon and Mr. Rab- bit	J. C. Harris	Standard Selections	Ginn & Co.	X
Mr. Pipeh's Christmas 'Possum	P. L. Dunbar	Werner's (25)	E. S. W.	X
Meriky's Conversion.....	J. Pickering	100 Choice Selections (18)	P. P. Co.	X
Negro Prayer.....		Shoemaker's (3)	" "	X

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Negro Prayer.....		Shoemaker's (4)	P. P. Co.	X	
Uncle Daniel and the Mississippi Steamer.....	Clemens & Warren	" (5)	" "	X	
Noten Like a Patience...	Mrs. T. S. Oughton	" (19)	" "	X	
Ole Mistis.....	J. T. Moore	Werner's (29)	E. S. W.	X	
One-Eye Pete Maffer's Parrot		Shoemaker's (27)	P. P. Co.	X	
Old Daddy Turner.....		100 Choice Selections (20)	" "	X	
The Two Runaways.....	H. S. Edwards	Choice Readgs. (Cumnoek)	A. C. McC.	X	
The One-Legged Goose...	F. H. Smith	Hdbk. Best Rdgs. (Clark)	C. S. & S.	X	
The Ship of Faith.....	Anonymous	" "	" " " "	X	
The Return of the Hoe....		" "	" " " "	X	
The Pickaninny.....		Werner's (7)	E. S. W.	X	
The Botts Twins.....	L. P. R. Stansby	" (14)	" "	X	
The Rosy North.....		" (24)	" "	X	
Tobe's Monument.....	E. Kilhan	" (26)	" "	X	
Two Gentlemen of Kentucky		Shoemaker's (21)	P. P. Co.	X	
Uncle Remus on an Electric Car.....	J. Allen Lane				
Uncle Newton.....	J. C. Harris	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	X	
Uncle Bob's Story of Daniel	P. T. Pauper	Werner's (14)	E. S. W.	X	
Uncle Pete's Masterly Argument		" (12)	" "	X	
Uncle Israel's Call.....	F. R. Stockton	" (15)	" "	X	
Uncle Peter's Counsel to the Newly Married.....	C. H. Stanly	" (21)	" "	X	
	E. Kirck	Shoemaker's Vol. (1)	P. P. Co.	X	

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TITLE	AUTHOR	BOOK	PUBLISHER	PROSE	POETRY
Jock Johnstone and the Tinkler	Jas. Hogg	Shoemaker's (12)	P. P. Co.		X
Far Awa' Lan'		100 Choice Selections (18)	" " "		X
Lass Dorothy		Werner's (6)	E. S. W.		X
Little Maid with Lovers					
Twain	J. E. T. Dove	Shoemaker's (15)	P. P. Co.		X
Muckle-Mouthed Meg	Browning	Werner's (23)	E. S. W.		X
Owd Roa	A. Tennyson	" (1)	" " "		X
Oor Wee Laddie	Wm. Lyle	" (21)	" " "		X
She Liked Him Rale Weel	A. Wanless	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.		X
Scots, Wha Hae	R. Burns	Studies in Dialect	U. Press, Utah		X
Scotch Jean's Story		Shoemaker's (19)	P. P. Co.		X
The Banks o' Doon	R. Burns	Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)	A. C. McC.		X
The Sands o' Dee	C. Kingsley	Standard Selections	Ginn & Co.		X
To a Mouse	R. Burns	Studies in Dialect	U. Press, Utah		X
To a Louse	R. Burns	" " "	" " "		X
The Lassie's Decision	H. D. McArthur	Werner's (2)	E. S. W.		X
Once I Loved a Bonnie Lassie					
The Two Sisters O' Burnie	R. Burns	Studies in Dialect	U. Press, Utah		X
Tam O'Shanter		Werner's (9)	E. S. W.		X
The Auld Laird's Secret.	R. Burns	" (18)	" " "		X
The Bonny Wee Hoose	Mrs. F. Braden	" (21)	" " "		X
The Annuity	Wm. Lyle	" (30)	" " "		X
There's Na Luck About the Hoose	Geo. Outman	Shoemaker's (4)	P. P. Co.		X
The Palace of the King ..		" (6)	" " "		
The Maister and the Bairs	Wm. Mitchell	Shoemaker's (9)	" " "		X
When Mither's Gone	Wm. Thomson	" (12)	" " "		X
		Werner's (38)	E. S. W.		X

When the Kye Come Home	J. Higgs	Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)	A. C. McC.	X
A Scotch Wooing.....	Jerome K. Jerome	Humorous Speaker	H. H. & E.	X
A Race for a Wife.....	J. M. Barrie	Werner's (13)	E. S. W.	X
A Gowk's Errant and What Came o't				
Charlie	F. T. Clark	Shoemaker's (22)	P. P. Co.	X
Griffith Hammerton.....	J. Vetrepoint	Werner's (30)	E. S. W.	X
His Mother's Sermon.....	I. Maclaren	Shoemaker's (13)	P. P. S.	X
How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lowrie.....	J. M. Barrie	Hdbk. Best Rdgs. (Clark)	Scribner's	X
Little Scotch Martyrs....				
Promotion of Sergeant		Werner's (13)	E. S. W.	X
Cubbison	S. R. Crockett	" (38)	" "	X
Saunders McGlashan's				
Courtship	D. Kennedy	Choice Readgs. (Cumnock)	A. C. McC.	X
"Settin' Up with Elder				
McK'ag's Peggy'	H. C. McCook	Werner's (21)	E. S. W.	X
Surly Tim's Troubles....	F. H. Burnett	Shoemaker's (7)	P. P. Co.	X
Sandy McDonald's Signal.		100 Choice Selections (22)	" "	X
She Wadna Bite Her Ain				
Flesh and Blood.....	M. B. Spurr	Werner's (38)	E. S. W.	X
The Foxes' Tales.....	Anonymous	Choice Readings	A. C. McC.	X
The Twa Courtins.....	D. Kennedy	Hdbk. Best Rdgs. (Clark)	C. S. & S.	X
Through the Flood.....	I. Maclaren	Werner's (21)	E. S. W.	X
The Courtin' of T'now- head's Bell	J. M. Barrie	Select. Readings (Morgan)	A. C. McC.	X
Tammy's Prize.....	R. Leighton	Shoemaker's (10)	P. P. Co.	
<i>(Scandinavian)</i>				
Ven Yohnny Comes March- in' Home				X
Swedish Girls' Chatter...	A. Kortrecht	Werner's (38)	E. S. W.	X
How Yohnson Quit		" (38)	" "	
		" (29)	" "	

ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHERS IN ABOVE LIST

- "100 Choice Selections" and "Shoemaker's Best Selections," Penn
Pub. Co., 925 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Choice Selections," Cumnock, and "Selected Readings," Morgan,
A. C. McClurg & Co., Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
"Werner's Readings," Edgar S. Werner & Co., 43 E. 19th St., New
York City.
Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.
Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York City.
Century Co., New York City.
Hinds & Eldredge, New York City.
University Press, Salt Lake City, Utah.
American Book Co., New York City.
Harper Bros., New York City.

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12-23			
MAR 25 1972			
MAR 30 1972			
APR 28 1972			
APR 30 1972			
MAY 5 1972			
11 MAY 6 1972			
MAY 7 1972			
APR - 7 1980			
GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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